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THE
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WRITTEN

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By the Thrice Noble, Illuſtrious, and Excellent

PRINCESSE,

THE

Duchefs of Newcaſtle.

NN. 6-49

LONDON,
Printed by *A. Maxwell*, in the Year M. DC. LX. VIII.

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TO THE READERS.

IT is most certain, That those that perform Publick Actions, expose themselves to Publick Censures; and so do Writers, live they never so privately and retir'd, as soon as they commit their Works to the Press. Which should perswade wise Persons to be very cautious what they publish; especially in a malicious, and envious Age. I do not say, that this is so; but if it be, I can truly say, that I am sorry of it, meerly for the Age's sake, and not in relation to my Self, or my Books; which I write and disperse abroad, only for my own pleasure, and not to please others: being very indifferent, whether any body reads them or not; or being read, how they are esteem'd. For none but poor and mean spirits will think themselves concern'd in spightful Censures.

Having observ'd, that the most Worthy and most Meritorious Persons have the most envious Detractors, it would be a presumptuous opinion in me to imagine my self in danger to have any: but however, their malice cannot hinder me from Writing, wherein consists my chiefest delight and greatest pastime; nor from Printing what I write, since I regard not so much the present as future Ages, for which I intend all my Books.

When

To the Readers.

When I call this new one, Plays, *I do not believe to have given it a very proper Title: for it would be too great a fondneſs to my Works to think ſuch Plays as theſe ſuitable to ancient Rules, in which I pretend no skill; or agreeable to the modern Humor, to which I dare acknowledg my averſion: But having pleaſed my Fancy in writing many Dialogues upon ſeveral Subjects, and having afterwards order'd them into* Acts *and* Scenes, *I will venture, in ſpight of the Criticks, to call them* Plays; *and if you like them ſo, well and good; if not, there is no harm done: And ſo Farewell.*

THE

The ACTORS NAMES.

MAſter *Save-all.*
Captain *Valour.*
Lieutenant *Fightwell.*
Cornet *Defendant.*
Will Fullwit.
Harry Sencible.
Dick Traveller.
Get-all, an Uſurer.
Serjeant *Plead-all,* a Lawyer.
Doctor *Cure-all,* a Phyſitian.
Roger and *Tom*, *Get-all's* two Men.
Two other Men, one the Serjeants, the other the Doctors.
A Drawer.
Miſtreſs *Peg Valouroſa* Siſter to Captain *Valour.*
Miſtreſs *Jane Fullwit*, *Will Fullwit's* Siſter.
Miſtreſs *Anne Sencible*, *Harry Sencible's* Siſter.
Miſtreſs *Informer*, *an old decay'd Gentlewoman.*
Miſtreſs *Prudence*, Daughter to Maſter *Save-all.*
Several Wooers, and Others.

PRO-

PROLOGUE.

NOble Spectators, Our Authoreſs doth ſay,
She doth believe you will condemn her Play.
Here's no deſign, no plot, nor any ground,
Foundation none, not any to be found,
But like the World's Globe it hath no ſupport,
But hangs by Geometry: nor hath it fort
To make it ſtrong, nor walls to keep out cenſure,
Yet ſhe will valiantly ſtand the adventure.

THE Sociable Companions; OR, THE FEMALE VVITS: *A COMEDY.*

ACTUS I. SCÆNA I.

Enter Colonel, Captain, Lieutenant.

COLONEL. What News, *Captain?*

Capt. It is an old ſaying, That ill News hath wings, and good News no legs.

Col. Hath thy News wings, or no legs?

Capt. It hath wings; for it is reported for certain, that the Army ſhall be disbanded, and all the Soldiers Caſhiered.

Lieut. So, then the Army will be a flying Army.

Capt. But yet we muſt beg upon Crutches.

Lieut. I believe we ſhould have been ſtronger, if we

had been of any other Profeſſion, having had a better employment to have buſied our minds and perſons with; for Soldiers for the moſt part, their time and lives are idle, having no great employment or buſineſs, but when they march or fight, which is not every day or week; and when we are in Quarters or Trenches, we have nothing to do but to watch by turns; and therefore we are forced (for want of better employment) to paſs our time with the Wenches in the Suburbs, or the Baggages that follow the Army, with whom we get the Pox.

Capt. But how ſhall our Pocky bodies live, if we be Caſhier'd?

Lieut. We muſt endeavour to get into ſome Hoſpital for Cure.

Col. That will be more difficult, then to get into a Court for Preferment, *Lieutenant.*

Capt. The truth is, we may more eaſily get into a Court, then to have a Cure in an Hoſpital; and we may more eaſily be cured in an Hoſpital, then get Preferment in a Court; for Soldiers are never regarded in time of peace; for when a War is ended, Soldiers are out of Credit.

Col. And in time of War Courtiers are out of faſhion.

Capt. Faith, Soldiers regard not new Modes, no more then Wars give ear to Flattery.

Lieut. But Courtiers do oftener turn Soldiers, then Soldiers Courtiers.

Col. Faith, *Lieutenant*, much alike; for Courtiers are

too

too weak to make Soldiers, and Soldiers are too rough to make Courtiers.

Lieut. How, come Courtiers weak, *Colonel?*

Col. As Soldiers come weak; for Courtiers bring the Pox into an Army, and the Soldiers carry it out of an Army; for there is no reſemblance between a Courtier and a Soldier, but by that diſeaſe; for the Pox make Courtiers and Soldiers like unto like.

Capt. Well, leaving the Pox to the Courtiers, how ſhall we that are Soldiers, live?

Lieut. We muſt rob on the King's high-way.

Capt. So we may chance to be hang'd.

Lieut. If we be, the care of a livelihood will be at an end.

Cap. But I would not venture my life for a little mony.

Lieut. How ignorantly you talk *Captain!* for do not all Soldiers venture their lives in Battel for other mens ſakes or Quarrels, and have no reward for their venture and danger? and will ſuch Soldiers be afraid to venture their lives for themſelves, and their lives maintenances?

Capt. But there is hope to eſcape death in a Battel, but there is no hopes for a man to eſcape death when as his neck is in a houſe.

Lieut. There is as little hopes to eſcape death when as we have no means to live; and for my part, I had rather be hang'd then ſtarv'd; but howſoever, I am a Soldier both in ſpirit and profeſſion, who fears not death; and you ſeem to be a Soldier in name, and not in nature; you

have

have the title of a valiant warring man, which is a Soldier, and the nature of a Coward; otherwiſe, you would not talk of eſcaping death, which ſhews you fear death.

Capt. If you were not my approved friend, you ſhould find I were no Coward as to fear to fight with you; but I am afraid to die a baſe death, as a thief, and not like a Soldier.

Col. How ſtrangely you talk, *Captain*! are not all Soldiers thieves? Do not all Soldiers Plunder? Do not they take the Spoiles of their Enemies? As firſt, kill their enemies, or take them priſoners, and then ſeiſe on their goods, and all by Force? and all Force is Hoſtility, and Hoſtility Robbery; and do not only the common Soldiers, but we Commanders, nay, our Generals do the ſame? and yet you name *Thievery and Robbery* baſe, which baſeneſs you and many more of all degrees and qualities have practiſed and lived with this dozen years to my knowledge, and it hath been a practiſe ever ſince the world began: for *Adam* and *Eve* robbed Gods Apple-tree, for they were forbid to take, or eat, and yet they did both; and did not *Cain* kill his brother *Abel*? and was not the Devil an enemy from the beginning? Thus Robbery, Malice, Murder and Diſobedience begun from the worlds Creation, and will laſt to the worlds Diſſolution; by which we may ſee, that our profeſſion, which is to rob, fight and kill, is the moſt ancient profeſſion that is.

Lieut. Dear *Colonel*, you have ſpoken moſt learnedly and truly.

Capt.

Cap. But yet there is difference between a Robber, a Murderer, and a Soldier; for it is Honourable to Kill our Enemies in the open Field: and it is Lawfull to poſſeſs the Spoiles.

Col. Many times we Kill our Friends, eſpecially in Civil Warrs; and when we Fight with Forreigners, they never did us hurt, injury, or malice; but what do you talk of ſuch Honour as Warring-Honour, which is a fair Name to a foul Act; and of ſuch Martial Law, as is Lawleſs and moſt unjuſt, as to take away other Mens Rights? 'tis all one to call black white, or white black. But there is no ſuch thing as Law, nor no ſuch thing as Honour, but what Man feigns or makes; but the truth is, that which Men call Law and Honour, is Power and Force: for, the Strongeſt gives Law; and Power makes Honour as it pleaſes.

Cap. Your learned diſcourſe, *Colonel*, ſhall not perſwade me to Rob on the High-way.

Lieu. What will you do then, *Cap.* to get a living?

Cap. I will think of ſome honeſter wayes to live.

Colo. You had beſt Trade, and cozen your Cuſtomers, that is a very honeſt way of Living; or ſerve and Cozen your Maſter, or deceive your Miſtriſs, that is an honeſt way of Living; or to Flatter ſome great Lord, or Lie with ſome Old Lady; that is an Honeſt way of Living: or betray, or accuſe ſome Rich Man, to get a Morſel of his Eſtate for a Reward, that will be an honeſt Living; or Debauſt a young Heir to live on his Luxuries

and Riots, or Corrupt young Virgins and Married Wives with Pimping, that will be an honeſt and honourable Living: or be a Broker for the Courtiers, to help them to ſell their old Clothes: or a Rook: or be a Huckſter for the Courtiers, to bring them Suters and Petitioners for a ſhare of their Bribes, that will be an honeſt Living: or frequent Taverns and Ordinaries that are cuſtomed with Noble Gueſts, and leave them to Pay thy Share, that will be an honourable Living; and an Hundred ſuch waies there be, to get an honeſt Living.

Cap. No, I will go to Plow and Cart firſt.

Lieut. What? will you be a Slave to a Horſes Tail?

Col. No, no, I will tell you a better way for You, and the *Lieutenant*, and my Self to Live, than that: Let us get ſome of our Poor *VVhores that followed* the Army; and go into ſome New-found Land, to help to increaſe Plantation.

Cap. Content *Colonel*, but let me tell you, it will be but a rotten Plantation.

Col. Faith all Plantations are but rottenly begun; but the more rotten the Planters are, the better; for rottenneſs doth, like as dung, help to Manure the Land.

Lieu. Faith *Colonel*, I like your Propoſition ſo well, as I would be there.

Capt. So do I, wherefore let us fit and provide for our Journey preſently, and ſing this Song.

The Song

The SONG

(1)

Capt. *Let's go to our New Plantation;*
Let's go to our New Plantation;
And there we do hope,
No fear of a Rope;
Nor hanging in that Bleſſed Nation.

(2)

Lieut. *Let's go to our New Plantation;*
Let's go to our New Plantation;
For here's no Regard,
Nor Soldiers Reward,
In this moſt Wicked Nation.

(3)

Col. *Let's go to our New Plantation;*
Let's go to our New Plantation;
Each Man with his Whore,
Although We be poor,
And Rottenneſs is our Foundation.

At the end of the Song, Enters Peg Valorous.

Then the Captain ſings the burden of an old Ballet.

Capt.

Capt. *Get thy coat Peg,*
Get thy coat Peg,
Get thy coat Peg,
Get thy coat Peg, and go away with me.

Peg. You ſeem to be very merry Brother, that your Officers and you ſing ſo cheerfully.

Lieut. By your favour Miſtreſs, ſome for Joy do weep, and ſome for Sorrow ſing; witneſs the Lamentation, and the Poetical Swan; and Tears are often produced by Laughter.

Peg. What is the the cauſe of your ſorrowful ſinging?

Capt. The Army is Caſhiered, and ſo the Soldiers are undone.

Peg. It were better the *Soldiers ſhould be undone*, than the Kingdom.

Cornet. Will you ſpeak againſt your Brother's Profeſſion?

Peg. Yes, if it be for the general Peace of my Native Country.

Capt. But now there is Peace, how ſhall we live?

Peg. You muſt live in Peace by your Wits, as you lived in the Wars by your Valours.

Lieut. But all the Cavalier Party loſt their Wits when they loſt their Eſtates.

Peg. Then you muſt Petition the State of this Kingdom to build ſo large a *Bedlam* as to put in all the poor mad Cavaliers.

Capt. Your advice is good, and you ſhall deliver their

their Petition, *Peg*; but before I go to *Bethlem* I will go tell *Harry Senſible* and *Will Fullwit* the News.

Lieut. And the *Cornet* and I will go drink ſome Cordial Waters to revive our Spirits.

Enter Anne Senſible, *and* Jane Fullwit.

An. Do you hear the News of the Caſhiered Army?

Peg. Yes.

Jan. And are not you troubled at the News?

Peg. No; for I had rather my Brother ſhould be poor with Safety, then rich with Danger; but your Brothers, although they have not been ſuch Active ſufferers, yet they have been Paſſive ſufferers.

Jane. Yes, faith, they have had their ſhares of Loſſes; but now my Brother is poor, he begins to ſtudy.

Peg. *What doth he ſtudy, his Loſſes?*

Jan. No, he ſtudies Books.

Peg. What books? the *Crumbs of Comfort*, and the *Soveraign Salve*, for the Cure of the Soul?

Jan. All our Brothers had need to Study and read a Cure for their Eſtates; but let us go and bear them Company. *Exeunt* Anne *and* Jane.

Enter Miſtreſs Prudence *to* Peg.

Prud. Couſin *Peg*, where is your Companions, *Nann* and *Jane?*

Peg. They are in their Chamber, envying your good Fortune, and repining at their own ill Fortune.

Prud. What good Fortune do they envy me for?

Peg. For being the only Child, and ſo the only Heir to a rich Father.

Prud. If their Brothers had been as wiſe as my Father, not to have been ſo vain to have ſhow'd their Valour, they might have been ſo prudent as to have kept their Eſtates; and ſo you and they would not have loſt your Portions by the folly of your Brothers.

Peg. It was not through their Folly, but through their Loyalty that they entered into the action of VVar.

Enter Nann *and* Jane.

Nan. O Miſtreſs *Prudence*! 'tis a wonder to ſee you abroad, or at home without a Gallant.

Prud. VVhen I come to ſee great Beauties, ſuch as you are, I dare not bring any of my Gallants, for fear you ſhould rob me of them.

Jane. It would be a Charity to beſtow ſome of the richeſt of your Suiters among us *poor Virgins, to make* Husbands of; and to chuſe one of the pooreſt of our Brothers to be your Husband.

Prud. Indeed it would be a Charity to your Brothers, but no Charity to my ſelf.

Enter Maſter Saveall, *Miſtreſs* Prudence's *Father.*

Sav. Save you young Beauties.

Peg. VVe know not whether our Beauties will ſave us; but we ſhall hardly ſave our Beauties long; for old Father Time will take them from us.

Sav. Then you muſt get good and rich Husbands in the time of your Beauties.

Peg. There are three difficult things to get; as firſt, to get a Husband; next, a good Husband; and laſt, a rich Huſ-

Husband; for Men care not for handſome VVives, but rich VVives; for had not my Couſin *Prudence*, your Daughter, VVealth as well as Beauty, ſhe might have many Lovers, but not a Husband amongſt them all.

Sav. Couſin *Peg*, you may get a rich Husband, not only by the means of your Beauty, but by your VVit.

Peg. I have heard, that in former Ages, that many Men did live by their VVits; but in this Age Wit is out of faſhion, and ſo out of practiſe, and ſo poor, as 'tis almoſt ſtrange

Enter Captain.

Sav. I am talking to your Siſter my Couſin *Peg*, and I perceive ſhe deſpairs of getting a Rich Husband.

Capt. She hath reaſon, being poor her ſelf; wherefore *Peg*, and her two dear Friends, Miſtreſs *Anne*, and Miſtreſs *Jane*, muſt lead Apes in Hell.

An. If the Devil hath as many Apes as Mens follies, we ſhall never be able to lead them all.

Sav. For fear my Daughter ſhould lead Apes in Hell, I will go and get her a Husband.

ACTUS

ACTUS II. SCENA I.

Enter William Fullwit, *and ſet at a Table with many Books about him. He reads. Enter to* William Fullwit, *Captain and* Harry Senſible.

Harry.

BAccus and *Mercury* help thee, and have mercy on thee, for I perceive thou art falling into Perdition, as from a Drunkard to a Student; from a merry Companion, to a dull Stoick; from a Wit to a Fool.

Will. I pray thee *Harry* leave me, for I am ſtudying to be a wiſe Man.

Capt. Faith *Will*, *Wiſdom is not learned by the* Book, but by Practiſe, which gets Experience; for Wiſdom lives with living Men, more then with dead Authors: But prithee tell us, what Books are you reading?

Will. I am reading *Plutarch's* Lives, *Thucidides*, *Machiavel*, *Commineus*, *Lucan*, *Cæſars* Commentaries, and the like.

Harry. Why ſuch Books, ſince you are neither *Greek* nor *Roman*? So that thoſe Hiſtories, or Hiſtorians of other Nations will not benefit thee, nor thy Native Country, for their Laws, Cuſtoms, or Humours; for what are the Laws, Cuſtoms, Humours and Governments of the *Romans*, *Greeks*, *Turks*, or *Perſians* to thee, or thy Native Country?

Capt.

Capt. You ſay true, *Harry*; and what are their Wars, or Peace to us, unleſs the ſame Cauſe, the ſame Places, and the ſame Men, were again in our time? For put the caſe you were a General, and were to fight a Battel, and would make *Cæſar* your Pattern, it were a thouſand to one but you would ſhew your ſelf rather a Fool, then a *Cæſar*; for firſt, the Cauſes of War would be different; the Scituation of War different; the Humours of the Soldiers different; the Habilements, Poſtures, and Breeding of the Men different; the Means, Supplies, Supports, Armes, Time, Place, and Seaſons different: So that if later Commanders ſhould follow the Precepts of former Commanders and old VVarriers, they would be loſers; and *inſtead of being fam'd good Soldiers,* get the reproach of being ill Conductors.

Harry. You ſay right, *Captain*; and as for Foreign Government, Hiſtory is of no uſe, unleſs you would bring an Innovation; for which, had you power to make Combuſtions, you would ſooner ruine the Kingdom, then alter the Government; beſides, in all Alterations, Fortune hath greater power, and is more predominant then Prudence: wherefore leave thy impertinent Studies.

Will. I will take your Counſel.

Enter Lieutenant *Drunk, and comes Reeling in.*

Lieut. Captain----Captain---I would fain ſpeak, very---- fain ſpeak a ſpeech---but I ſhall be out of my ſpeech, before I begin, and that would be a very fowl diſgrace---- to a man of parts.

Capt. 'Tis true, *Lieutenant*; but a drunken man hath no parts, for he is a departed man, *Lieutenant.*

Lieut. But I would have declared the ſtrange effects---the Magical effects--the Myſtical effects----and the Tyranical effects.

Capt. All which Effects meet in one Effect, which is to be drunk, *Lieutenant.*

Lieut. That is true *Captain*----but the ſtrange Poſtures, ſeveral Humours, ſenceleſs Brains, and diſabled limbs----is that which I would declare.

Will. They will declare themſelves, *Lieutenant*, without the help of Rhetorick.

Lieut. You are a fool, *Will*; for they will want help, as you may perceive by me----up----

He Reels as he ſpeaks.

Will. But Words are too weak to ſupport them.

Lieut. But Words may excuſe them.

Enter Miſtreſs Peg.

Peg. Brother, there is a Gentlewoman without, that came with the *Lieutenant*, who ſays ſhe will not go without him.

Capt. Lieutenant, there is a Gentlewoman ſtayes to ſupport thee to thy reſt.

Lieut. It is a Couſin of mine---newly come out of the Country----but I will go to her----up----

Capt. We will help to lead thee to her.

They lead him forth. *Exeunt Men.*

Enter

Enter Miſtreſs Jane, *and Miſtreſs* Anne, *to Miſtreſs* Peg.

Jane. Where is the *Lieutenant*? 'tis ſaid, he is ſo drunk, he can neither ſtand nor ſpeak.

Peg. The truth is, he doth both, but ill-favouredly.

Enter Miſtreſs Informer.

Peg. Miſtreſs *Informer*, you are welcome.

Inform. I know that, otherwiſe I would not viſit you; but I ſeldom fail ſeeing you once a day, unleſs I be out of Town; but now I came out of Charity, knowing you were all alone.

Peg. How did you know we were all alone?

Inform. Becauſe I met your Brother, *Captain Valour*, and *Harry Sencible*, Miſtreſs *Ann*'s Brother, going up the Street.

Jane. Was not my Brother with them?

Inform. No; I ſaw *Will Fullwit* go to the Play-houſe.

Jane. What Play-houſe? the Gaming-houſe, or the Acting-houſe?

Inform. The Acting-houſe.

An. Our Brothers might be ſo kind, as ſometimes to carry us to Plays.

Peg. So they would, if we were ſuch Couſins as the *Lieutenant* had here; but being their Siſters, they will not be troubled with us.

Inform. Now you talk of the *Lieutenant*, it puts me in mind, I met him in the Street leading a Gentlewoman.

Peg. I believe ſhe rather led him, then he her.

Inform. I know not which, led which; but neither of the

them did walk ſteddily, for ſometimes they went towards the Wall, and then preſently towards the Kennel.

Peg. It was a ſign they were both drunk. But Miſtris *Informer*, have you brought the new-faſhioned Hankerchief to ſee.

Inform. Yes, but I have left it in your Chamber.

Peg. Come let us go ſee it. *Exeunt all but* Jane.

Enter Will Fullwit *muffled in his Cloak.*

Will. Siſter *Jane*, is *Harry Sencible* within?

Jane, I cannot tell whether he be returned; but he was abroad?

Will. Pray ſee; and if he be return'd, bid him come to me.

Enter Harry Sencible, Will Fullwit *upon the Ground, he groans*, Harry Sencible *runs and embraces him.*

Harry, Dear *Will*, what is the cauſe you lie ſo ſadly?

VVill. Oh, oh, I am wounded, wounded.

Harry. VVhere? where? tell me dear *VVill.*

VVill. I am kill'd, I am kill'd.

Harry. By whom?

VVill. I die, I die.

Harry. Hold Life a little time, ſo long to tell thine Enemy, that I may ſacrifice him on thy Tomb; Oh he is dead: dear *VVill*, I wiſh to die, ſince thou art gone.

Exit Harry Sencible *VVeeping.*

After he was gone out, VVill Fullwit *riſes and Dances*,--- *then enter* Harry Sencible, *with* Captain Valour, Lieutenant Fightwell, *and* Cornet Defendant, *all ſtand as in a Maze.*

Capt.

Capt. Harry, did not you tell us, that *VVill Fullwit* was kill'd?

Harry. I thought him dead.

Capt. Then how the Devil comes he to be alive again!

Enter Miſtreſs Anne Sencible *as in haſt.*

An. O, where is Mr. *Fullwit*'s body?

He Addreſſes to her.

Will. *Dear Lady, I, for thy dear ſake,*
Will travel to the Stigean *Lake;*
There let us meet, and then imbrace,
And look each other in the Face.

An. O the Lord, what doth he ayle?

Enter Miſtreſs Peg Valouroſa.

Will. *O ſtand away,*
For there breaks day;
The Sun doth riſe,
Dazling mine Eyes:
For you the Goddeſs are of Light,
She's a fiend that governs Night.

Harry. By heaven he is ſtark mad.

Will Fullwit *draws his Sword.*

Will. *Here will I fight*
As Champion Knight.

The Ladies run ſqueeling away.

Will. *What, are they gon?*
They do me wrong.

Lieut. You have frighted them away.

Harry. Dear *Will*, put up thy Sword, for we are all thy Friends.

Will. *You are my Foes, I ſay,*
Wherefore away.

Harry. This madneſs is worſe, far worſe then death.
Harry Sencible, *Weeps.*

Will. What *Harry*, do you weep in earneſt?

Harry. How can I chuſe, to ſee my friend in a mad diſtemper?

Will. Why *Harry*, I have only acted an Intrigue.

Capt. A pox of your Intrigue; for you have frighted the Ladies, and diſturbed your Friends.

Lieut. Nay faith, he hath diſturbed the Ladies, and frighted his Friends.

Harry. But how came you to be in this humour?

Will. With ſeeing a new Play.

Cornet. But you have not acted an *Intrigue* yet.

Will. That's true, by reaſon the Ladies went away, and *Harry's* Tears would not ſuffer me to make more changes; beſides I had not time to expreſs, or act my Intrigue; but if you will call the Ladies again, you ſhall ſee me act an Intrigue and Cataſtrophe, as it ought to be.

Harry. Hang Intrigues and Cataſtrophes, and play the fool no more.

Capt. Prithee *Will*, go with us to a Tavern, and there we will have ſeveral ſorts of Wine, changes of Muſick, and variety of Miſtreſſes, which are better Intrigues and Cataſtrophes then are acted upon the Stage.

Will. Content, let us go, to dry up *Harry's* Rhume with Sack, and to let him ſee I am ſtill a merry Companion.

Harry.

Harry. If I had known you had diſſembled, I would not have diſcovered my love.

Will. Why? Love and Deceit is an Intrigue; but the truth is, I did this, that you and the *Captain* ſhould not believe that I was a dull Stoick.

Enter Dick Traveller, *as newly return'd home.*

Will. Dick Traveller, art thou return'd, old blade, from thy Foreign Travels, to thy home-Friends?

Dick. I confeſs Foreign Travellers are apt to loſe home-Friends.

Will. But you have not loſt us, for thou art heartily welcome.

Harry. 'Tis a ſign that your Travels have been as cold as far, for you have brought white Hairs home with you.

Lieut. He could not avoid a white head; for he hath been at the North Pole, which hath turn'd his Hairs to Snow.

Dick. I have been near the Pole in *Greenland.*

Cornet. Is that Country fertile?

Dick. Yes, of Froſt and Snow.

Cornet. Is it Populous?

Dick. 'Tis very populous of Bears and Foxes.

Lieut. Is it a good place for Plantation?

Dick. Yes faith, for if there were a Colony of Adulterers ſent thither, they might Plant Chaſtity; and if a Colony of Drunkards were ſent thither, they might Plant Temperance; alſo if a Colony of Prodigals were ſent thither, they might Plant Frugality.

Will.

Will. But might not a Colony of Fools plant Wit there?

Lieut. It were excellent Policy, to ſend all the Fools thither.

Dick. Thoſe Parts of the World would not hold them, if all be ſent; for moſt Men are Fools.

Capt. VVhy fools in what part of the VVorld ſoever, they live in Twilight; and neer the Pole is Twilight half the year.

Will. Prithee let's leave talking of ſuch cold Elements; for the very hearing of the North Pole hath chil'd my Spirits, as if they were hard frozen, and all my thoughts are turn'd to Snow; wherefore let's go to a Tavern, and drink Sack to thaw them.

Dick. I ſhall bear you Company.

VVill. Faith thou haſt *reaſon to drink ten Fathom* deep to melt thy frozen body, and thaw thy cold blood that is turn'd to Ice, that Spirits of life may ſwim in full large Veines.

Dick. You are full of Poetical fancy.

VVill. 'Tis a ſign I did never travel to the North Pole, for fancy lies in Eaſt and VVeſtern brains; the truth is, every Poets brain is a Torrid Zone; wherefore let's go to the Tavern.

Harry. That is under the Ecliptick Line.

Enter Peg *and* Anne.

Capt. Are you come to ſee the Intrigue?

Peg. No, but we are come to ſee, whether *VVill Full-wit* be not dead again.

VVill.

VVill. No; but I am not ſo well, but that theſe good fellows, are going to give me a Cordial.

Dick. To me theſe Ladies are Cordials.

Will. You have not taſted them yet.

Dick. May I preſume to ſalute you, Ladies?

He Salutes them.

Harry. How do you like them?

Dick. It is not a queſtion to be asked, nor I to give an anſwer.

Capt. Prithee come away, and leave Complementing.

Enter Jane. *Exeunt Men.*

Peg. Did you ſee *Dick Traveller.*

Jane. Yes, I met him, and all the crew of them.

Peg. I have ſeen thy Brother ſtark mad.

Jane. I never knew him otherwiſe.

An. He did only ſhew an Intrigue.

Enter Miſtreſs Informer.

Peg. Miſtreſs *Informer*, you are welcome; but what News brought you hither?

Inform. Hearing Maſter *Traveller* was to ſee you.

Peg. He was ſo.

Inform. Pray what new faſhions hath he brought from the North Pole?

Peg. I do not perceive any new faſhion.

Inform. Lord, how reports prove falſe! for I heard he had a ſtrange faſhioned Suit of Clothes which he did wear, made all of Ice, and a great thick Cap of Snow, which he wore over his head; and that the motions of his Body

and Behaviour were trembling and ſhaking, as if he were affrighted, or in a cold fit of an Ague, and that his language was ſuch a ſtuttering and ſtammering language, as not any man in theſe parts could underſtand him.

Peg. I ſaw no ſuch Clothes or Cap that he wore, nor heard no ſuch ſtuttering, ſtammering language.

Inform. Indeed, as to his Garments, I did not believe reports; for I ſaid to thoſe perſons, that told that report for a certain truth, that I could ſooner believe he was accoutred in a Suit of Fire, rather then of Ice; but they replyed, That thoſe parts of the World, ſo neer the Poles, would not permit Fire; for the extream cold did put out all ſorts of Fire; but pray tell me whether he doth not look very pale, wither'd, dry and old.

Peg. He doth not look like as if he were a very young man, becauſe he is in ſome years; but he looks well for his age.

Inform. What kind of Men, doth Mr. *Traveller* ſay, are the Natives at the Pole?

Peg. I did not hear him ſay, there be either native Men or Women.

Inform. If not, how did he get a Miſtreſs?

Jane. Such colds Elements do not require Courtſhip.

Inform. But are there not any living Creatures there?

Peg. Yes, there are Bears; and in ſome of the Iſlands near the Poles, there are white Bears, with red Patches on their heads.

Inform.

Inform. That is very fine, and ſurely very becoming; wherefore I will inform the Ladies, who I am ſure will follow that faſhion.

An. How can they be in the Bears faſhion?

Inform. Very eaſily; for they may have a white Sattin Gown, and a red Velvet Cap; and ſo be like the white Beares, with the red Patches on their heads.

Peg. If they imitate nothing elſe of the Bear but that, it will not be much a miſs.

Inform. Fare you well; for I long to carry the News of the Faſhion. *Exit.*

Enter Will Fullwit.

Will. Is *Harry* returned?

An. No. *Exeunt Women.*

Enter Harry.

Will. I was going to the Tavern, believing you and the reſt of our Companions, were gone to the Tavern.

Harry. I ſtay for *Dick Traveller*; but *Captain Valour*, *Lieutenant Fightwell*, and *Cornet Defendant*, are gone before to the Tavern, to provide us good Wine.

Will. They will be drunk before we come.

Harry. Surely they will forbear drinking until we come.

Will. How ſhould they forbear drinking, if they went to taſt the Wine?

Harry. They went to beſpeak good Wine, and not to taſt it.

Will. Hang them, they will taſt pint after pint, and quart after quart; for they have not ſo much Temperance as to ſtay. *Enter*

Enter Dick Traveller.

Will. Dick, a Pox take you for ſtaying, for the *Captain*, *Lieutenant*, and *Cornet* have drank all the Wine in the Tavern by this time.

Dick. They cannot drink all.

Will. Yes but they can; for they will pour in and out ſo faſt, as I am confident they have not left ſo much as the droppings of the Tapes.

Harry. Come, come, let us make haſt to them.

Will. Yes, when all is drunk up.

Harry. I will warrant you there will be enough left to quench our drought.

Will. I hate quenching of droughts; I would be like a Ship, to ſwim in an Ocean of Wine.

Enter Miſtreſs Informer.

Informer. Are your Siſters within?

Will. Yes. *Exeunt Men.*

Enter Peg, Jane *and* Anne.

Peg. Mrs. *Informer*, what is the reaſon you are returned ſo ſoon?

Inform. The reaſon is, that I had forgot to tell you of the good company I was in the other day.

Jane. We heard that you were in Sociable Company.

Inform. I was ſo; and the Company hath paſt their time with all the delightful Recreations that could be deviſed, for the time they aſſociated together; for ſometimes the Ladies, and their courting Servants, play'd at Cards, and ſometimes danced, and ſometimes feaſted, and ſome of the faireſt

faireſt Ladies ſat to have their Pictures drawn, whilſt their Lovers or Friends gazed on their Faces; which was an occaſion to cauſe thoſe Ladies to put their Faces into their beſt Countenances; and ſome of the Gallants did make their Miſtreſſes Portraictures, both in Verſe and Proſe, whilſt the Painter did draw their Pictures in Oyle or water-Colours.

Peg. It ſeems the Gallants were Courtly to the Ladies,

Inform. They were ſo.

Jane. Doth the Men court the Women publickly or *incognito*?

Inform. They Court both ways; for every Man hath his particular, which he doth uſher; but if they like each other's Lady and Miſtreſs better then their own, or Love's variety, or would be liked, or loved by more then his own Woman: They make Love *incognito*, as in a Miſtical or Allegorical way; which Allegorical-Love's making, or woings, pleaſes the women infinitely, as by ~~ſeered~~ *ſide* eye-glances, languiſhing looks, ſmothered ſights, and metaphorical ſpeeches; as alſo wrying their Necks, with their eyes fixt on the ground, or falling, or ſtumbling upon them, as if it were by chance; and many the like Behaviours, Garbs, Motions, Countenances and Diſcourſes, as I cannot remember to repeat all; and ſome are ſo excellent and well experienced in the Art of making Love *incognito* Allegorically, or Metaphorically, as I have known or obſerved one Man to make half a dozen Women at leaſt at one time, believe he hath been deeply in Love with each of them.

Jane. And do the Women receive theſe faſhioned Courtſhips in the like manner?

Inform. Yes, for they are as expert as the Men in thoſe ways; the truth is, that although every Man and every Woman hath a Staple Servant, and a Staple Miſtreſs, yet they traffick all in common.

Jane. It ſeems they are common Wooers: But farwell, I muſt go ſpeak with my Brother *Fullwit.*

Inform. You muſt go to the Tavern then.

Jane. VVhy, is he gone to the Tavern?

Inform. Yes, I did hear him, Mr. *Sencible,* and Mr. *Traveller* ſay, they would go unto the Crown-Tavern.

Peg. I am ſure my Brother and his Officer are there before them.

Jane. It is not to be endured they *ſhould ſpend ſo* much, and we want ſo much as we do.

Inform. If I might adviſe you Ladies, I would have you go and bear them Company.

Jane. VVe will take your advice, although not to drink, yet to quarrel, and you ſhall be our Conductor.

Peg. Thoſe that ſee us will believe that Mrs. *Informer* is a Bawd, that conducts three young VVenches to ſome Gentlemen in the Tavern.

Inform. Come, come, for if I be, it is not the firſt time I have been taken for a Bawd. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Captain Valour, Lieutenant Fightwell, *and* Cornet Defendant, *as in a Tavern, who drink whilſt they talk.*

Cornet.

CAptain, let us not ſtay for *Will*, *Harry* and *Dick*, but drink in the mean time.

Capt. Content, let us ſit cloſe, and drink hard; for here is the beſt Wine; it was drawn out of *Bacchus* Cellar, wherefore it is divine Wine.

Lieut. If it be divine, we ſhould pray before we drink.

Capt. No you muſt drink firſt, as into a drunken humour with divine Wine, and then pray when the Spirit is ſtrong in you.

Lieut. It is unnatural, *Captain*, at leaſt unuſual for Martial men to pray; in ſo much, that if a Soldier ſhould be ſeen or heard to pray, he would be thought a Coward.

Capt. That is not ſo, for we were beaten by thoſe that Prayed.

Cornet. But ſome of our Party prayed.

Capt. If they did, it was ſo ſoftly, as *Jupiter* could not hear them: But I have drunk my ſelf into a loving humour, I wiſh I had a Wench.

Cornet. We will knock for the *Chamberlain.*

Enter Chamberlain.

Capt. Chamberlain, get us ſome Wenches.

Chamb.

Chamb. There are none to be had, Sir.

Capt. You are a lying Rogue; for there hath been no age, nor there is not a Kingdom that is not fully ſtored with them.

Chamb. There is ſtore in the Kingdom, if it pleaſe your Worſhip, but they are not for Soldiers in this age.

Capt. You lie, you Rogue, they are for Soldiers in all ages, even in the worſt of times; for they will venture their lives to follow the Army for the pleaſure of a Soldier.

Chamb. An't pleaſe your Worſhip, it is for the hopes of gaining ſome of the Soldier's Plunder; but now that your VVorſhips can neither get Plunder nor Pay, they defie you, and will not come near you, but laugh at you, and ſay you are like old ruſty Armes out of faſhion, and that they are now for the Court, not for the Camp.

Capt. Dam'd Fortune, ſhall the Court rob us, both of wealth and pleaſure?

Enter VVill Fullwit, Harry Senſible, *and* Dick Traveller, *the* Captain *drinking when they came in.*

Will. Hold, hold, *Captain*, what a Devil, are you mad to drink before we come?

Capt. You are mad to ſtay ſo long, would you have us choakt for thirſt?

Dick. Come, come, we ſhall overtake them.

Capt. But you ſhall not, for we will, now you are come, ſit and drink healths, as health for health.

Will. Is there VVine enough to drink Healths?

Capt. Enough, *Will*, enough.

They ſit down and call for Wine.

Capt. Dick, you are not returned as a Traveller *a la mode*.

Dick. VVould you have me *a la mode de* Bear, or *a la mode de* Fox.

Capt. VVhy not as well as other Travellers, that return *a la mode de* Ape, and *a la mode de* Aſs?

Will. Well, leaving the Bears, Foxes, Aſſes and Apes; here is a health to the North Star.

Harry. That is a very cold Star, *Will.*

Will. Therefore I will drink the health in Sack, to heat it into a Sun.

Harry. And I will drink a health to Virtue.

Capt. You had better put Ice into your Wine then Virtue; for ſhe is ſo cold, not any heat can thaw her; but I will drink a health more proper, for *Dick Traveller's* company, which are the ſeven deadly ſins.

Dick. They belong more to the Courtier then the Traveller; yet I will pledge them, were they ſeventy ſeven ſins, and drink them all at a draught.

Lieut. But that is unconſcionabe to drink them all, leaving not any for your Friends.

Dick. All thoſe I account my Friends, that have wit enough to get, or invent more; for new-faſhioned Sins are as eaſily deviſed as new-faſhioned Garments.

Will. Who is the maker of new-faſhioned Sins?

Dick. The Devil.

Enter Jane, Anne, Peg, *and* Informer.

Capt. But what the Devil makes theſe VVomen come hither?

Will. Ladies, this is boldly done, to come and drink healths with us.

Capt. 'Tis but changing of Siſters, and they will ſerve us for VVenches, and Mrs. *Informer*, my *Cornet* or *Lieutenant* ſhall pay her for their Company.

Jane. VVe came not to drink, but to complain that our Brothers ſhould be ſo unkind, unworthy and unnatural, to ſit drinking to fill their Heads, and empty their Purſes, when we want Meat and Clothes.

Peg. You can be Jovial, but we muſt be Melancholy; you ſing Catches, when we ſhed Tears.

An. You have many Bottles of VVine, when we want Smocks to our backs.

Will. But you have ſilk Gowns.

Jane. Yes, ſuch as you buy at the ſecond hand, or at ſome Broker's ſhop, which are more rotten then the *Jews* Clothes in the VVilderneſs.

Harry. VVhy, what would you have us to do?

An. Not to ſit drinking in a Tavern moſt of your time; but to ſeek and endeavour to get ſome good Offices and Employments that may help to repair your ruins, and to maintain us according to our births and breedings.

Will. Faith, we may ſeek, and not find; beg, and not get.

Peg. But yet you ſhall not need to ſpend that little which is left, in drink.

Lieut.

Lieut. If it were not for drink, we ſhould run mad; but drink drowns all ſorts of ſorrows.

Capt. Leave your Caterwouling, and get you hence.

Peg. We will not go home, unleſs you will go with us.

Will. Yes, ſo it will be thought, you are our Wenches, not known you are our Siſters.

Jane. We care not what people think, knowing our ſelves honeſt.

Harry. Come, let us go, otherwiſe they will ſcould ſo loud, as all the Street will be in a hubbub to know the cauſe. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Father *and his* Daughter.

Father.

DAughter, you being now Marriageable, I am reſolved to provide you a good Husband.

Daught. I am willing to be a Wife; but pray pardon me if I ask you what you mean by a good Husband?

Fath. A good Husband, is a prudent Husband.

Daught. That is a miſerable and jealous Husband.

Fath. No, no, miſtake me not, for miſerableneſs and jealouſie are extreams, but Prudence is a mean.

Daugh. If I muſt marry according to a Moral mean, which is between extreams, then I muſt Marry a man of a mean Birth, mean Breeding, mean Eſtate, mean Wit, mean

mean Judgmenr, mean Underſtanding, mean Eſteem, mean Behaviour, and the like.

Fath. No Daughter, I only deſire you not to be an extream fool, as to marry to extream miſery; but ſince you diſpute for wiſdom or diſcretion, I'le give you leave to make your own choice, which will tend either to my grief or comfort; to your own happineſs or unhappineſs; and I ſhall ſee whether you can act as wiſely, as you plead wittily. *Exit* Save-all, *and then enters a Suiter.*

Enter the young Lady, *and a young Gentleman a Suiter to her.*

Suit. Madam, your Beauty is the Gaze or Blaze to all the World; nay, 'tis not only a mortal but an immortal Light, and as the ſoul, not of one humane Creature but of all the World; which *immortal light and ſoul* I am very deſirous to enjoy, and to make you my VVife.

Lady. Sir, I ſhall readily conſent, upon condition you make me a preſent of the *Alkaheſt*, and a jointure of the *Elixir.* *Exit* Lady, Suiter *Solus.*

Suit. This Lady is not to be won with Complements of Learning.

Enter another Gentleman.

Gent. VVell met Sir; have you ſeen the Lady?

Suit. Yes.

Gent. And how do you agree?

Suit. Juſt as Chymiſts and Fire.

Gent. How is that?

Suit. That is, they do not agree at all, but delude and croſs each other.

Gent.

Gent. Nay, faith, if ſhe be in a croſs humour, I will not plead and preſent my ſuit to her to day.

SCENE IV.

Enter Harry, *and walks in a Muſing Poſture.*
Enter Captain.

Captain.

VVHat is the cauſe you walk in ſuch a muſing poſture *Harry*?

Harry. I have loſt my Miſtreſs.

Capt. Is that all?

Harry. Yes, and too much.

Capt. Art thou mad?

Harry. No.

Capt. Have you any Wit?

Harry. Why do you ask?

Capt. Becauſe you are Melancholy for a Woman.

Harry. It would make you or any man Melancholy, to loſe ſuch a Woman as my Miſtreſs is.

Capt. Faith, not unleſs my Miſtreſs were the only Woman in the World.

Harry. She was the only Woman in my affection.

Capt. 'Tis a ſign thy affection is a poor, mean, low, narrow, and little affection, that hath but one Room for one Miſtreſs; whereas, my affection is as large as the Grand Signior's *Seraglio*,----for it will hold Hundreds of Miſtreſ-

ſes, with all their Maids and Slaves attending upon them; the truth is, my affection will hold all the Women in the VVorld; for I love all Women-kind, in ſo much as I can never want love ſo long as there be VVomen, or a VVoman; and ſurely I can never want a VVoman ſo long as the VVorld doth laſt; for the VVorld doth not increaſe any thing ſo numerouſly as Women; for all Armies, Nations, Cities, Towns, Villages, Houſes, Churches and Chambers are for the moſt part filled with Women; and ſince there are ſo many Women, it were a madneſs for to be Melancholy for the loſs of one woman: wherefore put off this whining humour for ſhame, and get another Miſtreſs; and if I might adviſe you, I would have four and twenty Miſtreſſes, at leaſt, at one time, and ſo you will have a Miſtreſs for every hour of the day and night.

Harry. But my Miſtreſs is a woman that doth excell all her Sex.

Capt. In what?

Harry. In Beauty, Wit and Virtue.

Capt. Nay, if you talk of Virtue in a Miſtreſs, you are mad indeed.

Harry. May not a Man have a virtuous Miſtreſs?

Capt. No, for it is againſt the rules and nature of virtue, to live in a Miſtreſs; for virtue is an humble Servant, when as a Miſtreſs is an imperious Tyrant; for Women are inſolent and imperious ſo long as they are made Miſtreſſes, which is to be flatter'd, attended and ſerved with Mens

eſtates,

eſtates, bodies and ſouls; but when they come to be wives, which is to be ſlaves, perchance, they may have ſo much of Virtue, as to be ſomewhat humble, when as they are forced to ſerve, and cannot command; but a wiſe Man will never have a Miſtreſs, although he ſhould live unmarried, but he will keep a Maid-ſervant for his uſe, and ſo take and turn away ſo often as he pleaſes: But is thy Miſtreſs dead?

Harry. No, but ſhe is Married.

Capt. Why then, ſhe may be her Husband's ſervant, and thy Miſtreſs ſtill?

Harry. But ſhe is too Virtuous to be my Miſtreſs now ſhe is another Man's Wife.

Capt. I prithee be not ſo wedded to the opinion of *Womens Virtues; for that will hinder thee from purſuing a Lover's deſign.*

Harry. I will endeavour to forget this Miſtreſs, and get another.

Capt. Now you ſpeak like a wiſe Man.

Enter Will *to the* Captain *and* Harry.

Will. Captain, and *Harry,* I was even now wiſhing for either of you.

Harry. If you be as fortunate in all your wiſhes, as in either of our being here, you will be the moſt fortunate and happieſt Man that ever was; but tell us whether it it was your affection, appetite or reaſon, which was the cauſe of your wiſh.

Will. Not any of them; for it was my wit that caus'd that

that wiſh; for I have made a Copy of Verſes, which I would have you both read, and then give me your opinion.

Capt. For my part, I had rather your appetite had wiſhed for our good fellowſhip; for I had rather drink a health, then read a Copy of Verſes; the truth is, I cannot endure Verſes.

Will. But if they were a Copy made in your Miſtreſs praiſe you would like them.

Capt. I ſhould hate my Miſtreſs, throw the hate to the Verſes, were ſhe never ſo worthy, or the Verſes ſo witty.

Will. That makes thee love mean common Women.

Capt. They are fools that will wooe a nice Lady with flattering Verſes, when they may have a free Wench, with plain Proſe; and as the old ſaying, *Jone in the dark is as good as my Lady.*

Harry. Nay faith, but they are not; for all common Wenches are unwholſome Sluts.

Will. Well, leaving *Jone* and a Lady at this preſent, I would have you read a drunken Song, which I made to ſing between every glaſs, for ſinging dries the Throat, and drought requires drink, all which will make us drink with more guſt, and the wine will taſt the quicker.

Capt. Faith, I hate verſe ſo much, as the Song will make me vomit up my drink; beſides ſinging brings down rhume, and to have ſalt rhume mixt with ſharp wine, will cauſe ſuch an unpleaſing taſt, which will make us more ſick then *Crocus Mettallorum*, and ſpoile the wine; wherefore burn your

your Song; beſides, let me tell you, as your friend, that 'tis very dangerous for a Drunkard to be a Poet; for the vapour of VVit, and the vapour of Wine, joyned together, will overpo wer your brain, and may make a man ſo mad, as to be paſt recovery; but when the brain is only muddl'd with the vapour of drink, ſleep cures it, and drink cauſes ſleep; whereas Poetry baniſhes ſleep from the Sences, and heats the brain into a Fever.

Will. But the hotter the brain is, the quicker the Wit is, and Poets drink VVine to heighten their fancy.

Capt. Let me tell you, Poets drink Wine to pleaſe their Pallats; and it is an old Saying, *That when Drink is in, then Wit is out*; wherefore burn thy Verſes.

Harry. Do, *Will*, take his Counſel, and burn them.

Will. I will follow your advice, and burn them to light a pipe of Tobacco.

Capt. That is worſe then if you ſhould read them, or ſing them; for you will ſuck them back into your brain, with the ſmoak, through your Pipe, and ſo have your Verſes to return ſmoking hot, which will either ſmother your brain, or give your brain ſuch an appetite, as you will never leave verſifying. But come let us go and conſult how they may be deſtroyed.

Will. Content.

Enter Peg.

Capt. *Peg*, have a care, and ſtay at home.

Enter Mrs. Jane Fullwit, Mrs. Anne Sencible, *to* Mrs. Peg Valoroſa, *who walked in a Melancholy poſture.*

An. Always Melancholy?

Peg. Who can be merry, that is poor?

Jane. Who lives more merry then Beggars?

Peg. But our Birth and Breeding will not ſuffer us to beg.

Jane. No, but we may live by our Wits.

Peg. But Wit was kill'd in the VVar.

An. You are miſtaken, it was only baniſhed with the Cavaliers; but now it is returned home.

Peg. I cannot perceive it; for though I ſee many Fools, yet not a true natural Wit amongſt them; for there is the Rhiming-fools, the Intrigue-fools, and the fine-languaged fools.

Jane. The truth is, the multitude of Fools obſcure the Wits, like dark Clouds that obſcure the Sun; but let us endeavour to ſhine through thoſe Clouds.

Peg. That cannot be.

Jane. Let us try for our profit.

Peg. But Word-VVit will not make us rich.

Jan. I grant it, but Deed-VVit will do us good, wherefore let us endeavour to get rich Husbands.

Peg. VVe may endeavour it, but not obtain it.

An. But if we could get them by our ingenuity, we know not where they are to be had.

Jane. Madam *Informer* will give us Intelligence.

Enter

Enter Harry.

Harry. Is your Brother within the Houſe?

Jane. I think he is, I will go and ſee.

Exeunt Women.

Enter Will Fullwit.

Harry. Well, I ſhall never truſt any man more for your ſake, nor never believe in Friendſhip.

Will. Why?

Harry. Do you ask why, when you who I did believe was ſo true a friend, would never forſake me at a time of need, when not only my Life, but my Honour was engaged in a quarrel, for which I choſe you for my ſecond, and then to fail me at the appointed time, was baſe; for had you been my Enemy, your Honour ſhould have brought you into the field.

Will. Faith, I was ſo engaged in a Company of Ladies, I could not come.

Harry. Can there be a greater engagement then Friendſhip, Honour and Honeſty?

Will. Can there be a greater friendſhip then the love of Women, or more honourable then to ſerve the Female ſex? and as for honeſty, 'tis not worth any thing, beſides, it is a fool, it brings a Man to ruine, at leaſt a Man can never thrive by it.

Harry. O judgment, how hath it erred, to chuſe a Knave for a Friend, a Coward for a Second!

Will. So I perceive, rather then you will want an Enemy, you will quarrel with your own judgment, you had beſt fight a Duel with that.

Harry.

Harry. Go, go, and kiſs a Miſtreſs, and leave talking of Duels.

Will. I marry, this is friendly advice; for in Kiſſes there is life and pleaſure, in Duels death and danger; but let me tell thee, *Harry*, I have done thee a more friendly part, in not appearing, then ever I did thee in my life; for I have ſaved thy life, at leaſt thy eſtate, and have kept thy Honour pure and free from ſtains, and I have increaſt thy honour.

Harry. Which way?

Will. Thus; I have let thee go into thee Field for thy Honour, and have kept thine Enemy out, not by force, but by perſwaſion; which perſwaſion hath ſo wrought on him and his Second, as they will both *meet in the ſame* place you quarrel'd in, where ſhall be the ſame Company that drank, and was drunk there, and before that Company he will confeſs his fault, and ask pardon, which is as much ſatisfaction as an honeſt or honourable Man can deſire; and it would be againſt the Laws of good fellowſhip to fight a ſober Duel, for a drunken quarrel; wherefore agree, and be friends with our drunken Comrade.

Enter Captain, Cornet, Lieutenant, *and* Dick Traveller.

Capt. VVe heard you very high in words, I hope you two dear friends will not quarrel?

Will. VVe ſhall not quarrel like Enemies; but *Harry* is angry, becauſe I will not let him fight.

Capt. Fight, with whom will he fight?

Will. VVith *Tom Ranter.*

Lieut.

Lieut. Hang him, he will get no honour with fighting with him.

Capt. Come, come, I will conduct you to a better paſtime then fighting vain Duels; for there are a Company of Ladies which I am acquainted with, that have made a merry meeting, only they want Men to keep them Company.

Will. Let us go; come *Harry*, will you go?

Harry. Yes, with all my heart.

Enter Peg.

Capt. I will but ſpeak a word to my Siſter.

Exit Captain. *He Whiſpers.*

Peg *ſtands as if ſhe were Muſing.*

Enter Jane *and* Anne.

An. *What are you thinking of now?*

Peg. I was reaſoning with my ſelf, why thoſe Women that was neither factious, ambitious, covetous, malicious nor cruel, ſhould ſuffer in the Wars with the men.

Jane. The gods would not be juſt, if the Women did not ſuffer for the Crimes of the Men, ſince all Men ſuffer for a ſingle crime of a particular woman, witneſs our Grandmother *Eve.*

Enter Madam Informer.

An. O Madam *Informer*, have you made an Inquiry?

Inform. Yes, marry have I, and find the Maſs of Wealth is in the poſſeſſion of Uſurers, Lawyers and Phyſicians.

Jane. I believe Uſurers and Lawyers may be very

rich, for the Civil War hath made thoſe ſorts of Men like as Vultures, after a Battel, that feed on the Dead, or dying Corps; but I cannot perceive why Phyſicians ſhould be the richer for thoſe times.

Inform. There is great reaſon why they ſhould gain the more; for both Men and Womens bodies are corrupted, and weakned with Melancholy, Grief, Malice, Revenge, Envy, Wrong, Injuſtice, and the like; ſo that their bodies are full of the Scurvy, which their Misfortunes hath bred.

Peg. But have you found amongſt theſe rich ſorts of Men, any Widowers, or Batchelors?

Inform. Yes, that I have, three Batchelors; the richeſt amongſt them, is one Mr. *Get-all* an Uſurer; the other Serjeant *Plead-all* a Lawyer; the third Doctor *Cure-all* a Phyſician.

Jane. Which is the richeſt?

Inform. The Uſurer; for he is worth Two hundred thouſand Pounds.

Peg. Well, we will imploy our VVits to get theſe Men.

Inform. But VVit without Aſſiſtance, will do no good; wherefore you muſt get your Brothers, and their Friends to help you by their induſtry.

Jane. Your Counſel is good.

Exeunt,------*only* Peg *meets her Brother,* Captain, *as coming in.*

Peg. Brother, are you well, you look ſo Melancholy?

Capt. In body, but not in mind, *Peg.* *Exit* Peg.

Enter

Enter Will *and* Harry, *the* Captain, *and the reſt.*

Harry. Captain, what makes thee ſo ſad?

Capt. That which would make any Man ſad, want of Money.

Will. We may be as ſad as you for that; but to be poor and Melancholy is a double miſery.

Capt. Life cannot be merry, when it hath not any thing to live upon.

Enter Dick Traveller.

Capt. Dick, where have you been?

Dick. I have been peeping through a Key-hole into a Room, where your three Siſters are in ſerious Councel with Madam *Informer.*

Capt. Pray God ſhe is not inſtructing of them to be *W*enches.

Will. Faith, I fear it; for ſhe would make an ingenuous Bawd.

Capt. I will go and part them.

Dick. Pray do not; for perchance the *W*omens Wits may do you more ſervice then your own; for I heard them ſay, their Brothers muſt aſſiſt them; and ſurely they do not believe you would be their Pimps.

Harry. No, for they know we ſhall rather be their Murtherers then their Pimps.

Dick. Then let them alone; and whilſt they are in a Councel, let us go to the Tavern and drink.

Capt. But we have no Money.

Dick. I have a little credit to run on the Score.

Harry.

Harry. Faith, if we go to the Tavern, the Girls will come crying after us.

Dick. I tell you they are ſo buſie about ſome Female-deſign, as they will not miſs us.

Exeunt All but the Cornet.

Cornet. I muſt ſtay to tell a lie, becauſe they ſhall not follow us.

Enter Peg, Jane, *and* Anne.

Cornet. Ladies, your Brothers bid me tell you, they are gone about ſome ſerious buſineſs; but they will return ſoon.

Peg. When they will. *Exit* Cornet.

Enter Informer.

Peg. Mrs. *Informer*, how ſhall we three agree in the choice of the three Rich Men?

Inform. You muſt draw Lots, and I have made them ready.

Jane. I pray *Jupiter*, I may draw the Rich Man.

An. I pray *Jupiter*, I may draw him.

Peg. We muſt take our Lot, let it be what it will.

Jane *draws firſt.* *They Draw.*

Inform. Which have you drawn?

Jane. I have drawn Serjeant *Plead-all.*

Anne Sencible *draws.*

An. I have drawn Doctor *Cure-all.*

Peg. Jove, I thank thee in giving the *Uſurer* to me.

Inform. Now go to your Brothers, and inform them of your deſigns.

Jane.

Jane. Faith, they will rather laugh at us, then help us.

An. But yet we dare not do any ſuch thing without their knowledge.

Peg. I am confident my Brother will aſſiſt me.

Jane. Come, let us go to them. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Captain, Harry, Will, Dick, Lieutenant *and* Cornet, *as in the Tavern.*

Will.

WEll, this Wine is ſo freſh and full of Spirit, as it would make a Fool a Poet.

Harry. Or a Poet a Fool.

Dick. Then here's a Health to the moſt Fools in the World.

Capt. Then you muſt drink a Health to the whole World, that is one great Fool.

Lieut. Prithee *Dick* do not drink that Health, for it will choak thee; for the World of Fools is too big for one Draught.

Dick. Then here's a Health to the wiſeſt Man.

Cornet. You may as well drink a Health to a drop of water in the Ocean.

Capt. Faith *Dick*, that health is ſo little, it cannot be taſted; beſides, I do not love droppings.

Dick. Then here's a Health to the Honeſt'ſt man in the World.

Will. That Health is more difficult then the laſt? for it is as rare to know an Honeſt man, as to ſee a Phœnix.

Dick. Then I will drink a Health to the Chaſteſt Woman.

Lieut. You might as well drink a Health to the Queen of the Faries, which is an old *Wives-tale*; for Chaſtity lives only in the Name not in Nature.

Dick. Then here's a Health to a Common Courteſan.

Harry. A Pox of that Health, I will not pledge it.

Will. Then here's a Health to the Muſes.

Capt. It is a ſhame for a Soldier to drink a Health to the Muſes.

Lieut. The truth is, I hate a Poetical Soldier.

Harry. Is it not lawful for a Soldier (*Captain*) to have Wit?

Capt. No; for Wit makes the minds of Men ſoft, ſweet, gentle, and effeminate; inſomuch as thoſe that have VVit, are not fit for Soldiers; for Soldiers ſhould have reſolute minds, cloudy thoughts, hard hearts, rough ſpeeches, and boiſterous actions.

Cornet. The truth is (*Captain*) there is as much difference between a Poet and a Soldier (which is VVit and Courage) as between a Calm and a Storm.

Capt. You ſay true, *Cornet*; for certainly the beſt Soldiers are born and bred in the uncivilleſt Nations.

Lieut. No doubt of it, *Captain*.

Dick. Then here's a Health to the Graces.

Capt. That Health is three times worſe then the former, which was nine times too bad; for when did you know a Soldier to have Grace?

Lieut. The truth is (*Captain*) it is unnatural for a Soldier to have Grace.

Capt. You ſay true, *Lieutenant.*

Will. Setting aſide, the Muſes and the Graces, here is a Health to the Furies.

Capt. I marry Sir, that Health ſounds like a Soldier's Health, and I will pledge it were the Glaſs full of Wounds. Here *Harry*, here's the Furies Health.

Harry. Faith, *Captain*, we ſhall be furiouſly drunk with the Furies Health.

Cornet. It will give fire to your brain.

Harry. Yes, and burn out my Reaſon.

They Drink.

Capt. Now I will begin another Health; Here Gentlemen, here is Death's Health.

Dick. Good *Captain*, do not drink Death's Health, for it will make our Wine ſo cold it will never warm us; beſides, dead Wine will never make us drunk; and if we had not a deſire to be drunk, we ſhould not have come now to the Tavern.

Capt. Dick, you muſt drink Death's Health, for Death's Health will make you dead drunk.

Dick. Then I will drink it, and invite you and the reſt of the Society to my Funeral.

Capt.

Capt. Then we will carry thee to thy bed with Ceremony, as to thy Grave, ſounding a dead March with empty Pots, trayling our Tobacco-pipes inſtead of Pikes, and ſpew out VVine inſtead of Tears.

Enter Peg, Jane, *and* Anne, *as to the Tavern.*

Harry. Did not I tell you they would come.

Capt. What come you for now?

Jane. Not to complain or chide, but to deſire your aſſiſtance to our Deſigns.

Will. Let your Tongues and Tayls aſſiſt you.

Peg. No, our VVits and Honeſty ſhall aſſiſt us.

Capt. Pray *Jove* you have either.

Harry. VVell, let us hear your Deſigns.

An. It is to get us Rich Husbands.

Capt. Siſter *Peg*, tell me truly, is the Deſign ſo honeſt, and honourable as only to get a Rich Husband.

Peg. There is no deceit in the end, but only in the way or means.

Capt. Come, let us go, for perchance our Siſter's honeſt VVits may get us Honourable Means to live with.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Lady, *and her Second* Suiter.

Suiter.

MAdam, I was here ſome little while ago, to tender my duty to you; but hearing you were not in a pleaſing humour, I durſt not venture to preſent my Suit, for there is a nick of Time for Lovers to ſpeed.

Lady. Sir, I perceive you are well learned in old Obſervations.

Suit. As for Learning of all kinds and ſorts, I defie it, in ſo much that I cannot read the Horn-book; neither am I able to remember the relation of any Diſcourſe, if there be words in it that conſiſt but of two Sillables.

Lady. How will you make Love then?

Suit. Thus Madam, I love you with all my heart.

Lady. VVhat Jointure will you make me?

Suit. Love.

Lady. What maintenance will you give me?

Suit. Love.

Lady. Can Love feed, Cloth and maintain me?

Suit. Love is the true Elixir, and above all price, being above Gold; it is a Creator, Madam.

Lady. If your Love be a Creator, then my Love ſhall be your Creature. *Exit* Lady, Suiter. *Solus.*

Suit. The Devil himſelf cannot work upon a Womans Nature.

Enter the Lady, *and a third Suiter.*

Suit. Madam, I hear you are Rich.

Lady. What then Sir?

Suit. And I am poor.

Lady. What then?

Suit. Therefore I desire you would be pleased to marry me.

Lady. For what?

Suit. To mend my Fortune.

Lady. I am no Cobler, Sir. *Exit* Lady, Suiter *Sol.*

Suit. The Devil take Women's Tongues, for they make Men Fools.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Harry, *and* Doctor Cure-all.

Harry.

DOctor *Cure-all*, hearing of your fame, hath caused me to send for you, to assist me with your help.

Doctor. What is your Disease?

Harry. That you must tell me; but my pain lies in my bones.

Doctor. I understand your Disease; you must be put to a diet, and you must sweat, and bathe, and something else, if need require it.

Harry. I hope I have not the Pox, *Doctor?*

Doctor. You may say it is a Cold, or so; but do you not

not feel a tenderneſs in your Noſe, or a weakneſs in your Legs?

Harry. My Legs are ſomewhat weak.

Doctor. Do you ſpit much?

Harry. Sometimes, but not much.

Doctor. It were well if you did; for that Evacuation is good for young Men. *Gives him a Fee.*

Doctor. By no means Sir.

Harry. Pray Doctor take it.

Doctor. Well Sir, I ſhall preſcribe ſome Remedies.

Harry. I ſhall come to your Houſe, and Viſit you ſometimes, Doctor.

Doctor. You ſhall be welcome Sir; if I am not miſtaken, your Name is Mr. *Sencible.*

Harry. It is ſo Sir, your Servant *Doctor.*

Exit Doctor.

Enter Captain *and* Will *to* Harry.

Capt. Harry, it ſeems you are ſick, for we met the *Doctor*; but what ſays he to thee.

Harry. He ſays, I have the Pox.

Will. A Plague of him, but he hath the Money.

Harry. I lent him two Pieces upon Intereſt.

Capt. For the hopes of thy Cure: But *Will Fullwit*, have you got your Siſter into the Serjeant's ſervice?

Will. Yes, and he likes her Service very well.

Capt. But *Harry*, how doth your Siſters deſign go on?

Harry. Faith ſlowly; for this is the firſt time I ever ſaw the Doctor, but I hope it will come to a good iſſue in time; but how far is your Siſters deſign gone? *Capt.*

Capt. So far as I am almoſt ready to ſummon him to a Spiritual Court, and yet I have neither ſpoke to, nor ſeen the Uſurer *Get-all*; but when a buſineſs is well laid, it is half done.

Harry. But if it be to appear before the Spiritual Court, it will be caſt forth.

Capt. I will warrant you I ſhall get ſuch a Judg, as will end the cauſe on my ſide; but both of you muſt be aſſiſtants; wherefore let us go to *Dick Traveller*, where we ſhall meet my *Lieutenant*, and *Cornet*, whom I have well inſtructed:

Enter Dick, Lieutenant *and* Cornet.

Capt. O, you have prevented us; are you ready for the deſign?

Dick. Yes.

Capt. But do you underſtand the cauſe well?

Dick. So well as I ſhall not need any further Inſtruction; but where's my Fee?

Capt. But ſtay, the Cauſe is not ended; for though a Bribe go before, a Fee comes after.

Lieut. If Judges and Lawyers ſhould not be Fee'd before Cauſes were decided, they would not be ſo rich as they are; but Doctors uſually have their Fees after their Preſcriptions and Advice; wherefore, *Will Fullwit*, that muſt be; Doctor *Feel-pulſe* muſt not be fee'd before hand.

Capt. I only fear *Will* is not learned enough to play the part of a Doctor of Phyſick.

Will. Never fear me; for I ſhall out-argue the Colledge.

Dick.

Dick. *Harry*, and your *Lieutenant*, and *Cornet* muſt act as under Officers and Clerks.

Cornet. Let *Harry* act the part of a Clerk, and leave us to be under Officers.

Capt. No, no, *Harry* muſt be a Pleader; but I never thought Soldiers ſhould turn Judges and Lawyers, before now.

Dick. Why not as well as Prieſts turn Soldiers.

Capt. Come, let us go about this great affair.

Enter Peg.

Capt. *Peg*, have you got your Child ready?

Peg. Yes.

Will. Have you Confidence to outface the Court?

Peg. I can face the Court; but I fear I cannot outface or out-caſe the Uſurer *Get-all.*

Capt. Never fear it, *Peg.*

Peg. Pray *Jove* we ſpeed, for the good of the Common-wealth of Cavaliers.

Capt. Well *Peg*, be ready againſt I ſend for you.

Exeunt Men.

Enter Anne, *and* Informer, *to* Peg.

Anne. How is your Deſign like to prove?

Peg. Well I hope; but Mrs. *Informer*, have you ſeen *Jane Fullwit* ſince ſhe went to be a Lawyer's Clerk?

Inform. I have, and ſhe told me, that her Maſter is much pleaſed with her ſervice; but I going often to viſit his Clerk, the Serjeant having notice of it, watched when I was with him, and was very angry, and ſaid I

was ſuch a Bawd as corrupted all the Apprentices, and Lawyer's Clerks in the City. But I fear for all your induſtry, your Deſigns will not come to that effect you deſire.

Peg. Why, what hinders them?

Inform. Why, thoſe three rich men, that I informed you of, do eagarly wooe the old Lady Riches.

Jane. Are the men young, or old?

Inform. Neither; they are of a middle age.

An. Then ſhe will never marry any of them; for old Women love young Men; beſides, ſhe can marry but one.

Peg. Come, come, it is impoſſible, but we ſhall be preferred before the old Lady.

Inform. I wiſh you may.

Peg. I will warrant you, we ſhall have good ſucceſs if you act your part well.

Inform. Never fear me, for I ſhall out-act you all.

Peg. Come, let us go to the Child, to put a dry Cloath to it, and to wrap it warm with a Mantle, for fear it catch cold; for if it get Cold, my Brother will be angry.

Exit Women.

Get-all *the Uſurer ſitting caſting up Accounts,*

Enter his Man Roger.

Roger. Will your Worſhip give me leave to ſpeak freely to you?

Get-all. Yes, *Roger*, freely.

Roger. I wonder your Worſhip will ſtarve your life, to fill your Purſe.

Get-all.

Get-all. O *Roger*, when the Purſe is full, the life cannot ſtarve for want.

Roger. 'Tis true, he that is Rich may eat if he have a Stomack; but you will neither eat nor ſleep, but wear out your life in caſting up the Accounts of your Riches, and yet have not an Heir to leave it to.

Get-all. Wealth never wants Heirs.

Roger. Indeed ſuch Heirs, that will give no thanks for what they do receive?

Get-all. But I can make the Meritorious my Heirs.

Roger. You may make Heirs, but not Merit, Sir.

Get-all. Do you think there are not Men of Merit?

Roger. Faith Sir, Merit died many years ſince, and left no Poſterity.

Enter Tom *his other Man.*

Servant. Sir, there is one *Captain Valour* deſires to ſpeak with your Worſhip.

Get-all. Theſe poor Cavaliers haunt me like Spirits, they will not let me reſt in peace.

Roger. Faith Sir, they are like Hounds, that hunt an after-Game.

Get-all. But they ſhall not catch my Wealth; for they have no Lands to Mortgage, nor Goods to Pawn.

Roger. I believe they have not any thing to pawn or Mortgage, unleſs it be their Honeſties.

Get-all. But poor Honeſty will pay no Debts; wherefore tell the *Captain*, I am not to be ſpoken with.

Exit Servant.

Roger.

Roger. But your Worſhip ſaid, you would leave your Wealth to Men of Merit.

Get-all. Yes, *Roger*, I may leave them my Wealth when I die; but not give it them whilſt I live.

Roger. But if the Cavaliers be Men of Merit, they may be ſtarved before you are like to die; for you are not fifty years of age, and healthful and temperate, whereas they are weak with want and diſorders.

Get-all. Want and diſorders ſeldom go together; wherefore we'l endeavour to get the old Lady Riches.

Roger. What, to be diſorderly?

Get-all. No, to be Rich.

Roger. But would you Marry this old Lady Riches in earneſt?

Get-all. Yes; but I would not ſee her before I am Married, for fear I ſhould diſlike her; and that would diſquiet my mind between two Paſſions, Diſlike and Covetouſneſs.

Roger. But you have a Maſs of Wealth already, ſo in my judgment you ſhould deſire no more.

Get-all. You are a Fool; for I would be as Rich as the *Indies*, and then I ſhould be more then half as Rich as the King of *Spain*.

Roger. But what would you do with it, if you had it?

Get-all. I would fight with the Great *Turk*.

Roger. But you ſaid, That you would give your Wealth to Men of Merit.

Get-all. Why ſo I ſhall, if I give it to Valiant Soldiers, to fight againſt the *Turk*.

Roger.

Roger. But would your Worſhip head your own Army?

Get-all. Yes.

Roger. Truly that would be a kind of a Miracle; for I never heard of an Uſurer that was Valiant.

Enter the Servant *again.*

Serv. Sir, *Captain Valour* is without ſtill, he will not go away.

Get-all. I cannot ſpeak with him.

Serv. He bids me tell you, That he doth not come to borrow Money, for he knows you will lend him none; but he ſays, He came to inform you of a buſineſs that highly concerns you.

Get-all. Well, bring him in; but be ſure *Roger* and *Tom*, that both of you be in the next room, for I do not love to be with a Soldier alone.

Roger. But you dare truſt your ſelf at the head of an Army.

Get-all. Yes, yes, but that is againſt the *Turk*; but hold your prating and ſend in the *Captain.*

Exit Roger.

Enter Captain.

Capt. Mr. *Get-all*, I am come to inform you, that there is a young Gentlewoman brought to bed.

Get-all. What is that to me.

Capt. It is to you, if it be true what they ſay, which is, that you got it.

Get-all. If ſhe can prove I got it, I will not only keep

the Child, but marry the Woman; but I did believe I was always inſufficient.

Capt. You ſpeak as an honeſt Gentleman, and I ſhall tell her what you ſay. *Exit* Captain.

Enter Roger.

Get-all. Roger, I am provided of an Heir, for I have a Child laid to my Charge.

Roger. Of the *Captain*'s begetting.

Get-all. I believe ſo; but the Wench lays it to my charge.

Roger. Faith Sir, I never ſaw any thing like a Woman, near your Worſhip, ſince I came to be your Servant, which is above Twenty years; as for your old Cook-maid, ſhe is nothing like a Woman.

Get-all. Why, *what is ſhe like then?*

Roger. Like a Spirit, *whoſe ſubſtance is waſted in* Hell-fire.

Get-all. Well *Roger,* but I muſt be careful to avoid this Wenches plot againſt me, and there is no way, that I can perceive, to avoid it, but to marry as ſpeedily as I can; wherefore carry the old Lady Riches that Preſent, and letter her in my Chamber, and if it be poſſible ſpeak to her ſelf and wooe her for me.

Roger. Faith Sir, I am as bad a wooer as your ſelf; for I never wooed any Woman but your Cook-maid for a Breakfaſt, or to make me a Bag-pudding; and how ſuch kind of Wooing will fit a Lady, I cannot tell.

Get-all. But you can tell her, how Rich I am.

Roger.

Roger. That I can, and in my Conſcience that is as good a wooing-Plea as any is.

Get-all. And you may tell her that one of my age is fitter to match with one of her age, then a younger man.

Roger. Thoſe two Arguments will ſpoile all, eſpecially that of mentioning her age, for Women cannot endure to hear of their age, were they as old as *Methuſelah.*

Get-all. Well, uſe what Arguments you ſhall think fit.

Roger. Shall I Wooe as the young Gallants, in Court Language?

Get-all. What Language is that?

Roger. Fine Phraſes, and Mode-expreſſions, which is a mixture with *French* words, and high Complements.

Get-all. How high?

Roger. As high as Non-ſence, which is beyond Underſtanding.

Get-all. Prithee uſe what Language or Expreſſions you will.

Roger. But put the caſe I ſhould wooe ſo courtly, as to get her for my ſelf?

Get-all. If you do *Roger*, I ſhall wiſh you joy.

Roger. I thank you Sir. *Exit* Roger.

Enter Tom *his other Man.*

Tom. Sir, there is a young Gentlewoman come in a Coach, who deſires to ſpeak with your Worſhip.

Get-all. I'le pawn my life it is ſhe, that deſires to lay her Baſtard to my Charge. *Tom.*

Tom. Certainly, ſhe is none of that trade, for ſhe is come in a Coach.

Get-all. Why a Hackney Woman may ride in a Hackney-Coach; there is no Law againſt it, *Tom.*

Tom. But in my conſcience this Gentlewoman looks as modeſtly, as if ſhe were honeſt.

Get-all. But a modeſt Countenance is oftentimes made uſe of only to cover the face of Adultery.

Tom. Then you will not ſpeak with her?

Get-all. No, for there is Antipathy between me and VVomen-kind, ſince this Accuſation.

Tom *was going out, and returns back.*

Tom. Sir, here is the *Captain.*

Enter Captain.

Get-all. VVhat would you have now?

Capt. I am come to ſummon you to the Spiritual Court.

Get-all. I ſhall obey; but how ſhall I find the Court, for I was never there?

Capt. I will go but to the next houſe to ſpeak with a friend, and I will come and direct you to the place.

Get-all. I pray do. *Exit* Captain.

Enter Roger.

Get-all. I am glad you are not gone to the Lady, for I am ſummoned to the Spiritual Court.

Roger. The *Captain's* coming made me ſtay, but what are you ſummoned for, a bag of Money?

Get-all. Indeed that is the deſign, but the pretence is,

for

for getting the Child, I told you was laid to my Charge.

Roger. Why, this is the misery of Wealth, a man can never be quiet; and you being very rich, it will be the policy of the Spiritual Court, to make you maintain all the Whores, and their Bastards, in the City.

Get-all. Like enough.

Roger. And if there be an overplus, you may leave that to the Meritorious; so then you will maintain Vice in your life, and Virtue when you are dead.

Get-all. But surely my Innocency will defend me from the injury of Injustice.

Roger. Faith, Injustice is too prevalent for Innocency, in these days.

Get-all. Well, let us go, for I must obey the Laws.

Roger. But Sir, you are not provided of Lawyers to Plead on your side.

Get-all. I shall not need them, for I can declare my own Innocency. *Exeunt* Get-all *and* Servant.

Enter as in a Court of Justice, Dick, *as prime Judge of the Spiritual Court, the* Lieutenant *and* Cornet *as two Clerks,* Harry Sencible *as a Lawyer, or Pleader, for the Plaintiff;* Will Fullwit *as a Physician;* Mrs. Peg Valorosa *the Plaintiff;* Informer, *as a Midwife and Witness; and* Captain Valorous *as their Friend; when all sit in Order.*

Enter Get-all *and* Roger.

Harry. Most Reverend Judge, here is a Gentlewoman come, who desires Justice.

Dick. What is her Cauſe?

Harry. Her Cauſe is, That ſhe being a virtuous young Woman, hath behaved her ſelf modeſtly, and hath kept a good Reputation in the World (which all her Neighbours know) until ſuch time as this Mr. *Get-all* got her with Child, which Child he will neither own nor keep, nor marry the VVoman.

Dick. Have you any VVitneſſes?

Harry. VVe have ſuch a VVitneſs as the Law allows of, which is a Midwife.

Get-all. I require the VVitneſs to be heard.

Dick. VVill you witneſs that the Child is Mr. *Get-all*'s.

Inform. I will witneſs the words of the Labouring VVoman.

Dick. Declare them.

Inform. About Twelve a Clock at Night I being in bed, and faſt aſleep, there comes a Man, and raps, and raps, and ----raps at the Door, as if it had been for life, which in truth proved ſo; for it was to fetch me to bring a ſweet Babe into the VVorld; but I hearing one rap ſo hard, I was afraid, my Door, being but a rotten Door, ſhould be broke to pieces; I ran to the VVindow to ask, who knockt ſo hard, but the man knockt on, and I call'd out; which knocking and calling took up half an hours time; but at laſt, my Tongue being louder then the Clapper, he heard me then; I asked him what was his buſineſs? he ſaid, I muſt go preſently to a young Gentlewoman that was in Labour; upon which ſummons I

did

did riſe and put on my Bodiſe, but did not half lace them; alſo my Petticoats, but did not tie them faſt enough; for when I came into the middle of the broad Street, my Coats fell quite down from my hips, but as good luck would have it, it was a dark Night, but the ill fortune was, that my Coats fell down, when I was ſtriding over the broad Kennel, in which poſture I ſtood a great time, until the man helpt me over; but my Coats were all wet.

Get-all. But what is all this to the Confeſſion of the Labouring Woman?

She anſwers angerly.

Inform. It is of concern; for Circumſtance is partly a declaring of truth.

Dick. You ſay true Miſtreſs, wherefore go on.

Inform. But as I ſaid---ſtay, I have forgot; where did I leave?

Capt. You left at the wet Coats, Miſtreſs.

Inform. 'Tis very true, I humbly thank you Sir; The Coats, as I ſaid, being wet, I was loth to put them on, not only for fear of catching cold, but for fear I ſhould endanger the Womans miſcarriage by my retardments; ſo I went with never a Coat on me, the Man carried them for me; but the night was pretty warm, ſo that I got no Cold, I thank *Jupiter*; but being more nimble, as being more light, I was ſoon at the houſe of the Labouring Woman, whom I found in painful throws, and ſhe groaned moſt pitifully; and I comforted her, and prayed her to have

patience,

patience, and at laſt ſhe was brought to bed of a very luſty Boy.

Get-all. But what did the Gentlewoman confeſs?

Inform. What Gentlewoman?

Get-all. This Gentlewoman.

Inform. This Gentlewoman hath confeſt that ſhe was never got with Child, nor never had a Child, but what Mr. *Get-all* begot; and this I will take my Oath of.

Dick. How can you clear your ſelf Mr. *Get-all*?

Get-all. I will take my Oath that I never did ſee this Gentlewoman, about whom I am accuſed, in my life; and I have a Servant here that can witneſs for me.

Roger, *comes forward.*

Dick. What can you witneſs?

Roger. I can witneſs that I have lived with my Maſter theſe Twenty years, in all which time I did never ſee my Maſter converſe with any thing like a Woman.

Dick. Doth your Maſter keep no Servant-Maid?

Roger. There is one we call the Cook-maid, but whether ſhe be Maid or Woman, I'le take my Oath I know not.

Dick. Then your Maſter may converſe with Women you know not of.

Roger. But I will ſwear my Maſter did never converſe with this Gentlewoman that hath the Child.

Get-all. And I will take my Oath, as I ſaid, that I never did ſo much as ſee her before now.

Capt. But may it pleaſe you, moſt Reverend Judge, this Gentlewoman hath ſeen him.

Get-all.

Get-all. But the bare ſight of me could not get her with Child.

Capt. That is to be proved; wherefore we require ſo much juſtice of this Reverend Judge, that Mr. *Feel-pulſe*, a moſt learned and expert Doctor of Phyſick, may prove it by Argumentation.

Dick. Let Mr. Doctor prove it.

Will *ſteps forward.*

Will. Then be it known to this moſt Reverend Judge, and to Mr. *Get-all*, and the reſt of this Aſſembly, That our Famous Doctor is of opinion, (as alſo the heads of our Schools and Colledges) That the production of Animal kind, is by an Incorporeal motion; and the famous Doctor is alſo of opinion, That the Soul of Man *ſlides from the Stomack to the heel*, and in that journey makes a production: And all the *Platonicks* do affirm, That there may be a Conjunction of Souls, although the Bodies be at a far diſtance; and I am abſolutely of that opinion; and that the Idea of a Man, by the help of a ſtrong imagination, may beget a Child; which is ſufficiently proved; for ſhe ſeeing Mr. *Get-all* enter into the houſe of Mr. *Inkhorn* the Scrivener, viewed his perſon ſo exactly, that when ſhe was in bed, a ſtrong imagination ſeized on her, by which ſhe conceived a Child.

Get-all. It ſeems the Child was begot like the Plague, by conceit.

Dick. You ſay true, Mr. *Get-all*; wherefore you muſt marry the Woman, own the Child, and keep them both.

Get-all. Is there no avoiding your Sentence, Mr. Judge?

Judge. No, the Decree is paſt.

Get-all. Why then as ſhe was got with Child by Conceit, ſo I will marry her by Conceit.

Judge. But you muſt take her, and her Child home, and maintain them.

Get-all. Cannot I maintain them by Conceit?

Judge. No, that muſt be done Corporally.

Get-all. If there be no remedy, I muſt be content; come my Conceited or *Platonick* Wife and Child, let us go home.

All. We wiſh you all Happineſs. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Lady *and a Fourth* Suiter.

Suiter.

MAdam, I ſuppoſe my Name is unknown to you?

Lady. 'Tis probable Sir; for I never ſaw you before.

Suit. Then I'le tell you, Madam, my Name is, Monſieur *Vanity.*

Lady. Your Name ſhews that your Humour is Fooliſh, and your actions Prodigal.

Suit. My Humour is noble, Madam, and my Actions generous; for I uſually caſt away a hundred pounds at

at Dice, and run away a hundred pounds at a Race, and give away a hundred pounds at a Viſit to a Miſtreſs.

Lady. This laſt kind of Prodigality has ſome reſemblance to Generoſity; but yet it is as different from Generoſity, as a Bribe is from an Unintereſſed Gift. But pray Sir, give me leave to ask you, what deſign brought you hither to me?

Suit. A very good deſign, Madam; for I being vain, and you rich, 'twould be very convenient we two ſhould joyn as Man and Wife, that one might maintain the other.

Lady. Alas Sir, the Wife would ſoon die in her Husbands arms; for Riches conſume in Vanity; therefore, I will as ſoon marry death, as you. *Exit* Lady.

Suit. Sol. Death take her, if I cannot get her.

Enter Three Gentlewomen *to the* Lady.

Lady. I am glad you are come to releaſe me from the importunity of my Suiters.

1 *Gent.* You are in a good Condition, Madam, that you can have Lovers that ſeek you, when as we for want of Wealth, are forced to ſeek them.

2 *Gent.* You mean Husbands, Madam, for Lovers are never ſought, becauſe they are never loſt; for a Lover will always be at the tayl of his Miſtreſs.

3 *Gent.* I wiſh I had as many as would make up a Train. *Exit* Suiter.

Enter her Father Save-all.

Fath. Daughter, have you made your choice of a Husband, ſince you have ſo many Suiters? *Daugh.*

Daugh. No truly Sir, for the number confounds my choice, or rather there is no choice in all the number, by reaſon none exceeds the other, but they are all Fools alike.

Fath. Indeed Daughter, if you be ſo long a chuſing, you will be paſt choice your ſelf.

Daugh. I had rather be old with Judgment, then young with Folly; and ſince you have been pleaſed to truſt to my diſcretion, I would not willingly betray that truſt, by the haſt of my choice.

Fath. You ſpeak well, Daughter; Heaven grant you do well.

Daugh. But pray Sir give me leave to ask you one queſtion.

Fath. What's that?

Daugh. I would fain know, whether my Lovers do firſt addreſs their Suits to you, or to me?

Fath. Their Suites they addreſs firſt to you; but their inquiries are made firſt to me; to wit, what Portion I would give you, and whether I intend to ſettle all my Eſtate upon you.

Daugh. It ſeems they conſider my Wealth before my Perſon.

Fath. Yes, and all Wooers do the like.

Daugh. But not Lovers Sir.

Fath. Yes, yes, for they wooe firſt, marry next, and love laſt.

Exit Father.

Enter

SCENE III.

Enter the Fifth Suiter *to the* Lady, *being an ancient Man.*

Suiter.

MAdam, I ſee you are a Beauty, and Report ſpeaks you Virtuous and Wiſe; which if ſo, I hope you'l chuſe an ancient Lover before a young one.

Lady. No queſtion Sir, but an ancient Lover expreſſes more Conſtancy in his Love, then a young one doth; but ancient Love requires a great deal of time, and my Father may die before I make my Choice.

Suit. You miſtake me, Madam, I mean an ancient Man that loves you.

Lady. There is great difference between an ancient Man, and an ancient Lover: But Sir, by your Diſcourſe I perceive you pretend to be a Lover.

Suit. My Love is not pretended; for I do really love you.

Lady. How can I know that?

Suit. By proof; for I'le not require any Portion with you, ſince I am Rich enough without; Nay, I will not only take you without a Portion, but make you Miſtreſs of all my Wealth, in ſo much that I will freely give you all I am Worth; and I wiſh I were worth Millions for your ſake.

Lady. Sir, you expreſs more Love in your Gifts,

then all my young Suiters in their Words; and if you will confirm your Promiſe to my Father, which you have now made to me, I ſhall accept of you for a Husband, and promiſe you, to be an honeſt and Loving Wife. *He Kiſſes her Hand.*

Suit. Let us both go to your Father, and conclude the bargain.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lawyer *and his* She-Clerk.

Serjeant.

IS Doctor *Cure-all* ſo induſtrious about the old Lady *Riches*?

Jack. Yes Sir, he was very buſie in preparing of Cordials, Ointments, and ſuch things; and was angry that I came with a Meſſage from you; for he bid me be gone; for the Lady, he ſaid, could not hear Love-Meſſages, ſhe was ſo full of Sciatical pain and Gout; but the old Lady did favour me, and chid the Doctor for bidding me to be gone; for ſhe would have heard my Meſſage, when her ſides were anointed, and her Gouty Toe Plaiſtered.

Serj. And did you ſtand by, till ſhe was anointed?

Jack. Yes Sir, for ſhe did deſire me to help to anoint her ſides, whilſt the Doctor laid a Plaiſter to her Toe.

Serj.

Serj. And how did ſhe like your ſervice?

Jack. So well, Sir, as ſhe ſaid, ſhe was never better chaft and rubbed in her life; I ſuppoſe it was for your ſake.

Serj. But when I am married, I ſhall not allow her my Clerk to anoint her ſides, although ſhe be ſo old to go upon Crutches. *Exit* Jack Clerk.

Enter another Clerk.

Clerk. Sir, there is a Client without, deſires to ſpeak with you; and there is a Gentleman without, that doth raile bitterly.

Serj. For what?

Clerk. Becauſe his Law-Suit went againſt him; he ſays, That all the poor Cavaliers are not only undone by the *Wars, but alſo by the Lawyers.*

Serj. Theſe poor Cavaliers are very troubleſome.

Man. Alaſs, their Loſſes make them impatient.

Serj. They are ſo poor, that Lawyers cannot gain by them; wherefore, we are for the other Party, who are ſo rich, that 'tis fit their Purſes ſhould be emptied.

Man. But if they get their Suites, Sir, the poor Cavaliers pay the Charges.

Serj. Hold your prating, and bid *Jack Clerk* come to me.

Enter Jack Clerk.

Serj. Have you writ thoſe Deeds out?

Jack. Yes Sir.

Serj. And have you Copied out thoſe Caſes that I am to plead for, and againſt? *Jack.*

Jack. Yes Sir.

Serj. 'Tis well done.

Jack. Sir, you are pleaſed to ſeem to favour me.

Serj. I do really love thee, and will do thee any favour I can.

Jack. Then I deſire you would be pleaſed to Plead a Cauſe that concerns a Kinſwoman of mine.

Serj. That I will to the beſt of my power; but what is the Caſe?

Jack. Why Sir, I have a Kinſwoman who is well born, but poor, and a Gentlewoman; but a Gentleman being in Love with her, and ſhe not condeſcending to his unlawful deſire, hath taken her away by force, and keeps her by force.

Serj. Have you *Witneſs*?

Jack. Yes Sir, I have two *Witneſſes*.

Serj. That is ſufficient; let them be ready at the next Seſſions.

Jack. But Sir, I deſire not to appear as Plaintiff, for I have got another Gentleman to be Plaintiff; and my Friends are without, Sir, if you pleaſe to ſee them.

Serj. Well, call them.

Enter the Lieutenant *and* Cornet.

Serj. Gentlemen, I ſhall ſerve you as well as I can.

Lieut. & Cor. We thank you Sir.

Exit Serjeant.

Enter Dick, Will, Harry *and* Captain.

Jack. Gentlemen, you are welcome.

Jack.

Will. We are come to know if we ſhall have a Hearing?

Jack. My Maſter hath promiſed to Plead on our behalf.

Harry. We deſire no more.

Jack. But I am to inform this Society, That there is a very rich old Lady, (a Widow) who theſe three Rich Men court; The Uſurer did Wooe her, and the Lawyer and Phyſician do Wooe her; now if any one of you could cozen theſe Three of the Lady, it would be a Maſter-piece.

Harry. But ſhould not any one of us cozen our ſelves, or ſhe cozen us to marry her? for ſhe is ſo old, that there is no hopes of Poſterity.

Dick. Why ſhall we deſire Poſterity, ſo long as we are poor? *and if any one of us ſhould* ever come to be ſo happy as to be Rich, if he hath no Children, and chance to die, let him leave his Wealth amongſt the Society of poor Cavaliers.

All ſpeak. Content, content.

Lieut. But which of us ſhall addreſs himſelf to this old Lady?

Harry. *Dick Traveller* is moſt likely to ſpeed.

Dick. I have white Hairs; wherefore I am confident I ſhall be refuſed.

Capt. The truth is, the only Man that is probable to ſpeed, is *Harry Sencible*; for he hath a young ſmooth face, and old Women love young ſmooth fac'd Men alife.

Harry. Yes, but a young Man doth not love an old Woman; wherefore ſhe is a fitter match for *Dick* then for me.

Will. *Harry* is in the right, *Dick* is the fitteſt Match for her; but the difficulty will be, how to make the Match, for we ſhall find it more difficult for all us Men to cozen one Woman, then for one Woman to cozen all us Men.

Lieut. It is impoſſible; wherefore let us never endeavour it.

Cornet. But we will never loſe any deſign for want of endeavour.

Jack. I will tell you my Maſters, how to compaſs this deſign.

Dick. How?

Jack. *Harry* ſhall put himſelf into a *Woman's Habit*, and Madam *Informer* who is acquainted with the Lady, ſhall prefer *Harry* to be her Chamber-Maid, where he may have time and opportunity to commend *Dick*, and to bring him acquainted with her.

Will. He may do ſome good in that, and perchance not.

Jack. It is but trying.

Harry. I like the deſign ſo well, as I am reſolved to become a Chamber-Maid.

Will. But we ſhall want thy Company in the mean time.

Harry. No, no, I am confident I ſhall get leave ſometimes

times to go abroad, or find ſome ways or other to ſlip out.

Lieut. But you cannot change your Habit ſuddenly.

Harry. I ſhall not have occaſion, for you all know me.

Dick. Come, come, let us about this buſineſs.

Jack. But firſt you muſt go with me to hear the Cauſe try'd.

All ſpeak. Content, content. *Exeunt.*

Enter Roger, *Solus.*

Roger. If my young Miſtreſs ſhould have a perfect Idea of me, and then a ſtrong Imagination, ſhe might prove with Child again, and ſo my Maſter would be a *Platonick* Cuckold.

Enter Get-all.

Get-all. *Roger,* where is my *Platonick* Wife and Child?

Roger. In the Chamber with the Milch-Nurſe.

Get-all. My Family is well increaſed ſince I have been a *Platonick* Husband and Father.

Roger. I hope your Worſhip will not want Heirs to inherit your Wealth?

Get-all. No, no, I cannot want Heirs, the way being ſo eaſie to get them.

Roger. But hath not your Worſhip a mind to get her with Child, after a Corporeal manner?

Get-all. Faith *Roger,* ſhe is tempting, being young and handſome; but if I ſhould get her with Child as our fore-

fore-fathers got us, I fear this Learned age will puniſh me, either with death or intolerable Fines.

Roger. But if there be no Witneſs, they cannot prove it; for this *Platonick* Son and Heir of your Worſhips, appears as if it had been got by a Corporeal action.

Get-all. You ſay true; wherefore call your Miſtreſs.

The while he Walks, Enter Miſtreſs Peg.

Get-all. My Imaginary Wife, how doth our Imaginary Son?

Peg. Very well, Sir.

Get-all. But doth he Corporeally ſuck?

Peg. Yes Sir.

Get-all. I wonder at that; but my greateſt wonder is, how that an Incorporeal Conception, ſhould come to be a Corporeal Child!

Peg. 'Tis like Spirits that take Bodies, Sir.

Get-all. But may I not lawfully get you with Child after a Corporeal manner?

Peg. Yes ſurely, Sir.

Get-all. Then let us go to bed, and try if I can get a Child after the old Corporeal way, for I never knew when this Child was gotten.

Peg. But I muſt be Ceremoniouſly Married firſt.

Get-all. Hang Ceremony, thoſe Children never come to good that are got with Ceremony.

Peg. But I cannot lie with you Corporeally, unleſs you honeſtly marry me.

Get-all.

Get-all. But I tell you, I did not know when I got this Child which I am forced to own.

Peg. 'Tis true, Sir; but that was begot by your Idea, and my Imagination, and not perſonally; wherefore, if you deſire to lie with me, you muſt firſt Marry me, otherwiſe the Law will ſeverely puniſh us, and they would be glad we ſhould give them that occaſion, that they might take away your Wealth.

Get-all. Faith, thou ſhall rather breed by Conceit, then I Marry really; but if we muſt not lie together Corporeally, may not we kiſs Corporeally?

Peg. Truly Sir, I did never kiſs any Man but in the way of a civil Salute.

Get-all. But did not my Idea and your Imagination kiſs?

Peg. Yes Sir, but not Corporeally.

Get-all. Faith, I have a Natural deſire to thee; but I dare not Marry thee, for fear I ſhould be made a Cuckold, as I have been made a Father.

Peg. Truly I am very Chaſt, and ſhall make a very honeſt Wife; and if you will promiſe to Marry me, I will diſcover by whom you have been deceived.

Get-all. If you can prove your ſelf honeſt, I will.

Peg. Then know Sir, This Child which is laid to your Charge, is none of mine, but a Baſtard of my Brother's, *Captain Valour*; but by reaſon my Brother was ruin'd in the Civil Wars, and I having loſt my Portion in his ruine, I had not Means to maintain me

honeſtly, according to my quality; wherefore, hearing you were a very worthy perſon, and Rich, and an unmarried Man, I deſired my Brother's aſſiſtance in the deſign of getting you to be my Husband; but the deſign could not take effect if we had not counterfeited a Spiritual Court and Judge, which Judge was Mr. *Traveller*; and the Doctor Mr. *Will Fullwit*; and the Lawyer was Mr. *Sencible*; and my Brothers, *Lieutenant* and *Major*, Witneſſes; all gallant valiant Men, but poor Cavaliers; ſo that the deſign was honeſt, but the management was full of deceit.

Get-all. But what was ſhe that was the Midwife.

Peg. An honeſt ancient Gentlewoman, whoſe Huſband was kill'd in the Wars.

Get-all. Well, ſince you have ſo ingenuouſly told me the truth, I will Marry thee for thy honeſt wit; for he's a fool that will marry a fool.

Enter Judges as in a Court of Judicature, and Serjeant Bariſter *as a Pleader at the Bar, and his Clerk with a bag of Papers; alſo* Harry Sencible *as the Defendant, and* Will Fullwit *and* Dick Traveller *as Witneſſes, the* Captain *as a Plaintiff, and the* Lieutenant *and* Anciant *as Witneſſes.*

Serj. May it pleaſe your Lordſhips, I am here to Plead in my Clients behalf againſt Mr. *Sencible*, who againſt the Laws of Honour, Honeſty, and Civil Government, hath a young Gentlewoman of good Birth and Education (but poor) in his keeping, not by the Gentle-

Gentlewoman's (or Friends) Conſent, but by conſtraint and force, incloſing her in a Chamber, under Locks and Bolts, leſt ſhe ſhould eſcape from him.

Judg. Where is your Witneſſes?

Lieut. Here my Lords.

Judg. Will you both Swear theſe Accuſations for a truth?

Lieut. We are ready to Swear whenſoever the Book is offered.

Judg. What ſays the Defendant?

Harry. My Lords, I will confeſs the truth, but I deſire Juſtice, and that my Accuſation againſt Serjeant *Plead-all*, may be heard.

Serj. Good my Lords, grant his Requeſt; for I fear not what can be ſaid againſt me.

Judg. We grant his Requeſt.

Harry. Then my Lords, I freely confeſs that I have ſuch a Gentlewoman in my keeping, as I am accuſed, and do keep her under Lock and Key; not for fear ſhe ſhould leave me, but for fear ſome man ſhould ſteal her away from me; for in this age Men are like hungry Wolves, ſeeking to devour the Virginity and Reputation of young handſome Women: But this young Gentlewoman who I do ſo carefully keep, is my own Natural Siſter, which theſe two worthy Gentlemen, Mr. *Fullwit* and Mr. *Traveller*, will witneſs; beſides, I can bring all my Neighbours that will witneſs the ſame; and ſince Serjeant *Plead-all* hath endeavoured to diſgrace

me,

me, not only before your Lordſhips, but before a Court full of People; I think it not unmeet, for me to declare to your Lordſhips, That Serjeant *Plead-all* hath at this preſent kept in his Houſe a Gentlewoman, as a Servant, in Man's Clothes, whoſe Birth and Breeding is better then his own.

Serj. My Lords, I deny his Impeachment; and if he can prove that I have a Woman in Man's Clothes, that is a Houſhold Servant of mine, I will Marry her, were ſhe an old Witch.

Harry. My Lords, this Aſſembly is ſufficient witneſs of what he hath ſaid, as alſo what I have ſaid; and to prove what I ſay is true, here is the Gentlewoman who ſerves him as his Clerk, in Man's Clothes, ſhe is Siſter to Mr. *Fullwit*, which he and others will witneſs, and ſhe her ſelf confeſſes.

Jane. My Lords, I do confeſs I am a Woman, and out of love to Serjeant *Plead-all* did take this diſguiſe, which I hope is pardonable, ſince it is not a breach of the Laws of the Kingdom, whatſoever it may be in modeſty.

Serj. How is this! my Clerk a VVoman! and muſt be my VVife! I am finely cozen'd i'faith!

Harry. VVe beſeech your Lordſhips to give your Judgment.

Judges. Our Judgment is, That you are free, and the Serjeant muſt Marry his She-Clerk.

Exeunt.

SCENE.

SCENE II.

Enter Father, *with his* Daughter.

Daughter.

PRay Sir, tell me whether you approve of my Choice?

Fath. To ſpeak truly, Daughter, you have choſen very wiſely; but how your Youth will agree with Age, I cannot tell.

Daugh. Never fear it Sir, for I ſhall love Age in a Husband, better then Youth in my ſelf.

Fath. Well, Heaven bleſs you.

Enter a Meſſenger from the young Suiters.

Meſſ. Sir, Report ſays, that the Lady your Daughter, is to be Married to an ancient Man, to the great diſgrace of her other Suiters, Youth, Beauty, and Bravery; and therefore they deſire, that before ſhe Marries, ſhe would be pleaſed to give them all a publick Audience.

Fath. Daughter, anſwer this Gentleman.

Daugh. Sir, pray tell them, that I cannot civilly deny their Requeſt, in caſe they'l be pleaſed to give me leave to make a publick anſwer.

Meſſ. No queſtion, Madam, but they will, and I ſhall inform them of what you ſay. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Jane Fullwit *in her Woman's Habit, and Serjeant* Plead-all.

Serjeant.

WEll Miſtreſs, your Wit and your Perſon hath not only excuſed your deceit, but I am ſo in Love with you, that I would not but have been deceived for all the World.

Jane. Sir, with your pardon, there is one more deceived beſides your ſelf, and another like to be.

Serj. Who be thoſe?

Jane. He that is deceived, is *Get-all* the Uſurer, and he that ſhall be deceived is Doctor *Cure-all.*

Serj. What, my two Rivals?

Jane. Yes Sir.

Serj. Then they cannot laugh at me.

Jane. If they do, you may laugh at them again.

Serj. I would the old Lady was deceived.

Jane. She will in a ſhort time.

Serj. Faith, I find that the Cavaliers are the beſt deceivers.

Jane. They have been ſo oft deceived themſelves, that they have learned by their misfortunes.

Serj. But we will not deceive each other, but go to your Brother to diſpatch our Marriage.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Captain, Lieutenant, Cornet, *and* Will Fullwit, *then enters* Harry *in a Chamber-Maid's Habit.*

Will. Mrs. *Harry* you are welcome, how doth your good Lady? *She makes a Curtſie ill-favouredly.*

Harry. My Lady at this time is troubled with Love in the Heart, and Gout in the Toe.

Capt. Is *Dick Traveller* the cauſe of the Love-ſick heart?

Harry. No, it is the Lawyer's young Clerk.

Will. He is diſcovered.

Harry. Yes, but I will not ſuffer any to inform her of it.

Cornet. But if her mind be ſo young, I doubt we may deſpair of our deſign.

Enter Dick Traveller.

Dick. Mrs. *Harry*, give me leave to ſalute you.

He makes a Curtſie, and he ſalutes him.

Dick. Faith *Harry*, you kiſs like a Woman; I pray *Jove* you be not turn'd Female with wearing a Petticoat.

Harry. If I be, I pray *Jove* I may not be ſuch a Female as my old Lady is.

Dick. But how goeth on our deſign?

Harry. Faſt towards a young man, but ſlowly towards a gray head.

Dick. What young Man?

Harry. The Lawyer's Clerk.

Dick. What is ſhe in Love with honeſt *Jack*? but ſhe is diſcovered.

Harry.

Harry. But ſhe knows not of it, for ſhe is almoſt deſperate; and between every groan of pain, ſhe ſighs for Love.

Dick. Why, then there is no hopes for me.

Harry. Not unleſs you are preſented in the Name of the Clerk, and marryed by Candle-light; for ſhe being half blind, will never diſtinguiſh which is which.

Captain. Faith, *Harry's* Counſel is good.

Will. But if ſhe be as deaf as ſhe is blind, we ſhall not need to diſſemble his Name.

Dick. But *Harry*, do you think ſhe will live long?

Harry. My only fear is, ſhe will hardly live ſo long that he may be Married to her.

Dick. I hope ſhe is not ſo deſperately ſick.

Lieut. If ſhe ſhould die before *Dick* is marryed, we are all undone.

Cornet. If ſhe ſhould, it would be worſe then our Caſhiering.

Will. Take comfort Gentlemen, for old Women are ſuch dry and tough meat, that Death cannot ſet his Teeth into them, nor his Dart enter them.

Capt. Will ſays true; for perchance ſhe may laſt longer then *Dick* would have her.

Dick. I would have her live till I am marryed to her, and then let her die aſſoon as ſhe will.

Harry. Well Gentlemen, I dare ſtay no longer for fear my Lady ſhould chide me moſt grievouſly.

Will. Thou art a moſt grievous Rogue.

Exit Harry. *Enter*

Enter Serjeant *and* Jane.

Will. Hey-day, who comes here!

Serj. We are come to have you for a Witneſs to our Marriage, ſince you proved ſo good a one at the Bar.

Will. Stay ſo long, till we ſee an end of our Comedy.

Serj. If your Comedy be long, I ſhall not have patience.

Capt. It ſhall be ſhort, and you ſhall have more Bridals to accompany you.

Enter Harry.

Harry. I have been at home with my Miſtreſs; but all the plot of *Jack Clerk* was revealed to her, whilſt I was here; O Mr. *Plead-all*, I cry you mercy, I ſaw you not.

Serj. Nay, Mrs. *Harry* pray conceal not any thing for my being here; for I thank you, I am now become one of the Society.

Harry. And how do you like of the Acquaintance.

Serj. So well, as I would not be a ſtranger for any other good.

Harry. I preſume Mrs. *Jane* hath pleaſed you well.

Serj. So well, as I am confident I ſhall be happy in my Marriage: But how doth the old Lady take the diſcovery of my She-Clerk?

Harry. Faith, as ill as ſhe would take the diſcovery of her He-Chamber-Maid; the truth is, ſhe hath been in ſuch paſſions, as ſhe is almoſt transform'd to Mummy.

Serj. That ſhe was before the diſcovery.

Harry. But now ſhe is more perfect Mummy then ſhe was; but I, to comfort her, have promiſed to bring her a handſome young Man, only he is taller and bigger, as being a Man; and I did reaſon with her ſo long, that I have perſwaded her to love a Man, rather then a Boy.

Capt. And will ſhe come to reaſon?

Harry. She will, upon condition he be a young Man.

Dick. But how ſhall I make my ſelf appear to be a young Man?

Cornet. You are not ſo old, but you may appear in the dark to be a young Man.

Capt. Appear, ſay you! how the Devil can he appear in the dark?

Harry. Well, for the good of the Common-Weale, I have deviſed a way, how *Dick* ſhall appear like a young Man to a blind eye.

Will. Faith, I know no difference between the dark and a blind eye.

Harry. Hang you, a Pox of you all, I meant a dim eye.

Dick. Come, dim or blind, let's hear your deſign.

Harry. This is the deſign, *Dick* ſhall firſt ſhave as cloſe as may be, and then paint his Face, and with a handſome Perriwig, and fine Clothes, he will appear a Young Man to an Old Woman.

Will. Faith, the Paint muſt be laid on his Face as thick as Morter on a Wall, otherwiſe his age will be ſeen.

Capt.

Capt. Not to a dim eye.

Dick. Why, I have not ſuch Wrincles in my face as requires much filling up.

Harry. I will warrant you, that I will get ſuch an Artiſt, that if *Dick*'s VVrincles were as deep as a Saw-pit, they ſhould be clos'd up, and his face appear fair and even, if not ſmooth; wherefore *Dick*, get a handſome Perriwig, and put on your beſt Suit of Clothes, and I will ſend a Painter to your Chamber; then go to her, for ſhe expects thee, and carry a Prieſt, and ſome Witneſſes, and Marry her.

Will. Will not you be there?

Harry. I cannot, but I have left thoſe in her houſe that ſhall conduct you to her; but I muſt go about my Siſters affairs, where I muſt deſire all the Company to meet me at Doctor *Cure-all*'s Houſe.

All ſpeak. We will not fail you.

Dick. But the *Cornet* and *Lieutenant* muſt go with me to be my Witneſſes.

Harry. Take them.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Doctor *and his* Man.

Doctor.

GIve me my Cloak, for now the Clerk being proved a Woman, I hope the old Lady will accept of me, and that will be a double good fortune; firſt, that my Rival is cheated; next, that I ſhall be Maſter of the Ladies Riches.

Man. Doth your Worſhip mean the old Lady?

Doct. Who ſhould I mean elſe?

Man. Sir, ſhe was Married laſt Night, about one of the Clock, *as her Servant told me this Morning.*

Doct. Married! to whom?

Man. To a young Cavalier, one Mr. *Dick Traveller.*

Doct. What the Devil, hath he Married her?

Man. I know not whether the Devil Married them, but certainly they are Married.

Doct. Why, he is older then I.

Man. He hath paſt for a young Man with the Lady.

Enter another Man.

2 *Man.* Sir, there's a young Gentlewoman deſires to ſpeak with your Worſhip.

Doct. 'Tis ſome comfort to converſe with a young Woman, after the loſs of an old----

The Doctor *goes forth, and enters leading* Mrs. An. Sencible.

Doct. Lady, wherein may I ſerve you?

An.

An. Sir, I am to deſire your aſſiſtance for the Cure of a Diſeaſe I am troubled with.

Doct. What Diſeaſe?

An. The Diſeaſe is Love.

Doct. Truly, Lady, a Phyſician hath no Remedy for that Diſeaſe, unleſs the Party be in Love with the Phyſician.

An. The truth is, Sir, I am in Love with you.

Doct. With me Lady!

Enter Sencible, *and when he enters, he ſees his Siſter, he ſtarts back and frowns, ſhe ſeems to be afraid.*

Harry. Is the Doctor and you ſo well acquainted, as you two to be private alone.

An. Truly I was never here before.

Harry. 'Tis falſe.

Doct. I will aſſure you, Mr. *Sencible*, ſhe ſpeaks truth, for ſhe was never here to my knowledg before.

Harry. I perceive you both agree in a Story, and I take it as an affront you ſhould entertain my Siſter in private.

Doct. I vow to Heaven I never ſaw her before this time, nor knew I that you were her Brother.

Harry. This anſwer will not ſerve me, for I will have ſatisfaction; and as for you, Siſter, I will offer you up as a Sacrifice to Honour.

He draws his Sword, ſhe ſhreeks out, and runs behind the Doctor, the Doctor ſtrives to defend her.

Doct. Sir, 'Tis unworthy to draw your Sword upon

a Woman, or to fight with an unarmed Man.

Harry. I do not intend to fight with you at this time, but to kill my Siſter.

Doct. For what?

Harry. For viſiting a Man, and being alone with him in his Chamber.

Doct. Why is that ſuch a Crime?

Harry. 'Tis ſuch a Crime, that unleſs ſhe can prove ſhe is Married, or aſſured, I will kill her.

An. Good Doctor ſave my life.

Doct. Then Sir, give me leave to tell you, we are agreed to Marry, may we have your conſent?

Harry. I muſt have time to ask the advice of ſome dear Friends firſt.

An. Dear Brother *conſent, without advice.*

Harry. That I will not.

An. Then ſend for your Friends hither.

Harry. I have no body here to ſend.

Doct. You may have two or three of my Servants if you pleaſe. *Enter a Man.*

Man. There is two Gentlemen below that deſire to ſpeak with Mr. *Sencible.*

Harry. They are come as I deſired, pray bring them in.

Enter Will Fullwit, *and the* Captain.

Dear *Will*, and *Captain*, I was ſending for you both, to ask your advice about a Cauſe that hath much troubled me, which is a great concernment both to my Juſtice and Honour.

Will.

Will. What is that?

Harry. I coming to ſee Doctor *Cure-all*, found my Siſter out of my Houſe, diſcourſing here alone with the Doctor, which is a great diſcredit for a young Virgin, to be not only abroad without attendance, but in Company with a Man alone, and in his Chamber.

Capt. That is not well, I did not believe Mrs. *Anne Sencible* would have done ſuch an act.

Doct. Gentlemen, the Lady is in no fault, for ſhe and I are agreed to marry, if her Brother conſents.

Will. That is another Caſe; and will not you give your conſent *Harry*?

Harry. I cannot tell.

Capt. Come, come, you ſhall conſent.

Will. Yes, yes, you ſhall *Harry*; Doctor give me your hand, and Mrs. *Sencible* give me yours, ſo joyn them together; do you agree truly and really to Marry?

Both Anſwer. We do.

Capt. Then, Mr. *Sencible*, give them joy of their Contract.

Harry. I wiſh you Both joy.

Enter to the Doctor, Mrs. Peg Valoroſa, Get-all, *Serjeant* Plead-all, *and* Mrs. Jane Fullwit.

Get-all. Come, come, *Captain Valorous*, let us go to the Church, for I am impatient.

Serj. Not ſo impatient as I.

Capt. Faith, we come in here but to take another Couple along with us.

Get-all.

Get-all. Are they agreed?

Harry. They are, they are; there only wants that Ceremony, You do, and all is ſure.

Enter Dick Traveller, Lieutenant *and* Cornet.

Dick. I am come only to make one to fill up the Matrimonial Triumphs.

Harry. How doth my old Lady like the young Blade?

Dick. So well, as ſhe is ſo well pleaſed, as it hath made her half young again.

Enter Miſtreſs Informer.

Dick. Welcome Mrs. *Informer.*

Inf. By my troth, my heart did tremble, for fear I ſhould not come time enough to theſe fortunate Nuptials.

Get-all. Well, to let all this Company ſee, that I the firſt deceived, am as well, if not better, pleaſed then the deceivers; here I do promiſe to give my Brother, that muſt be *Captain Valorous*, Twenty thouſand pounds to maintain his Baſtards, to diſcharge his Whores, and to Marry a Virtuous and Honourable Wife; alſo, I give Doctor *Feel-pulſe*, *Will Fullwit*, Five thouſand pounds; and *Harry Sencible* Five thouſand more; and Five thouſand pound to the *Lieutenant*; and Five thouſand pounds between the *Cornet* and Mrs. *Informer*; as for my Judg *Dick Traveller*, I did intend to have feed him well, and to give him money to have bought a place in the Arches, but he is better provided.

Serj. I cannot preſent the whole Society, but I will

make

make my Brother *Fullwit's* Five thouſand pounds, you gave him, Ten.

Doct. So will I give as much to my Brother *Harry Sencible.*

Dick. And I will preſent the reſt of the Society.

Will. *Let's go unto Church to make all ſure,*
For nothing in Extreams will long endure.

Capt. Stay we muſt go to the Hearing of my Couſin *Prudence's* Cauſe firſt, and then we ſhall have another couple.

SCENE III.

The Scene is a Publick Hall, or Pleading-Court, wherein is a Publick Aſſembly, the Young Suiters and ſome other Gallants, taking one Bar, and the Young Lady and her Old Suiter another; and all Bridal Couples.

One of the Young Suiters ſpeaks.

Moſt Noble Auditors.

I Am choſen by my fellow-Sufferers to declare the Injuſtice and Injury this young Lady has done us, and her ſelf, by refuſing us that are young, handſome, healthy and ſtrong, for an old, infirm, weak and decayed Man, who has neither a clear Eye-ſight to admire her Beauty, nor a perfect Hearing to be informed of her Wit; nor ſufficient Strength to fight in her behalf, or defend her Honour; nor that heat of affection that he

can love her as ſhe deſerves. Indeed, it is not to be ſuffer'd that Old Men and Women ſhould Marry Young Perſons; for it is as much as to tie or bind the Living and Dead together; for, though it cannot be truly ſaid, that old age is dead, yet we may ſay, 'tis rotten, and Corruption is next to death; for all Creatures corrupt before they diſſolve; and we are taught by our holy Fathers, that we muſt put off the Old Man, and put on the New Man: Wherefore, 'tis not lawful for this young Lady to Marry that old Man, it being both againſt Church and State, as not profitable to either, but diſadvantagious to both.

The Ladies *Anſwer.*

Moſt Noble Auditors,

I Come not here to expreſs either my Wit or Malice, but to defend my *honeſt* Cauſe, and to expreſs my true Love; Wherefore, I ſhall briefly anſwer this Gentleman's *Objections*: Firſt, as for the Injuſtice he accuſes me of, I utterly deny that I am guilty, for to make a lawful Choice is no Injuſtice to them; and to refuſe a young Man before an old and wiſe one, is no Injury to my ſelf; Next, what he ſays of their Handſomneſs, Health and Strength; I anſwer, that in my opinion, a handſome Man is an error in Nature, and Health and Strength are very uncertain in young Men, for their Vices decay one, and impair the other, before

their

their Natural time; whereas, the Infirmities of Old Age are Natural, neither infectious, unwholſome or dangerous to their Wives: And though ancient Men have not their Hearing ſo quick, nor their Eye-ſight ſo clear as young Men, yet have they quicker Wits, and clearer Underſtandings, acquired by long Experience of all ſorts of Actions, Humors, Cuſtoms, Diſcourſes, Accidents, and Fortuns amongſt Mankind; Wherefore, old Men cannot chuſe but be more Knowing, Rational and Wiſe then Young. Concerning the Church and State, ſince they do allow of buying and ſelling young Maids to Men to be their VVives, they cannot condemn thoſe Maids that make their bargain to their own advantage, and chuſe rather to be bought *then ſold, and I confeſs I am one of the number of thoſe;* for I'le rather chuſe an old Man that buys me with his VVealth, then a young one, whom I muſt purchaſe with my VVealth; who, after he has waſted my Eſtate, may ſell me to Miſery and Poverty. Wherefore, our Sex may well pray, From Young Mens ignorance and follies, from their pride, vanity and prodigality, their gaming, quarelling, drinking and whoring, their pocky and diſeaſed bodies, their Mortgages, Debts and Serjeants, their VVhores and Baſtards, and from all ſuch ſorts of Vices and Miſeries that are frequent amongſt Young Men, Good Lord deliver Us. But for fear of ſuch a Misfortune as to be a VVife to a young Man, I will Marry this ancient Man, and ſo, Couſins, I am, if you pleaſe, ready to wait on you to Church.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE.

THE Sociable Companions *we hope do fit*
Your Judgments, Fancies, and your better Wit:
This Lady is Ambitious, I dare ſay,
That all Her hopes is, That you'l like her Play.
Which favour, She eſteems at a high rate,
'Bove Title, Riches, or what's Fortune's Fate;
She liſtens, with a trembling ear; She ſtands
Hoping to hear Her Joy, by your glad Hands.

The Preſence.

A COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

As an Introduction to the Play.

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gentleman.

TOM, How do you like the New Plays?

2 *Gent.* As I like an Old Wife, Not well.

1 *Gent.* If the judgment of the Stage ſhould hear you, they would condemn you.

2 *Gent.* Faith, that Condemnation would be a Commendation to me, and a reproach to themſelves; for thoſe that cannot judge of Wit, cannot judge of Me.

1 *Gent.* Cannot they judg of Wit, ſay you?

2 *Gent.* No; for thoſe that underſtand not Wit, cannot judge of Wit.

1 *Gent.* Do they not underſtand Wit?

2 *Gent.* No, for if they did, they would not applaud Plays, that have neither Humour, Wit, nor Satyr; which are thoſe they name New Plays, made up of Old Romances.

1 *Gent.* But New Plays have Plots, Deſigns, Cataſtrophes and Intrigues.

2 *Gent.* What are thoſe?

1 *Gent.* Thoſe are to expreſs Policy, Ingenuity and Art; beſides, they deſcribe Love, Juſtice, Honour, and the like.

2 *Gent.* Why, *Seneca* doth expreſs *Moral Virtues*, and *Machiavillian* Policy, better and more properly then Dramatick Poetry; and the Spectators will learn more in one day by reading their Works, or ſuch like Authors, then by ſeeing forty Plays, and leſs Charge: Beſides, it doth leſſen the eſteem of ſuch grave Learning, neither is it more proper for Plays then the Scripture is.

1 *Gent.* But the Scripture was Acted in the old time.

2 *Gent.* Truly, and I have heard they were fooliſh Plays, although made out of the Sacred Scripture; and that there was a Superſcription of one Play ſet upon a Poſt, which was thus, Here is a Play to be ſeen of King *Saul*, with the merry Conceits of *David* and *Goliah*;

liah; which certainly was profane. But a Stage is not an Univerſity, Grammar-School, or Church; for by ſuch actions or deſcriptions, it would rather abuſe Religion, and corrupt Learning, then advance them; for though the Stage may be very beneficial to young perſons to learn good Behaviour, Diſcourſe and Wit, yet not to learn Morality and Divinity; and as for Policy, all Men are naturally apt to be Diſſemblers, they ſhall not need to be inſtructed; alſo, concerning the deſcription of fooliſh Romancical Love, it doth but corrupt the minds and thoughts of Men and Women, which cauſes not only fooliſh and unhappy Marriages, but wicked Adulteries.

1 *Gent.* But pray tell me what you mean by that you name *Satyr? whether you do not mean* railing?

2 *Gent.* No, for railing is to ſpeak ill of particular perſons; but Satyr is to reprove general Vices.

1 *Gent.* And what do you mean by Wit and Humour?

2 *Gent.* By Wit I mean ſimilizing, and diſtinguiſhing of Words and Things; by Humour I mean the Behaviours, Diſpoſitions and Practices of Mankind; all which good Comedies will inform Youth better, then far and dangerous Travels; but as for Morality and Policy, as I ſaid before, they are more proper for Schools and States, then for Stages.

1 *Gent.* But Lovers Scenes are moſt pleaſing to the Spectators, and are the beſt part in a Play.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* In my opinion the Lover's part is the worſt part; but as for ſuch Love-making as is in the New Plays, it would give me as good a vomit to ſee it, as *Crocus Mettallorum* ſteept in wine, or the like, and ſwallow'd down my throat.

SCENE II.

Enter as in the Preſence, Monſ. Converſant, *Monſ.* Obſerver, *and Monſ.* Mode.

Converſant.

GOod Morrow Gentlemen; Monſ. *Mode*, did not you attend the Emperor to the Chappel to day?

Mode. No, but I am going to attend him from the Chappel.

Conv. It had been better you had attended him into the Chappel for your own ſake, for there you might have ſaid your Prayers, which, it is probable, you Courtiers ſeldom do.

Mode. Faith, we Courtiers have little time to pray; for what with Dreſſing, Trimming, Waiting, Uſhering, Watching, Courting, and the like, all our time is ſpent.

Obſ. It ſeems Courtiers are ſo much concern'd with their bodies, as they regard not their Souls.

Mode. Pleaſure lives with the Body, and we Courtiers live with Pleaſure; as for the Soul it is not well known what it is; but let it be what it will, or can be, or

is,

is, yet it belongs more to another World, then to this; which other World we Courtiers care not for, nor think thereof; we only desire to be happy in this World, for we are well content to quit the Happiness of the next World for the pleasure of this present World.

Conv. But yet when Courtiers come to die, they will wish they had thought more of the next VVorld, and less of this.

Mode. Faith, we Courtiers never think of Death, until Death think of us; and when Death remembers us so, as to take us out of this VVorld, we believe we shall only die and turn to dust, and be no more; we are only troubled and grieved that our Masking delights are at an end, and that our light of life, and delights of Pleasures must be put out by Death's Exstinguisher; the truth is, with Court-Gallants, Court-Officers, and State-Magistrates, it is according to the old observation, which is, They live without Conscience, and die without fear.

Obs. I did believe that Courtiers had been so vain, that they could not be so valiant; as to die without fear.

Mode. There are many sorts of Valours, or rather I may say, Courages; for though most Courtiers have not Valour to fight Duels, or in Battels; yet they have courage to run in debt, not fearing Imprisonment, and they have courage to Court Mistresses, not fearing the Pox; also, they have courage to flatter, cozen, dis-

 semble,

ſemble, profeſs, proteſt, and then betray, not fearing diſhonour.

Conv. Will not Courtiers fight, ſay you?

Mode. No faith, if they can chuſe to avoid it; for we Courtiers are Men for life, and not for death; for though we are Men of Action, yet not Warring Actions.

Conv. In what are Courtiers active?

Mode. In Dancing, Racing, Tennis-playing, Carding, Dicing, and the like; for ſhould a Soldier become a Courtier, he would become a Coward in a ſhort time; for the Pleaſures of the Court do abate the Courage of War.

Conv. I believe you, becauſe you are a Courtier, and know a Courtier beſt; but I fear you will not appear a diligent Attendant, if you go not to the Chappel to wait upon the Emperour.

Mode. You ſay true, wherefore farwell.

Conv. But before you go, pray inform us of the cauſe that makes the Princeſs ſo Melancholy?

Mode. That which makes moſt *Women Melancholy*, to wit, Amorous Love.

Obſ. 'Tis ſaid, that it is a pleaſing pain; but is the Princeſs in Love?

Mode. Yes.

Conv. With whom?

Mode. With no body.

Conv. Can ſhe be in Love with no body?

Mode.

Mode. Yes faith, rather then Women, will not be in love, they will love no body.

Conv. That is impoſſible.

Mode. It is not impoſſible, if an Idea be no body; and 'tis ſaid, Thoughts are Ideas.

Obſ. I ſuppoſe that no Women are in love with their own Thoughts, for if they were, they would think more, and ſpeak leſs; wherefore, you are miſtaken; for Women are in love with their own Words.

Mode. If they be, their love is placed ſtill upon no body; for the old opinion is, That Words are bodileſs: But the Princeſs is in love with an Idea ſhe met with in a Dream in the Region of her Brain; and unleſs ſhe may enjoy this Idea, not only awake, but imbodied, ſhe cannot be at reſt in her mind!

Conv. If this be true, it is a ſtrange Love!

Mode. It is as true as ſtrange, and as ſtrange as true; and all the Ladies in the Court are become Dreaming-Lovers to imitate the Princeſs.

Obſ. All the Ladies, ſay you?

Mode. Yes faith, All, both Maids, Widows and Wives.

Conv. As for Wives, it is fit they ſhould never have other Lovers, both for their Husbands and their own ſake; for then their Love and Lovers cannot poſſibly be known, if they can but keep their own Counſels.

Mode. But they cannot keep their own Counſels, for if they could, they would never have divulged their Amorous Dreams. *Exit* Mode. *Enter*

Enter Spend-all *to* Converſant *and* Obſerver.

Conv. Monſieur *Spend-all*, I wiſh you joy of your Preferment, for I hear you have a place beſtow'd upon you, agreeable and proper for your Paſtime and Profeſſion; for you being a great Gameſter, are made Croom-Porter.

Spend. No faith, but I am not; for *Keep-all*, the old miſerable Uſerer, is made Groom-Porter.

Conv. Why, that is very well; for he may put out his Money to uſe amongſt the Gameſters, and have *Am's ace* for his Intereſt; but if he be made Groom-Porter, you ſhall be Lord Treaſurer.

Spend. No faith, I would have but one Office, if I might have my choice.

Obſ. What Office is that?

Spend. Maſter of the Mint.

Obſ. That will not do you much good, unleſs you were Maſter of the Coyn.; but if you were Maſter of the Coyn, you would play all away at Cards and Dice, Tennis, and ſuch like Games.

Spend. If I did, I ſhould do but as moſt Gentlemen do, that have Eſtates, which ſpend their Money for their pleaſure, and I take Pleaſure in Gaming.

Conv. But not to loſe.

Spend. I had rather loſe, then not play.

Obſ. I did believe that Gameſters play'd more out of covetouſneſs, then for pleaſure.

Spend. You miſtake; for Gameſters are more in love with

with Cards, Dice, and Rackets, then Lovers are with Women.

Conv. And I believe Gameſters fear Fortune more then Lovers do the Spiritual Court, the Pariſh-Conſtable, or the City-Watch.

Spend. Faith, Fortune is like moſt Magiſtrates, or great Officers, who will cruelly puniſh ſome, and partially favour others; and all her actions are without Reaſon and Juſtice.

Obſ. But you cannot bribe Fortune.

Spend. No, and in that reſpect Lovers have the better of Gameſters.

Conv. But Gameſters are for the moſt part Lovers.

Spend. Faith, no; for a Gameſter cannot ſpare ſo much time, as to kiſs a Miſtreſs; but fare you well, for I muſt go to the Porters Lodge.

Conv. But tell me truly, before you go, whether *Keep-all* the Uſurer is made Groom-Porter?

Spend. The truth is, I did but jeſt; for he is not Groom-Porter, but the Knave of Clubs is made Groom-Porter.

Conv. If it be ſo, then that place is properly ſerved, for the Knave of Clubs is a fit perſon for that Office.

Exeunt Men.

SCENE III.

Enter the Princeſs *and her* Governeſs.

Princeſs.

WHich of the Gods and Goddeſſes ſhall I pray to aſſiſt me, ſince my beloved is Spiritual, and not Mortal, at leaſt not Temporal; but yet he is not Cœleſtial; for ſurely an Idea is not a god, although it be not a bodily Creature?

Govern. But Souls may meet and converſe, and enjoy each other.

Prin. How meet?

Govern. In the Mind.

Prin. But that's no ſatisfaction to Humane kind.

Govern. I know not whether Satisfaction doth, but ſurely Tranquility lives in the Mind; and the god of Dreams hath preſented the Idea, which ſurely is the Soul of ſome Noble and Meritorious Lover, as a reward to your Vertue.

Prin. How fooliſhly you talk! as if the gods were Lover's Mediators: But if they ſhould humble themſelves in ſuch Amorous Imployments, and did preſent this Idea, then I ſhould enjoy it every time I ſleep; but alaſs, I never did perceive it but once, and then like as a Heavenly Viſion, no ſooner perceived, but vaniſhed away.

Govern.

Govern. But can you love ſo much upon ſo ſmall an acquaintance?

Prin. I am of *Marlow*'s opinion, Who ever lov'd, that loves not at firſt ſight!

But this Idea is fixed in my heart,
And whilſt I live will never thence depart:
But I will make *Apelles* my dear Saint,
And he ſhall both my Love and Paſſion paint.
Apelles, draw this Paſſion in my Heart,
And make the Picture of my Love by Art:
For thou the firſt was he that did invent
To Figure Paſſions, and them to preſent
To object's ſence; and if ſo, then I
May my Idea by my eyes deſcrie;
For all Ideas they, as ~~precious~~ spirits prove,
They are not Subſtance, but in Subſtance move.

SCENE IV.

Enter Mode *to* Obſerver *and* Spend-all.

Obſerver.

ARe the Ladies coming into the Preſence?

Mode, No, they all keep their beds to enjoy their Lovers ſo, as they ſleep to dream, and dream to be embraced.

Obſ. They ſhall not need to do that, for they may be embraced awake.

Mode:

Mode. O fie! that is an old out-worn fashion, and is more proper for old Ladies, then young.

Obs. Sure you mistake; for Dreams are more proper for old Ladies, and waking-embraces for young.

Mode. Nay, then you mistake, for young Ladies love Amorous Contemplations, otherwise they would not delight so much in Romances as they do; but old Ladies who have more experience, and so are wiser, love the fruition of Realities; which makes them love young Men, not in Dreams or Romances, but in Courts and Cities.

Spend. If so, then young Men may despair of young Women, and old Women not be jealous of young Women; and if I were sure of that, I would presently clap up a Match with an old doting Lady that I am acquainted withal, who is as rich as old.

Mode. You had best make haste for fear you should have Rivals; for if all young Men despair, the old Women will be so Wooed, that the multiplicity and choice will make them as nice, coy and proud, as the most prime young Beauties.

Spend. You say true, wherefore I will be beforehand, and go to her before she hears of this dreaming-fashion.

Conv. But how if this fashion should soon change to a quite opposite?

Spend. Yes, there is the danger; therefore I will not go.

Enter

Enter the young Princeſs *Melancholy*, *and ſome* Ladies; *whereof one rubs her eyes*, *the other gapes*, *the third ſtretches her ſelf*; *all paſſing over the Stage.*

Obſ. Lord bleſs us! what a drowſie faſhion the Ladies have got?

Conv. But to my view, they were not ſo drowſie but they did leer upon us.

Mode. That was to view if any of us was the Man they dream'd of.

Obſ. O Lord! if it be thy will, let me be the Man the Princeſs dreams of.

Spend. And I deſire I might be the Man they all did dream of; which if ſo, the Grand Signior would not be better ſerved, then I ſhould; nor more numerouſly, for I ſhould have all the young Women in the Kingdom.

Mode. If you had, you could not Marry them all.

Spend. No, but I could Manage them all.

Mode. They would rather Manage you.

Spend. I ſhould be well pleas'd to be Managed by a young Lady.

Mode. But not by ſo many young Ladies as are in the Kingdom.

Obſ. If he were, he would be Managed ſo, as to be a lame Jade. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Lady Quick-wit, *and* Self-conceit.

Quick-wit.

SElf-conceit, the new Maids are come that are to be our Chamber-fellows.

Self. Where, where are they? for God's ſake, tell me quickly, I long to ſee them; but are they handſome?

Quick. No, by my troth; for one of them is ſo baſhful, that what Beauty Nature hath given her, is ſpoiled for want of breeding; the other is none of Nature's choiceſt Pieces.

Self. But what are they?

Quick. They are gone by the *back-ſtaires*, to the Princeſs.

Self. The Princeſs keeps her Chamber to day.

Quick. Yes, but ſhe has permitted them into her Preſence.

Enter all the Gentlemen.

Self. Gallants, are the new Maids come from the Princeſs?

Mode. No, we come to ſee them; for it is ſaid, they are very handſome.

Self. I have heard by two or three, That they are not handſome.

Quick. They are coming, they are coming.

Enter the Mother, *and the Lady* Baſhful.

Moth.

Moth. Where is the Princeſs, Gentlemen, to give the Oath to this young Lady?

All the Gentlemen *come to Salute Her.*

Obſ. Mother, will you give me leave to Salute your Daughter?

Moth. Should I not give you leave, you would take leave. *He Salutes the young Maid.*

Obſ. Lady, you will add to the Splendour of the Court.

Conv. Lady, you will advance the Glory of your Sex. *He Salutes Her.*

Mode. Mother, you are one of the fortunateſt Mothers that ever came to the Court; for here was never ſuch a company of Beauties at one time, as is at this time.

Moth. Come, come, you are all Flatterers; wherefore my Daughter beware of them.

Self. Mother, your new-come Daughter is baſhful.

Quick. You muſt perſwade her to hold up her head.

Self. What eyes has ſhe, black or gray?

Moth. Well, well, pray have patience; for by that time ſhe has been in the Court ſo long as either of you, has been, ſhe will be as confident as any in the Court.

Quick. But Mother where is your other new Danghter?

Moth. She is coming forth; and by my faith ſhe is a metled Laſs indeed. But come Daughter *Baſhful*, we muſt go ſeek the Gentleman that muſt give you your Oath. *Exit* Mother, *and Lady* Baſhful.

Quick.

Quick. Lord! how ſimply ſhe looks!

Mode. Give me a ſimple Girl; I love to teach, not to learn.

Self. What a dull eye ſhe has!

Conv. A Melancholy eye, for variety, ſometimes pleaſes beſt.

Self. She has an unfortunate brow.

Obſ. Her brows ſeem like a bow, that's ready bent to ſhoot Love's glances forth.

Quick. She hangs down her head as if ſhe were working of Croſs-ſtitch.

Spend. She looks as if ſhe would be as conſtant as *Penelope* was.

Enter the other new Maid, the Lady Wagtail.

Wagt. Where is the Mother, *is ſhe always ſo confident of her Daughters, as to leave them to themſelves?*

Mode. I marry Sir, this Lady ſeems to have mettal.

Conv. She ſeems of a free Spirit.

Obſ. A Lady of an excellent Preſence.

Spend. There is life in her Countenance.

Wagt. Pray, Gentlemen, which way went the Mother?

All the Gentlemen *run out to ſeek the* Mother, *then return back and ſpeak to Her.*

Lady. The Mother will come preſently.

Wagt. Pray, Gentlemen, excuſe me for troubling you; I ſhould not have been ſo rude, but that I am ignorant of the wayes in Court, but I ſhall be induſtrious to learn them, and then I ſhall be ready to ſerve you.

Gent.

Gent. We are all your Vaſſals, Lady.

Lady Wagtail *addreſſes her ſelf to* Self-conceit *and* Quick-wit.

Wagt. Ladies, I ſhall be glad to have the honour of your Friendſhip, and to be endeared to ſuch honourable Siſters.

Self. We ſhall be ready to ſerve you.

Enter Mrs. Wanton, *one of the Maids of Honour, as running into the Room.*

Want. Where is my Comrade? where is my Comrade?

Wagtail *and* Wanton *meet, Embrace and Kiſs each other.*

Want. Dear *Wagtail*, thou art according to my heart.

Wagt. My dear *Wanton*, I make no doubt, but we ſhall agree very well.

Want. I was ſo joy'd, when I heard you were allotted to be my Chamber-fellow, for I was ſo afraid of that clod of dull Earth, the new come fellow; for it is reported that ſhe makes Conditions not to be with ſuch a Chamber-fellow that ſits up late, or hath much Company.

Wagt. The Princeſs ſays, ſhe muſt be in the Chamber of Mrs. *Quick-wit.*

Quick. She ſhall not lie with me, let her lie in the Chamber of Mrs. *Self-conceit.*

Self. With me? By my troth, that ſhall not be, for ſhall I that have been here this dozen years, have the rubbiſh thrown into my Chamber?

Want. Why, then ſhe muſt lie with the old Mother, there is no other place.

Quick. Why, the old Mother ſits up as late with the old Signiors of the Court, as any of her Daughters do with the young Monſieurs. *Exeunt Ladies.*

Obſ. I hope if there be no room for the young Lady amongſt Women, ſhe will be forced to come to us Men for a Lodging.

Mode. Faith, we ſhall quarrel as much, who ſhall have her, as the Women do, to caſt her out of their Company.

Spend. I am of the Ladies mind, I would not willingly have her; for ſhe appears with ſuch a divine Purity, as if ſhe would be apt to convert me from my Debauchery, and trouble my Conſcience with Repentance. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Quick-wit *and* Wagtail.

Quick-wit.

LAdy, I hear you have an admiring Servant.

Wagt. For God's ſake Lady *Quick-wit*, tell me who it is?

Quick. You know who it is.

Wagt. Nay, prithee tell me; in faith I know not who it is.

Quick. You diſſemble in making your ſelf ignorant.

Wagt. In truth I do not know; wherefore prithee tell me, for I long to know who it is.

Quick.

Quick. I hope your Servant has not put you into a longing humour?

Wagt. No, but you have, and therefore tell me.

Quick. 'Tis reported, Monſieur *Ape* is your admiring Servant.

Wagt. Truly Monſieur *Ape* is a very fine Perſon.

Quick. Indeed he wears fine Clothes.

Wagt. The truth is, he is a neat ſpruce Courtier.

Quick. He ought to be ſo, ſpending moſt of his time in dreſſing and trimming himſelf.

Wagt. He is a very Civil Man to our Sex.

Quick. He is ſo, if it be a Civility to kiſs the Ladies Busks, Fans, Gloves, and the tails of their Gowns.

Wagt. He is a well-bred Gentleman.

Quick. Yes, if good breeding lies in the Heels, for he dances well.

Wagt. He is an exact Courtier.

Quick. 'Tis true, for he Flatters and Complements.

Wagt. He is a great Scholar.

Quick. He is well read in Faſhions, and ſtudies new Modes.

Wagt. He hath an Elegant ſpeech.

Quick. And ſpeaks in a Romancical ſtile.

Wagt. And he has a ready Wit.

Quick. To imitate Extravagancies.

Wagt. He is a Valiant Man.

Quick. To take fooliſh Women Priſoners.

Wagt. He is a Politick Man.

Quick.

Quick. He is ſo, in pretending to have more power with the Emperor then he hath; by which means he gets Clients to Fee him, and ſimple ignorant Men to Bribe him, for which Fees and Bribes, they have fair words and large promiſes, but not any performances.

Wagt. I perceive Monſieur *Ape* is not your admiring Servant, you ſpeak ſo ſpitefully of him.

Quick. It ſeems I am not his admirer, I ſpeak ſo truly of him.

Wagt. I muſt not hear any evil againſt my Servant Monſieur *Ape.*

Quick. Then you muſt not hear him mentioned.

Enter Lady Self-conceit, *with her Portrait.*

Self. Quick-wit, I have been ſeeking you to ſhew you my Portrait.

Quick. What Painter drew it?

Self. A Painter did not draw it, but a Poetical Lord did write it.

Quick. So I perceive a Portrait is a Mode-Phraſe for a Character, or a Deſcription; and a Portrait, Character and Deſcription of Particulars, ſignifies one and the ſame thing.

Self. Yes, but Characters and Deſcriptions have been ſo often uſed, writ and named, that the Readers are ſo weary'd with thoſe old faſhioned names, as it keeps them all from reading the matter or ſubject of ſuch Writings.

Quick. So, then the word Portrait is to invite the Readers to read it.

Self.

Self. No doubt of that, and well, if the word Portrait will perſwade them to read it; but ſhall I read my Portrait to you?

Quick. Yes, I deſire to hear a Portrait, for though I have ſeen many Portraits, yet I have never heard them ſpeak.

Lady Self-conceit *reads her Portrait.*

Your Curls of Hair like Clouds, yet black as night;
Your Eyes as Stars do give a Sparkling light;
Your Forehead like the Heavens milky way;
Your Noſe a hill of Snow in Valley lay;
Your Lips like Roſie-morn when th' Sun doth riſe,
Shine on your Chin, as bright as he i'th' skies;
From whence the Beams dilated on your breaſt,
Do make a Torrid Zone 'tween Eaſt and Weſt;
And thoſe that do this Heav'nly Picture view,
Muſt needs confeſs 'twas only made for you.

Quick. Faith, this is like the Painter that drew a Roſe for a Woodcock.

Self. What, do you call me a Woodcock?

Quick. Why? a Woodcock is a fine Bird, and good Meat; but why did not this Portrait-maker draw or deſcribe you no farther then the breaſt?

Self. By reaſon many Perſons Pictures are drawn no farther.

Quick. It was a ſhrewd ſign, he could ſimilize no farther.

Self. He could not go beyond the Heavens.

Quick. In my opinion he has gone too great a Journey in going ſo far; for I believe it has made his Poetical feet, which I perceive to be diſeaſed with the Gout, too weary; for he has travel'd through the Ecliptick line; but if he have croſt the line, I think he muſt have gone from South to North, a very cold Climate.

Self. I perceive you are ſpiteful at my Portrait, becauſe you have not one made of you.

Quick. Can you blame me if I be ſpiteful to ſee you Metamorphoſed from a Terreſtrial Body, to a Cœleſtial Portrait.

Enter Obſerver *and* Converſant.

Obſ. Ladies, how doth the Princeſs?

Quick. The Princeſs is very Melancholy, and it is fear'd ſhe will fall into a Conſumption.

Self. But the Emperor to prevent it, will ſend for all the Gentry and Nobility in the Empire to preſent themſelves to the Princeſs, and whomſoever ſhe likes, ſhe ſhall have.

Conv. But how if her Idea ſhould prove a Married Man?

Quick. The truth is, it diſturbs the Thoughts of Married Wives; for thoſe that love their Husbands, are afraid, and thoſe that care not for their Husbands hope; but all the Men are well pleaſed in hope of being Emperor, for you know the Princeſs is Heir to the Crown.

Enter Mode.

Mode. Lady, how doth the Princeſs?

Quick.

Quick. She is as all Lovers are, Melancholy.

Mode. Are all Lovers Melancholy?

Quick. Yes, when they cannot enjoy their Beloved; and her Beloved is but a ſhadow, which the more it is follow'd, the farther it flies; wherefore ſhe is Melancholy, as being deſpiſed.

Self-conceit *ſighs.*

Quick. What makes you ſigh?

Self. Faith, becauſe I am not a Princeſs, to have my choice of all the Men in the Empire.

Quick. I would not be a Princeſs upon that condition, for I ſhould be as much troubled to chuſe, as to refuſe.

Self. That is a ſign you love Men well.

Quick. Why ſay you ſo?

Self. Becauſe you expreſs your trouble, that you ſhould deſire more then one, and be loth to deny any.

Enter a Fool.

Fool. Oh Ladies, Oh the ſtrange ſights that I have ſeen! the monſtrous ſtrange ſights that I have ſeen!

Quick. What monſtrous ſights have you ſeen?

Fool. Why, I have ſeen ſtrange Monſters!

Quick. What Monſters?

Fool. I ſaw Men with ſtrange Heads, and as ſtrange Bodies; for they had the ſpeech of Men, and the upright ſhape of Men, and yet were partly like as other Creatures; for one Man had an Aſſes head, and his body was like a Gooſe; another Man had a Jack-a-

napes.

napes-head, but all his body was like a Baboon, and he ſhew'd tricks, as Jack-a-napes and Baboons uſe to do; another Man had a Swines head, and all his body was like a Goat; Another had a head like a Stag, with a large pair of branched Horns, and all his body was featur'd like a Woodcock, and his arms were feather'd as a Woodcocks wings, but he could not fly from his diſgrace, for his Horned head did hinder the flight of his Wings; Then I ſaw a Woman that was not like a Mare-Maid, for Mare-Maids are like Women from the head to the waſte, and from the waſte like a Fiſh; but this Woman was like a Fiſh from the head to the waſte, and from the waſte like a Beaſt; ſo that ſhe was a *Batons rompus*; Another Woman had the eyes of a Crocodile, but her body was like a changeable Cameleon; and many other Monſtrous Creatures did I ſee.

Self. Where did you ſee thoſe Monſters?

Fool. Where they are to be ſeen.

Self. Where is that?

Fool. In Dreams, when I was aſleep.

Quick. It ſeems you have a Fool's head that dreams ſuch fantaſtical Dreams.

Fool. The wiſeſt and graveſt heads that are, do dream ſuch Dreams; for a Philoſopher's head hath butter-flies Dreams; and a Politician, although he has a Foxes head when he is awake, yet he has but an Aſſe's head when he ſleeps.

Quick.

Quick. You are a Knave awake, and a Fool aſleep.

Fool. Then I am a wiſe Man.

Quick. Is a Knave a wiſe Man?

Fool. According to the fooliſhneſs of the World he is; for if the World of Mankind, which is the moſt part, were not Fools, Knaves could not cozen them; and thoſe are wiſer that deceive, then thoſe that are deceived; at leaſt, they are accounted ſo by thoſe Fools they have deceived.

Self. You ſpeak like an Aſs.

Fool. If I ſpeak like *Balaam*'s Aſs, I ſpeak wiſely; but truly Ladies I had a pleaſant Dream.

Quick. What Dream was that?

Fool. I dream'd that all the Princeſs Maids of Honour did dance about me, and after that they did all kiſs me, which was very pleaſant to me; for though they danced like Apes, they kiſſed like Courtiſans.

Quick. Out, you Rogue, do you ſay we kiſs like Courtiſans.

Fool. Why all Women kiſs alike, ask the Gentlemen.

Exit Fool.

Self. Come *Quick-wit*, let us go and ſee how the Princeſs doth. *Exeunt.*

Obſ. The Ladies are much concerned for the Princeſs Sickneſs.

Mode. I believe they are all troubled with that Diſeaſe, although they are more crafty to conceal it.

Conv. The Emperor is very ſtrict to the Princeſs, ſo

that he will not ſuffer any Man to come near her but *Mimick* the fool; and he is only ſuffered to divert her Melancholy.

Obſ. He is more a Knave then a Fool; wherefore he might more ſafely have truſted the wiſeſt Man in the Kingdom.

SCENE VII.

The Princeſs lies upon a Couch as ſick, and her eyes ſhut. Soft Muſick is heard, and a Song ſung.

You God of Sleep ſend Dreams for to reſtore
The Princeſs mind to be as 'twas before;
Or elſe you other Gods that *dwell above*,
Cauſe her to dream of a Seraphick Love:
Let not her Mortal Soul ſo cloud the Light
Of her Immortal Soul that ſhines ſo bright.
Caſt out the vain Idea from her brain,
That nothing of that Figure may remain.

After this, the Fool *ſtanding at the Door, ſings a part of an Old Ballet; as follows.*

This long ſeven years and more, have I ſtill lov'd thee,
Do then my joy reſtore, fair Lady pity me,
Pity my grievous pains long ſuffer'd for thy ſake,
Which will not let me reſt, for no reſt can I take:

Fair

Fair Lady pity me, do not my Suit deny,
O yield me ſome relief that ſhall for ſorrow die.
How can I pity thee, the Lady then repli'd,
I am no Match for thee, thy Suit muſt be deny'd;
I am of Royal blood, thou of a mean degree,
It ſtands not for my Good that I ſhould Marry thee:
This Anſwer oft I had, which ſtruck my heart full deep,
And on my bed full ſoft did I lie down and weep.

Singing the laſt Verſe, the Fool *enters, and the Princeſs awakes.*

Prin. How dare you diſturb me with your Foolery?

Fool. Fools never diſturb, for we are made for Laughter, not for anger.

Prin. Carry away the Fool to the Porters Lodge, and let him be ſoundly whipt.

Fool. No, carry the Princeſs to the Emperors Chamber, and let her there be whipt, for ſhe is more Fool then I; for ſhe is in love with a Dream, and I am in love with a Princeſs; the truth is, I have a great deſire to be an Emperor, and you had better love a Fool then a Shadow.

Prin. In truth I will tell the Emperor my Father.

Fool. I faith, that will not help you; for he is wiſe, and knows I am the fitteſt Match for you; for he knows that when two Fools Marry, they make but one Fool; and he will chuſe rather to have but one Fool then two; and when we are Married we ſhall make one grand Fool, and that will amount, and be as much as indifferently wiſe.

Prin.

Prin. I will have your Tongue cut out of your Head.

Fool. You will as ſoon cut off my Head; but let me tell you, You ſhall not; nay by'r Lady, you muſt not be in this humour, the Emperor commands it, as alſo that you ſhall come to him. *Exeunt Omnes.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Spend-all *in a fine Suit of Clothes, meeting* Converſant.

Converſant.

Jupiter bleſs us! how fine and brave you are, in a rich Suit of Clothes; *is this your Wedding day?*

Spend. No, this day is not my Wedding day; but this Suit is my Wooing-Suit, for I am going to Woo an old Lady, who is very Rich.

Conv. Is ſhe Wiſe?

Spend. I hope not, for if ſhe were, ſhe would never grant my Suit; but if ſhe be a Fool, as I hope ſhe is, then Youth and Bravery will win her.

Conv. And the more ſprightly, lively, and fantaſtical you appear, the better the old Lady will like you.

Spend. I believe you; but I doubt that the ſight of the old Lady will put me into ſo dull and Melancholy a humour, as I ſhall not pleaſe her.

Conv. Imagine her a young Beauty.

Spend.

Spend. I cannot imagine her a young Beauty, when I ſee her; for Imagination works only upon abſent Objects.

Conv. Then think her your Reverend Grand-Dame.

Spend. That will make me think of death, ſhe being dead.

Conv. Nay faith, ſhe will rather make you think of a Reſurrection.

Spend. Can I think an old wrinkled Woman, a glorified body?

Conv. I forgot the Glory, I only thought of Life; but however, you may think her a Saint.

Spend. That I cannot, if ſhe marry me, a young, vain, deboiſt Man, which is, a Sinner.

Conv. Imagine ſhe Marries you to convert you from Evil to Good.

Spend. Nay faith, ſhe would ſooner pervert me, were I good, to evil; but were ſhe a wiſe, reverend, virtuous aged Woman, I could love her better then a wanton young Filly; alſo, I ſhould be ruled and govern'd by her experienced advice and counſel; but thoſe ancient Women that are ſo, will not Marry a wild, vain young Man.

Conv. There is not any thing that can rule, adviſe, or govern you, but Time.

Spend. Why, an ancient Woman is Time; for though ſhe be not old Father Time, yet ſhe is old Mother Time.

Conv. Well, go to the old Lady, woo her, win her, and Marry her; for if you will wink, or ſhut your eyes, ſhe will be as pleaſing as a young Wife.

Spend. Would you have me a blind Wooer, and a blind Husband?

Conv. It would be happy for ſome Husbands if they were blind, that they might not ſee their own diſgrace; for many a Husband ſees his Neighbour in bed with his Wife; and it would be great wiſdom in old Women, if they would, or muſt of neceſſity, Marry a young Man, to Marry a blind young Man, that he might not ſee her decays, ruines and wrinkles.

Spend. Well, I will go and try if I can perſwade this old Lady to Marry me.

Conv. Do ſo, for it may become a faſhion for young Men to Marry old Women.

Enter Lady Baſhful, Spend-all *addreſſes himſelf to her.*

Spend. Lady, I was a while ſince in the Privy Chamber, where my eyes did ſearch for you, but they could not ſingle you out from the reſt of the Ladies.

Baſh. It ſeems that either you were blind, or that I had not any Beauty.

Spend. The Ladies in Court, when they ſtand cloſe together, are like the Heaven's milky way; for the number of Stars appears like a thick white ſtream, ſo as no particular Star can be diſcerned.

Baſh. I had rather be a Meteor ſingly alone, then a Star in a Crowd. *Exit.*

Enter

Enter Lady Quick-wit.

Spend. Lady, will you give me leave to be your admiring Servant?

Quick. The truth is, we Ladies in Court have ſo many Courting-Servants, that we know not how to govern them.

Spend. I ſhall be govern'd eaſily; for I will watch your looks with admiration, liſten to your words with great attention, ſtudy your thoughts with ſerious Contemplation, and obey all your Commands with pious devotion.

Quick. Admiration dazles the ſight, ſight ſtops the hearing, hearing hinders the thinking, and action is an enemy to ſtudy.

Spend. You have ſo much *Wit*, Lady, that your *Wit* is able to govern the whole *World*.

Quick. Wit can eaſier make a VVorld, then govern a VVorld; for VVit is a better architect then Governor; in truth VVit cannot rule it ſelf; for VVit is ruled by Judgment; and thus by miſpraiſing VVit, you have done Judgment wrong. *Exit* Quickwit.

Spend. Faith, I am an unfortunate Man in Courtſhips.

Conv. That is, becauſe you Complement with the Ladies, that love to have Men talk to them rudely.

Spend. VVell, I will try my own way of Courtſhip once more, if I can converſe with any of them again.

Conv.

Conv. Then you ſhall never win their favours.

Enter Lady Self-conceit.

Spend. Lady, you are finer dreſt then any Lady in the Court.

Self. 'Tis a ſign I want Beauty, that I am forced to uſe the art of dreſſing; and you the flattery of Commendations, ſeeing I had not Beauty worthy of a true praiſe.

Spend. The Court is the Sphere of Beauty, Lady.

Self. And Men are Beauties Gazers.

Spend. Men are Love's Aſtronomers, Lady.

Self. And what new Star-like Beauty have you found out?

Spend. You, Lady.

Exit Self-conceit *without Anſwering.*

Spend. Oh happy Man that I am, for I am a Conqueror.

Conv. Of what are you a Conqueror, of Wit?

Spend. No of Love; for ſilence gives conſent.

Conv. But you did not woo her to love.

Spend. Not woo her! prithee what have I been ſpeaking all this while?

Conv. VVhy, you have been Complementing.

Spend. 'Tis true, and Complements are Lovers VVooings.

Conv. But you forget the old Lady; you were going to woo before you ſaw theſe young Ladies.

Spend. Hang Old Ladies, give me a Young Lady.

Conv.

Conv. But conſider, the old Lady is rich.

Spend. 'Tis true, and I want wealth; wherefore I'le go a wooing to the old Lady, and leave my heart with the young Ladies; but now I think better of it; I will not go, for I believe you ſtay here to watch a time, to get one of theſe young Beauties alone.

Conv. No, no, I will ſtay here to be an Agent in love, for you.

Spend. I deſire no ſuch Agent as you; for you are a ſubtile, ſlie Gentleman; you will take your time and opportunity; beſides, you have Lands and Money, which will winn a young Lady ſooner, then fine Clothes and Complements will do.

Conv. Prithee be not jealous; for young Ladies *are not ſo wiſe as to love prudently.*

Spend. What a Pox ſhould you dwell in this Room, if it were not for ſome ſuch deſign?

Conv. I ſtay here to obſerve Humours, hear Wit, and to ſee Beauties.

Spend. And not to make Love?

Conv. No.

Spend. If it be ſo, then, prithee, praiſe me to the young Ladies.

Conv. I will, I will.

Spend. Do not forget any of my good parts.

Conv. I cannot forget them; for I do not remember any you have.

Exit Spend-all.

Enter Obſerver.

Conv. Obſerver, I wonder you will be abſent out of this Room, in regard you only come to obſerve the Court-beauties and Court-wits.

Obſerv. Faith, I became tired and wearied of the obſervations in this Room, the Preſence; and ſo I went into the Privy-Chamber to obſerve the Emperor.

Conv. And how did he appear?

Obſerv. He did appear in Majeſty, as far beyond his Royalty, as his Royalty appears above his meaneſt Subjects.

Conv. Then he appear'd as a God.

Obſerv. Indeed he appear'd above what is mortal.

Conv. And did you hear him ſpeak?

Obſerv. Yes; and he was in ſo witty a vein, that my Hearing was (as if it were) tyed to his ſpeech, and my Mind ſo fill'd with delight, that I had not power to ſtir from the place I ſtood, but both my body and mind were (as 'twere) fixt to a Deitical Centre.

Conv. I perceive, that you, inſtead of an Obſerver, are become a Courtier; and now you have learn'd to flatter.

Obſ. Not ſo, for by Heav'n I ſpeak the truth of my thoughts and belief; for though I do not believe the Emperor to be a God, yet God and Nature have made, and endued him, to be above all other Men; for name me any other Prince or private Man in this age, that has that ſweet Nature, excellent Qualities, experienced

Know-

Knowledg, clear Underſtanding, upright Juſtice, Heroick Courage, free Generoſity, and divine Clemency as he has; and if you match him in all the known World, proclaim me a Fool and a Lyar, which is to be a Flatterer, a Vice I hate.

Conv. I confeſs, there are two Reaſons that perſwade me to be of your mind; the firſt is, That I have obſerved the ſame in the Emperor; the ſecond is, That I did never know you to flatter, diſſemble, or ſpeak falſe in my life; for you are ſo infinitely proud, that you will not deſcend ſo low as to flatter, or be ſo humble in praiſes, were it to God himſelf.

Obſ. God is too Omnipotent for Praiſe, and our Emperor too Heroick and truly Royal for Flattery; ſo *that the one is not a ſubject for praiſe, nor the other for* Flattery.

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Quick-wit, Self-conceit, Wanton *and* Wagtail.

Self-conceit.

I Will tell you a Wonder.

Quick. What Wonder?

Self. Why, I found Mrs. *Baſhful* alone with a Man.

Quick. Why, that's no wonder to ſee a Man and a Wo-

Woman alone, eſpecially in the Court; for we watch all opportunities, upon every occaſion, to be ſo.

Self. But 'tis a wonder to ſee *Baſhful* alone with a Man, and abroad too; for ſhe ſhuns Men, as ſhe would do Serpents, and locks her Chamber-doors againſt them, and accounts it a crime to be ſeen undreſs'd, and a ſin not to be forgiven, to be ſeen in bed.

Quick. VVhy, ſhe was neither in bed, nor undreſt, I ſuppoſe.

Self. No, ſhe was at Madam *Civilities* houſe, and 'tis to be hoped ſhe will come to it in time, when ſhe has ſo much wit, as to hold a Diſcourſe.

Want. She hold a Diſcourſe! ſhe wants the Capacity, ſhe wants the Capacity.

Wagt. Nay, you can give the beſt relation or deſcription of her; for you were her bed-fellow.

Self. Prithee what is ſhe? a meer Mope; doth ſhe never ſpeak or diſcourſe to you?

Want. You ſhall judge, whether ſhe doth or not; for ſhe will never ask a queſtion, nor make a doubt, nor give her opinion upon any thing.

Enter Baſhful.

Quick. Come poor *Baſhful*, there is none makes much of thee.

Baſh. I ſhould be loth to be made much of, after the Court-faſhion.

Wagt. After the Court-faſhion! how is that? expreſs it, expreſs it.

Baſh.

Baſh. Nay, you can expreſs it beſt.

Quick. Faith, I pity thee for having no Servant.

Baſh. I had rather be pitied for having no Servant, then cenſured for having too many.

Self. If you be a good Girl, and do as the reſt of your Honourable Siſters, or as all Court-Ladies do, I will ſend you ſome of my worn Servants to Court you.

Baſh. No, pray keep them as a ſtore, leſt you ſhould want your ſelf. *Exit* Baſhful.

Self. Faith, ſhe is fitter for a Nunnery, then a Court.

Quick. But I obſerve the Court has improved her Wit.

Want. Nay, the Court is the only Place to make Fools, Wits.

Quick. Or Wits, Fools. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Spend-all, *and* Converſant.

Converſant.

MOnſieur *Spend-all*, how do you proſper in your old Lady's affection?

Spend. Faith, more proſperouſly then I deſire.

Conv. Would not you willingly enjoy her.

Spend. Yes her Wealth, but not her Perſon.

Conv. You muſt take the worſe with the better; for

I have obſerved, that Fortune, Fate, Nature, and the Gods, mix Good and Evil, Pleaſure and Diſcontent, Health and Sickneſs together.

Spend. I confeſs there is not any thing perfect, or pure in Nature; but God be praiſed in his Creatures, and all things.

Conv. Then God be praiſed for the love of the old Lady to you.

Spend. I have much ſtrife with my ſelf to give praiſes for her; but I deſire and ſhould give thanks to ſee ſome of the young Ladies, that I might converſe with them to revive me from death to life, from hate to love.

Enter Lady Quick-wit.

Spend. Lady, you are the life of the Court.

Quick. And the Court is the life of me, Sir.

Spend. Your Eyes give light to all the beholders.

Quick. I had rather my wit could give life to all the Hearers.

Spend. But your Beauty doth excell all the Beauties in the Court.

Quick. Until you converſe with another Lady, and then her Beauty doth as far excell mine, as mine at this preſent doth excell others.

Spend. Indeed, Beauty appears beſt in Converſation.

Quick. And worſe with often viewing.

Spend. No more then the light of the Sun doth.

Quick. The more the Sun is gaz'd upon, the blinder the ſight is.

Spend

Spend. That is the reaſon the ſplendor of the Sun's light doth over-power the ſight.

Quick. Why, then the ſplendor puts out the ſight of his light, which buries his glory in the darkneſs of blindneſs; and if my Beauty doth the like, I am ſorry for it; for I would not have ſuch a Beauty as digs its own grave in the Eyes of its admirers; but as a moderate Light, ſo moderate a Beauty pleaſes the ſight beſt. *Exit* Quick-wit.

Enter Lady Self-conceit.

Spend. Lady, there is not any Man doth more admire you, then I.

Self. If I have Merit, you ought to give Merit its due; and if I am worthy of admiration, I am bound to the Gods and Nature for their favours, and not to you for your Praiſes.

Spend. But all men do neither honour, nor admire what is worthy of either.

Self. If they do not, the injury is to Nature and the Gods.

Exit Self-conceit.

Conv. Faith, *Spend-all*, your Complements will not ſerve you in Love-matters.

Spend. I confeſs they are not fortunate.

Enter Lady Baſhful.

Spend. Madam, I wonder you ſhould hide any part of your Face with Black-patches, your Face being fair and lovely.

Baſhf. Black-patches curiouſly cut and ſtuck upon the

he Face, are like wiſe Sentences in a Speech, they give Grace and Luſtre.

Enter Self-conceit.

Self. Lady *Baſhful*, I have been ſeeking you all the Court over, in every Lodging, and I could not find you.

Baſhf. You ſee, I am not loſt, for here I am; but where's the Lady *Quickwit?*

Self. She is within, and asks for you.

Enter Quickwit.

Quick. O! it is ſo cold! ſo very cold, as it is able to freeze all the Lovers hearts in the Court and City!

Conv. And not in the Country, Lady?

Quick. O no, for thoſe that dwell in the Country, make ſuch great Blazing-fires, as they thaw Cold, and heat Love.

Conv. Love doth not require Heat, for it is ſufficiently hot of it ſelf.

Quick. Yes, when it is in a Fever, in which Love moſt commonly dies: But come Ladies, ſhall we go to Supper?

Spend. Converſant, tell Lady *Quick-wit*, I am in Love with her.

Conv. Lady, Monſieur *Spend-all* ſayes, he is in Love with you.

Quick. I hate to hear of Love by a Second, it ſeems ſo like a Challenge. *Exeunt all the Ladies.*

Spend. Faith, Court-Ladies have quick Wits.

Conv. They are bred to anſwer, they are ſo often ſpoke

ſpoke to, but of all the Ladies, I confeſs, I like the Lady *Quick-wit.*

Spend. Faith, I like them all ſo well, I know not which to like beſt; and I wiſh with all my heart, they all would like me as well as my old Lady doth; Oh, what a happy Man ſhould I be, for I ſhould have variety of Pleaſures! *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Wagtail, *and* Wanton.

Wanton.

THe Lord of *Loyalty* ſent me a merry Letter to day; and in the Letter, a Copy of Verſes, deſiring me to give them to Madam *Baſhful.*

Wagt. Faith, thoſe Verſes will make her ſo conceited with her ſelf, that ſhe will be ſo proud, as to think her ſelf the only ſhe in the Court; wherefore, let me adviſe you not to give them her.

Want. But what ſhall I ſay to the Lord of *Loyalty*, if he ſhould ask me, whether I had given them to her.

Wagt. Put it off with Rallery.

Enter the Mother, *and* Obſerver.

Want. Mother, where is your Daughter *Baſhful*, ſhe is not here to attend the Princeſs coming forth?

Moth. She is gone abroad.

Wagt. Yes, to meet the Lord Loyalty.

Want. Indeed *Mother*, you are too blame, to let your Daughters go abroad without you; and if the *Princeſs* ſhould know of it, ſhe would be very angry.

Moth. Why, ſhe ask'd the Princeſs leave.

Wagt. It is a ſhame ſhe ſhould be abroad without the Mother; it is enough to diſgrace all the Siſter-hood, and therefore for *Juno*'s ſake, ſend for her home.

Obſerv. Why Ladies, I have known the Princeſs's Maids many times to go abroad without the Mother, and no diſgrace to their Honour.

Want. But not to meet ſuch Company as ſhe is gone to, for all the Kingdom knows, the Lord of *Loyalty* is none of the chaſteſt men; and he courts her for her Youth and Beauty; 'tis not likely he will marry her, for he loves Variety too well, to tie himſelf to one.

Obſerv. Truly I am of that opinion, but ſhe is ſo Vertuous, ſhe cannot be corrupted.

Enter Self-conceit.

Self. Mother, the Princeſs is very angry that Madamoiſel *Baſhful* is gone abroad without you; ſhe ſays, that though ſhe gave her leave to go abroad, ſhe thought ſhe had ſo much diſcretion as to take the Mother along with her; but you muſt ſend for her preſently.

Want. Go, go, quickly Mother, quickly.

Wagt. I will go for her.

Want. Nay, I will go for her.

Self.

Self. Nay, pray ſtay, and let the Mother go her ſelf.

SCENE V.

Enter Obſerver, Converſant.

Converſant.

MOnſieur *Obſerver*, I heard a Lady ſay, you were a Fool.

Obſ. Ladies may ſay what they pleaſe.

Conv. But it ſeems, you have not pleaſed her, that ſhe calls you Fool.

Obſ. It ſeems I have not courted her.

Conv. Are Ladies never pleas'd but when they are Courted?

Obſ. No Faith; for then they think they are not thought Handſom.

Conv. Indeed Women delight in their Beauties.

Obſ. Not unleſs men admire their Beauties; for they are delighted with their Beauties, for the delight of Courtſhip; Beauty gets them Suiters, for were they ill-favoured, they would never be wooed.

Conv. But when they are wooed, they are not preſently wonne.

Obſ. Yes Faith, they are wonne before they be wooed, and being wooed, they preſently yield.

Conv. The truth is, Women have kind natures.

Obſ.

Obſ. Not ſo kind as willing.

Conv. Women are Loving-creatures.

Obſ. Yes, they are Self-lovers.

Conv. Not when they give themſelves to men.

Obſ. They give themſelves to men, becauſe men ſhould give themſelves to them.

Conv. So they love men out of ſelf-intereſt.

Obſ. No doubt of it.

Conv. You are an unjuſt Man.

Obſ. In what?

Conv. In diſpraiſing all the Sex out of a diſpleaſure to one Woman, for calling you Fool.

Obſ. I ſhould not only be call'd a fool, but ſhould prove my ſelf one, if I ſhould regard what Women ſay.

Enter Monſieur Wedlock.

Conv. Monſieur *Wedlock*, how doth your Lady?

Wedl. She is groaning and complaining.

Conv. What is ſhe in labour?

Wedl. No, but ſhe is breeding.

Conv. Monſieur *Spend-all*, I hear you are entring into the Matrimonial Order.

Spend. Yes, Faith, I am going into the Order of Cuckolds, Wittals, or Fools.

Obſ. Why, Marriage is an honourable Order.

Spend. The Order is as it proves; but if you think it ſo honourable, why will not you be one of this Matrimonial Order?

Obſ.

Obſ. Becauſe I am not ambitious of ſuch Honours; but is the Lady you are to Marry very beautiful, Monſieur *Spend-all?*

Spend. No, but ſhe is Rich.

Wedl. Is ſhe of honourable birth?

Spend. No, but ſhe is Rich.

Wedl. Is ſhe well bred?

Spend. No, but ſhe is Rich.

Wedl. Is ſhe wiſe?

Spend. No, but ſhe is Rich.

Wedl. Do you Marry only for Riches?

Spend. Yes; for Neceſſity forces me to Marry an ill-favoured, fooliſh, old doting Woman.

Wedl. Much good may ſhe do you.

Spend. Nay faith, ſhe will not do me any good, unleſs ſhe would die ſoon; but her Wealth will do me much good, and I ſhall prove an excellent Husband to her Riches.

Obſ. You are ſo debois't and wild, that you cannot be a good Husband to any thing.

Spend. But I ſhall; for when I am ſo rich, as to have wherewithal to ſpend, I ſhall then be ſo thrifty as to ſpare; for it is to be obſerved, That Rich Men for the moſt part are miſerable and covetous, when thoſe that have but little, ſpend all they have, or can get.

Obſ. Pray bring me to viſit this old fooliſh Lady you are to Marry.

Spend. You muſt pardon me; if ſhe were wiſe and

young, I would let you ſee her; but being old and fooliſh, I dare not, leſt you ſhould entice her from me; for Old Women are more unconſtant then Young; and being fooliſh, ſhe will be ſo various, that her mind may change like the wind.

Obſ. You may truſt me, were ſhe young, beautiful, chaſt, honourable, well-bred, witty and rich; for I will never Marry.

Spend. Yes, if you could get a Wife, with all theſe Excellencies.

Obſ. I would not Marry, could I get a Wife with all thoſe fore-mentioned Excellencies, as you call them; for were ſhe young, ſhe would want diſcretion, for want of Experience; were ſhe beautiful, ſhe would make me jealous, for Beauty is Courted; were ſhe honoured with title, ſhe would ſtrive to rule, and would not be ruled; were ſhe that which is named good breeding, which is to Fiddle, Dance, Sing, and ſpeak divers Languages, and to know the Female and Maſculine Genders in Languages, ſhe would Goſſip abroad, and ſeek out Company, and be at all Publick Meetings, to ſhew her breeding; if ſhe have Wit, ſhe will be always talking, and always oppoſing, to prove her Wit; if ſhe be chaſt, ſhe will be proud; if ſhe be fruitful, ſhe will be ſickly and froward; if ſhe be rich, ſhe will ſpend much, becauſe ſhe brought much, and in the end will make me poorer then I am; and on the other ſide, were ſhe old, I ſhould not imbrace her; were ſhe ill-favoured, I ſhould have an

aver-

averſion againſt her; were ſhe of mean birth, and ill breeding, I ſhould be aſham'd of her; were ſhe a fool, I ſhould not regard her; were ſhe poor, I ſhould deſpiſe her; were ſhe falſe, I ſhould part from her.

Spend. Well, Monſieur *Obſerver*, ſince you will neither Marry old, nor young, handſome, nor ill-favoured, chaſt nor wanton, mean nor honourable, fooliſh nor wiſe, poor nor rich, but are reſolved to live a Batchellor, I will bring you to be acquainted with my old Miſtreſs, that muſt be my old Wife, and Mr. *Wedlock* will bring you acquainted with his young Wife.

Wedl. By my faith, but I will not.

Spend. No, why?

Wedl. Becauſe he doth not declare he will not make Courtſhips to Wives, though he declares he will not have a Wife; and unleſs he declare and profeſs, he will not make love to other Men's Wives, I will not bring him acquainted with my Wife.

Spend. Why, do you miſtruſt your Wife?

Wedl. No, but I miſtruſt him; and were I ſure my Wife would not yield, yet I do not love ſhe ſhould be tempted: But howſoever, to keep a Wife ſafe, is, to keep her cloſe from Courtſhips, and from Maſculine Acquaintance.

Conv. But Women will get liberty one way or other, if they have a wanton mind, and deſire change.

Wedl. Yet it is the part of a wiſe Husband to do his endeavour to keep her honeſt.

Obſ.

Obſ. VVell, I will neither viſit Monſieur *Spend-all*'s old Miſtreſs, nor your young VVife; but I'le go with you to a merry Meeting, where I ſuppoſe, there will be thoſe Women that will better pleaſe me, then the old Woman, and eaſier be enjoyed then your young Wife; wherefore, if you will go, Gentlemen, I will preſent you a Supper.

Spend. If you will preſent us with Miſtreſſes, we will go with you.

Obſ. They will preſent themſelves.

Enter Monſieur Mode *to the reſt.*

Spend. Monſieur *Mode*, it is reported, that you have the art to Court two or three Miſtreſſes at one time; which if you have, I ſhall deſire to be your Scholar, for I could never be in the favour of two Miſtreſſes at one time; for the Courting of one loſt me the other, and thoſe I loſe, become my Enemies.

Mode. He is a poor Man that hath but one Miſtreſs; and he is a fool in Courtſhip, that cannot Court half a dozen Miſtreſſes at one time.

Spend. So, by this you call me a poor fool.

Mode. If you were not a fool, you would not deſire to be my Scholar; and if you were not poor, you would not deſire more then you have.

Spend. Then make me wiſer and richer.

Mode. Would you be wiſer for profit, or wiſer for pleaſure.

Spend. For pleaſure!

Mode.

Mode. Would you be richer for Wealth, or richer for Honour, or richer in a number of Miſtreſſes?

Spend. Richer in a number of Miſtreſſes.

Mode. Then be bold, rude, and vain, talk much without ſenſe, ſwear much without cauſe, brag much without reaſon, accoutre your ſelf fantaſtically, behave your ſelf careleſly, and imploy time idly; and be ſure you raile of all Women generally, but praiſe every particular one, but ſo as in a general way; as ſome for one thing, and ſome for another, as you ſhall think beſt, by which you will keep them all in hopes; for if you ſhould praiſe only one, that one will be too proud, and then diſdain you, and the reſt through diſpair will hate you; alſo in your actions you muſt behave your ſelf generally, *as in a careleſs way, dividing* your Courtſhips amongſt them *all*, as to kiſs one Woman's hand, another's neck, a third Woman's lips, embrace a fourth, rally with a fifth, and bed with the ſixth; and after this manner you may Court twenty Miſtreſſes at leaſt at one time, and ſerve your ſelf in private with them all one after another; for though you may Court many Miſtreſſes at one time in publick, yet in private you muſt have but one at a time, and ſhe will believe, or at leaſt make her ſelf believe, ſhe is the only ſhe that is beloved.

Spend. I will follow your Inſtruction; and if I thrive, I will give you thanks.

Mode. But if you be not ingenious, and well

practiſed, my Inſtructions will do you but little good; for you may be like Players, that have excellent parts, and ſpoile them in the Acting; or like a Miniſter that chuſes a good Text, and wants Oratory to preach of it; or you may be like a bungling Taylor that ſpoiles a fine Suit of Clothes with ill making: But if you will thrive, you muſt be of many Profeſſions; and if you will be a Maſter of Courtſhip, you muſt be learned in the Liberal Arts and Sciences; you muſt be an Aſtrologer to foreſee your Times, and their Times; an Aſtronomer to find out their Humours; a Coſmographer to meaſure their Capacities; a Philoſopher, to pierce into their Natures and Diſpoſitions; a Logician, to make their Vanities and Vices appear Vertues; an Arithmetician, to number their Praiſes, and cipher their Follies; and a Mathematician to draw them to your deſires and delights.

Spend. I ſhall do my beſt endeavour; but I fear that moſt Women are not worth ſo much pains, ſtudy and practice.

Mode. As for that, your idle Times muſt judg of it.

Spend. Well, I will go to my Lodgings, and conſider it.

Mode. Nay, faith, Conſideration will ſpoile all my Inſtructions. *Exit* Spend-all, *the reſt ſtays.*

Enter Lady Wagtail, Wanton, Self-conceit, *and* Baſhful, *as alſo the* Mother.

Self. 'Tis well you are come, I would not be in your condition for any thing. *Wagt.*

Wagt. I'faith, you will be talk'd withal.

Want. If I were in ſo ſad a condition, I know what I know.

Baſh. Why Ladies, I have neither deſerved Impriſonment, nor Death, which is the worſt that can come unto me; but if I be condemned, I ſhall ſuffer both with patience and with courage.

Self. O Lord! ſhe ſpeaks freely.

Wagt. She has found a Tongue ſince ſhe went.

Wagt. 'Tis well, if ſhe has loſt nothing, ſince ſhe went.

Self. On my word you have done very ill, which you deſerve to be chid for.

Want. I believe the Princeſs will turn you away.

Baſh. I am very ſorry I have offended the Princeſs; but yet I have done nothing but what I had her leave for.

Enter Lady Quickwit.

Quick. Madamoiſel *Baſhful*, you muſt come to the Princeſs. *Exeunt* Baſhful *and* Quickwit.

Obſ. to the Moth. Alas poor *Mother* we were all afraid you were kill'd.

Moth. Kill'd, who ſhould kill me?

Obſ. Why, a rough, rude Coachman.

Moth. Which way ſhould he kill me?

Obſ. With tumbling you over.

Moth. How tumbling me over?

Obſ. With your head downwards, and your heels upwards.

Enter

Enter Madamoiſel Quick-wit.

Self. VVhat News? what News? what doth Madamoiſel *Baſhful* confeſs?

Want. VVhat doth ſhe confeſs?

Quick. VVhy, ſhe confeſſes, ſhe was at Madamoiſel *Civilitie's* houſe, where ſhe met the Lord *Loyalty.*

Wagt. And what ſaid the Princeſs then?

Quick. VVhy the Princeſs chid her for offering to meet any Man without her leave; But ſhe has pardon'd her for this time, and you muſt go all to the back-ſtairs, and ſtay there to wait on the Princeſs into the Gallery.

Exeunt VVomen.

Mode. I would the Ladies had as much love for me, as they are angry with their fellow-Lady.

Conv. If they had, they would overpower you with their kindneſs.

Mode. I would deſire nothing more but to be ſo overpower'd.

Enter Self-conceit *in haſt running over the Stage.*

Self. Run, run.

Enter Quick-wit, *paſſing in haſt over the Stage.*

Quick. Follow, follow.

Enter VVanton.

Want. Call, call, call.

Enter Mother.

Moth. Bring, bring, bring.

The Men ſtand in a Maze.

Enter

Enter Fool *paſſing over the Stage.*

Fool. Oh the Lord! I am undone, undone.

The Men ſtop him.

Conv. What is the matter, Fool?

Fool. I cannot ſtay to tell you.

Obſ. But you muſt.

Fool. If I muſt, I muſt.

Conv. Tell me what makes this Hubbub, which ſeems to diſtract the Ladies? is the Emperor not well, or the Princeſs ſick?

Fool. The Emperor is well, but will have cauſe to be ſick; and the Princeſs is ſick, and will have cauſe to be well.

Mode. How ſo?

Fool. Becauſe the Princeſs has ſpi'd her Idea, and will marry him, and ſo will be cured of her Melancholy, and be well; but he is a poor Mariner or Sea-man, and that will make the Emperor ſick.

Enter the Ladies, *and the* Mariner *paſſing over the Stage.*

Fool. Now you have ſeen the cauſe of the uproar, you will let me paſs with my fellow-fools.

Exit Fool.

Conv. Sure the Princeſs will not Marry this poor fellow.

Obſ. If ſhe doth, the Court will be Metamorphoſed from a houſe to a Ship, and the Courtiers to Mariners.

Mode. Then we ſhall ſail to ſome new Plantation.

Enter Lady Quick-wit, Self-conceit, Wanton.

Want. As I live, he is a handſom Man.

Self. But he is a poor mean fellow.

Want. But a poor mean fellow may be a handſom Man.

Self. Not in my opinion.

Quick. Truly I am of the opinion, that Wealth doth not make Worth. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter the Sailer *leading the* Princeſs, *who appears well pleaſed, with the Attendance of* Ladies *and* Gentlemen, *and the* Fool.

Princeſs.

SIR, although the Emperor is at Council, and will not be ſeen at the preſent, yet I will entertain you until ſuch time as his Majeſty admits you to his Preſence.

The Sailer *Kiſſes her Hand.*

Fool. They ſay, Lovers promiſe much; if ſo, you are a Lover, for you promiſe more then you dare perform.

Prin. How ſo?

Fool. You ſay, you will entertain the *Sailer's* Company until the Emperor admits him to his Preſence, and if he doth not admit him until to morrow, you muſt entertain his Company all night.

Prin.

Prin. You are a Knave, Fool.

Fool. But I am not a Lady's Fool.

Prin. Come Gentlemen and Ladies, call for Muſick, for we will dance until the Emperor riſes from Council. *One calls for Muſick.*

Prin. Sir, can you dance our Country Dances.

Sail. I will do my endeavour, Lady; and if I have not skill for the preſent, I will learn for the future, if you command me.

The Muſick plays, they all dance, and the Sailer *with the* Princeſs; *the* Sailer *dances civilly, gracefully, and with art and skill.*

Prin. Sir, you want not Art, for you Dance skilfully.

Sail. Lady, I want not Love, and Love works Miracles.

They Dance again: At the end of this Dance Enters a Gentleman.

Gent. May it pleaſe your Highneſs, the Emperor deſires your Preſence.

The Princeſs *whiſpers to the* Sailer, *he bows and kiſſes her Hand.* *Exeunt* All.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter all the Maids of Honour, except Madamoiſel Baſhful, *and* Self-conceit; *as alſo Monſieur* Converſant, Obſerver *and* Spend-all.

Wanton.

O That we might dance Country Dances to day.

Wagt. Why, Monſieur *Spend-all* makes a Ball to night, are not you one of the invited?

Want. O yes, but I had forgot the Ball.

Quick. Why, we are all invited.

Enter Self-conceit.

Self. Do you hear the News?

Want. What News?

Self. Madamoiſel *Baſhful* and the Lord *Loyalty* are Married.

Wagt. For certain truth do you ſpeak it?

Self. Of a certain truth 'tis ſo.

Quick. Why, the Lord *Loyalty* was accounted a Wiſe Man.

Obſ. Why, Madam, he is never the leſs Wiſe for Marrying a virtuous ſweet Lady.

Quick. What, not in theſe troubleſome and mutinous Times.

Obſ. In all times there was and is Marrying, and giving in Marriage; and thoſe that are Honeſt are Wiſe, and it is Honeſt to Marry, and Wiſe; for if Men and

VVo-

Women ſhould live in common, it were the way to extinguiſh Propriety; and where there is no Propriety, there is no Juſtice; and without Juſtice a Commonwealth would be diſſolved.

Wagt. Well, in my opinion he has done very indiſcreetly.

Want. Nay, faith, methinks, he hath done very fooliſhly.

Self. In my opinion, ſhe has done as fooliſhly as he, for he is a ruined man.

Conv. Give me leave to tell you, Ladies, there is never a one of you all who would have refuſed him, as ruined as he is; but you would have been ambitious and proud to Marry him.

Wagt. You are deceived; for I would not Marry him or any other, were he as rich as *Pluto.*

Want. Nor I would not Marry, might I have a King.

Quick. Nor I to have been an Empereſs.

Self. Nor I if I might have been Miſtreſs of the whole World.

Spend. Then I perceive, Ladies, you are all reſolved to live ſingle lives.

Wagt. There is none happy, but thoſe that are Miſtreſſes of themſelves.

Quick. I ſhould never endure to be ſubject to a Huſband.

Want. I hate Marriage as I hate death.

Self. I love Freedom, as I love Life.

Enter Mother.

Quick. Mother, do you hear of your Daughter's Marriage?

Moth. Yes, and the Princeſs is very angry at it.

Quick. She hath reaſon.

Self. If I were the Princeſs, I would make them repent their Marriage.

Wagt. Yes faith, I would put water into their Wine.

Obſ. Lord, Ladies, why ſhould the Princeſs be angry either with him, or with her, ſince Marriage is honeſt, and free for every one to chuſe where they pleaſe; neither do I ſee either in Reaſon or Juſtice, why either of them ſhould be condemned, ſince none will ſuffer, if they be unhappy, but themſelves; and I ſuppoſe that none here is ſo ill-natured as to repine at their Felicity.

Self. Come, pray let us go ſee how ſhe looks ſince ſhe is Married.

Want. Proud, I'le warrant you.

Wagt. I dare ſwear ſhe will carry ſtate now.

Self. She was proud enough before ſhe was Married, ſhe cannot be much prouder then ſhe was.

Quick. You ſay right, for what every body thought was baſhfulneſs and modeſty in her, was meerly pride.

Exeunt Ladies, *the Men ſtay.*

Obſ. The Maids of Honour live ſo happily in the Court, and are ſo pleaſed with their ſeveral Courtſhips, as they hate to think of Marriage.

Mode. That's becauſe they cannot get Husbands; for

Men

Men are afraid to Marry Maids of Honour, becauſe they are ſo uſed to Courtſhips, that they will give leave to be Courted when they are Married; beſides, Men think them vain and expenſive.

Spend. They ſpeak ſo bitterly againſt Marriage, and all that are Married, as I do verily believe they would not Marry upon any condition.

Mode. I will try them whether they will or no, for my own ſatisfaction.

Obſ. Which way will you try them? for if you ſhould examine them never ſo ſoberly, and gravely, they will never diſcover their minds ſo, that you ſhall know whether they would Marry or not.

Mode. Faith, I will offer every one of them a Huſband, and try if they will accept of them.

Obſ. O, they will laugh at you, and ſcorn you for your offer.

Mode. Well, I will try them, let them ſcorn and laugh as they pleaſe.

Enter Monſieur Converſant.

Conv. Monſieur *Mode*, I hear you intend to travel into Foreign Nations.

Mode. You hear right, Sir; for I want only travel to make me a compleat Mode-Gallant; whereby, I ſhall be more graceful in the eyes of the Ladies.

Spend. But if your Travels be long, you will be leſs graceful in the eyes of the Ladies, for you will be too old to pleaſe their ſight; but you want not Miſtreſſes, nor the art of Courtſhip.

Mode.

Mode. Faith, to tell you the truth, I would travel to ſee Foreign Beauties; for I am ſatisfied with the Ladies here in my Native Country.

Obſ. I hope you have not taken a ſurfeit of them.

Spend. Truly I ſhould be glad to have ſome of his Leavings.

Conv. It is a ſign you are ſharp ſet.

Obſ. The old Lady has whet his appetite.

Spend. I confeſs old Women make wanton young Men.

Conv. Let Monſieur *Mode* Court your old Lady to cure his ſurfeit.

Spend. With all my heart, ſo he will bequeath me his young Miſtreſſes.

Mode. I did inſtruct you how to Court and gain Ladies to your Imbracements; but either you are a dull Scholar, or an unfortunate Courtier.

Spend. I confeſs my ill fortune in Courtſhips; but you may be as unfortunate in Foreign Nations; for though you are *A la Mode* here in your Native Country, 'tis likely you will be quite out of faſhion and language in other Nations.

Conv. For Language, I dare ſay he will be to learn.

Obſ. Then how will he Woo a Miſtreſs?

Mode. O, VVomen are beſt pleaſed with thoſe they underſtand leaſt.

Spend. He knows the humours of VVomen beſt, he is ſo converſant with them; but prithee *Mode* do not travel until I have learn'd thy Art of Courtſhip.

Conv.

Conv. Into what Countries will you travel, Monſieur *Mode?*

Mode. Into *France* and *Italy*; the one to refine my Habit, the other to refreſh my ſight with new Beauties.

Obſ. Then they muſt not be ca-ſtCourtiſans; but let me perſwade you to ſtay at home, and Marry.

Mode. No, I will not Marry, to loſe my freedom.

Spend. Faith, and I intend to Marry to take more liberty.

Mode. Marriage is a bondage.

Spend. Not if you Marry a rich old Woman.

Conv. No, for her Riches will ſupply his wants, and maintain his Miſtreſſes; and her age will be an excuſe for his Adulteries.

Mode. Faith, Gentlemen, you ſpeak reaſon; wherefore, I'le go a Wooing to Monſieur *Spend-all's* old rich Lady.

Spend. You will not ſpeed there, for I am aforehand with you; for though you can Court young Women better then I, yet for old Women I go beyond you. But if you chance to Marry a young Woman, I ſhall willingly change a nights lodging with you.

Mode. Are you Married to the old Lady?

Spend. I muſt Marry her, which is my grief.

Mode. Pray bid us to your Wedding.

Spend. That I will, and feaſt you after I am Married,

for I ſhall not be jealous of my Wife, nor afraid you will make me a Cuckold; and I have a deſire to invite the young Female Courtiers.

Obſ. That will make your old Lady jealous; and if ſhe be jealous, when you are juſt upon the point of Marriage, ſhe may chance to refuſe you; wherefore, do not invite them until the next day, when ſhe is paſt her choice.

Spend. You ſay true, and the next day we will Revel.

SCENE III.

Enter Self-conceit *and* Quick-wit.

Quick-wit.

THe Emperor is highly diſcontent.

Self. If he be diſpleaſed, he can only be angry with himſelf; for when the Princeſs was ſo Melancholy, that ſhe was ready to die, he did aſſure her, ſhe ſhould make her own choice of a Husband, and that he would not deny her any one Man in all his Empire.

Quick-wit. But this Man is not of his Empire, for he is a ſtranger.

Self. Faith, it would be but an even Match, whether ſhe did chuſe a poor mean Native, or a poor mean Stranger.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Princeſs *and the* Sailer; *the* Fool *attends them; the* Princeſs *Weeps.*

Sailer.

WHy doth your Highneſs weep? for if the Emperor your Father be unjuſt, the Gods will not be ſo; for they will Crown our honeſt Loves with Happineſs and Bleſſings.

Prin. But Lovers are never happy.

Sail. Believe not ſo; for true Lovers are always bleſſed with good ſucceſs, and thoſe that have ill fortune have not been true Lovers.

Enter ſuch as are proper to deliver the Emperor's *pleaſure; they ſpeak to the* Sailer.

Sailer, The Emperor's pleaſure is, That you immediately go out of his Dominions; for if you be found in any part within ſuch time as may be travel'd to the Sea-ſide the ſhorteſt way, he will cut off your Head.

Sail. Tell the Emperor, I fear not death.

Men. Will not you be gone.

Sail. No, I will ſtay as long as I can.

Men. But you ſhall go, ſince it is the Emperor's pleaſure, That we ſee you out of his Empire.

Sail. Be gone, and trouble me no more, or I'le beat you out of the Princeſs's Lodgings.

Men.

Men. You beat us, you poor Water-Snake!

Sail. Cupid, thou god of Love, and *Mars* thou god of War, aſſiſt me.

He falls upon them, and beats them out of the Room; the Princeſs *ſeems to be in a fright.*

Sail. A Company of Cowardly Raſcals, that have no more Courage then a Flea, that skips at every little motion.

Prin. O my dear Love! what will you do?

Sail. Die in your Arms, ſweet Miſtreſs.

Prin. But you cannot reſiſt the Emperor's Power.

Sail. But I can die in deſpite of the Emperor's Power.

Prin. But your death will be my death.

Sail. Say not ſo; for thoſe words will beget ſuch a belief, as to make me a Coward, which is more terrible to me then death; for in death lives Reſt, but in a Coward lives Infamy.

Prin. But pray conſider, if you will yield to depart out of the Empire, I may find means to depart with you, or to follow you.

Sail. Death is more Honourable then to fly from any misfortune; and though I love you better then my Soul, yet I had rather die then fly.

Prin. But by your willing death, you will become a cruel murderer, not only to your ſelf, but me.

Sail. Die you muſt, my dear Miſtreſs, ſo muſt I.

Prin. Heaven grant that in one Grave we both may lie.

Fool.

Fool. Shed no more tears, nor talk of Graves; for if you will abſolutely be ruled by me, if I be not too hard for the Emperor, and all his Councels, hang me when you are Empereſs, which you muſt be; for the Power and Title comes from your Mother, not from your Father.

Prin. Tell me how?

Fool. Nay, faith, a Fool muſt have ſome time for contrivance, as well as wiſe States-Men. *Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Monſieur Mode, *and Madamoiſel* Quick-wit.

Mode.

LAdy, there is one of my Acquaintance, that deſires a Wife; but he may deſire long enough, for I think none will have him for a Husband.

Quick. Why?

Mode. Why! he is the moſt deformed Man that ever was ſeen.

Quick. Well, if I were to chuſe a Husband, I would never chuſe a handſom Man; for their Beauty makes them ſo ſelf-conceited, that they regard not their Wives; beſides, they ſeem, and are for the moſt part, effeminate, which I hate; wherefore, for my part, I would chuſe an ill-favoured Man; and the more ill-favoured he were, the better I ſhould like him, as looking more Maſculine.

Mode, O! but that's not all, Madam; for his Nature and Diſpoſition is according to his Perſon; the one as evil, as the other ill-favour'd.

Quick. O Sir, ſuch a man I could love with all my heart; for a ſurly Nature ſeems Heroick; when as ſuch men as have ſweet Diſpoſitions, and gentle Natures, which is to be ſoft and facil, are Fools; and I would not marry a Fool for any thing in the world.

Mode. But Madam, let me tell you, He is none of the wiſeſt.

Quick. Nay, Sir, miſtake me not; for I would not have him a very wiſe man, leſt he ſhould condemn me as a Fool; but an indifferent underſtanding I like beſt.

Mode. Why, then this man would be a fit Husband for you.

Quick. The fitteſt in the World; Good Monſieur *Mode* ſpeak for me, and I ſhall think my ſelf obliged to you.

Mode. I ſhall motion you, Lady.

Exit Quick-wit.

Enter Self-conceit.

Mode. Madam, there is a Gentleman, an Acquaintance of mine, which intreated me to ask you, whether you would pleaſe to accept of him for a Husband, if he ſhould offer himſelf to you; he is loth to have a perſonal denial; wherefore he would not make his addreſſes himſelf, unleſs he had an aſſurance you would entertain him.

Self.

Self. Pray Sir, what manner of man is he?

Mode. Faith Lady, I cannot much commend either his Perſon, or Parts, Humour, or Diſpoſition; but he has a Competent Fortune, not ſo much, as to maintain a Wife gallantly, but decently.

Self. Why, that's as much as I deſire; more would be but an unneceſſary ſuperfluity; as for Perſon, I regard not the outward Shape; and for his Humour and Diſpoſition, I ſhall alter thoſe when we are married; and truly Sir, I think my ſelf much obliged to you, for mentioning the man unto me.

Mode. Your Servant Lady.

Self. Yours, Monſieur *Mode.*

Exit Self-conceit.

Enter Wanton.

Mode. Lady, I am tyred with the importunity of a Gentleman, that will not let me reſt in quiet, until I have inform'd you of his Affections to you, and for you.

Want. Who is he?

Mode. Nay, he muſt be unknown, until he know whether you will accept of him; but in truth, my Conſcience bids me perſwade you againſt him; indeed I would not have mention'd him, but that he will not let me reſt, till I have told you his deſires.

Want. What manner of Man is he? and what Eſtate has he? and of what Quality is he?

Mode. He is a Gentleman, and as for his Perſon, to

ſpeak

ſpeak truth, he is a very Handſom man, as any is, but he is not worth a *Denier*, a very Shark for his living.

Want. I marry Sir, give me a Man that lives by his wits; for every Fool can tell how to live, if he be rich; beſides, I had rather enjoy Beauty, then Wealth, with a Husband.

Mode. O, but that's not all, Madam; for he is a very deboiſt Man; he Drinks, and Whores, and Games.

Want. Marriage will reclaim him.

Mode. But he has got ſuch a Habit of Debauchery, that 'tis to be fear'd, he will never be reclaimed.

Want. The truth of it is, I would chuſe a deboiſt Man for a Husband ſooner then a Temperate Man; for his ſeveral Debaucheries will be my ſeveral Paſtimes; beſides, I ſhall have his Company but ſometimes, which will make him appear to me freſh and new; whereas, a Stoical and Temperate Husband, will tire me out with his continual Company, being always at home, or elſe he would reſtrain me with his Moral Diſcipline.

Mode. But there is another reaſon, that may diſſwade you from him.

Want. What's that?

Mode. Why, 'tis ſaid, he has the *French* Pox, and I believe you will not venture on that Diſeaſe.

Want. I am of ſo healthful a Conſtitution, I fear no Diſeaſe; beſides, he is not a Courtly nor well-bred Man, that has not a ſpice of that Diſeaſe; and the truth is, I ſhould account that Man uncivil, and not a Gentle-

man,

man, but a meer dull Clown that were free thereof, and ſound there-from; for the compleateſt Gentlemen are ever under the Arreſt of that Diſeaſe; wherefore, Sir, to releaſe you of his importunity, tell him from me, I ſhall not refuſe him, but willingly accept of him.

Mode. I ſhall Madam. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Wagtail, Self-conceit, *and* Wanton.

Wagtail.

LOrd! *Self-conceit,* I have not ſeen you never ſince the night before the laſt night!

Self. You might have ſeen me if you had been ſo kind as to come to my Lodging, for I lay a bed all yeſterday, by reaſon I had a great many to come to Viſit me, and they were Men of Quality.

Wagt. Faith, I could not come, by reaſon Monſieur *Malicious* was going over, to whom you know, I have intruſted all my affairs, ſo as I was diſpatching ſome buſineſs with him.

Self. But I will never forgive my friend *Wanton,* that ſhe would not come with the Lords and Gentlemen to viſit me.

Wan. Faith, I could not come; for my Chamber-fellow and I, both of us, did bath yeſterday, and there came in two or three Gentlemen whileſt we were in the Bath,

and ſtay'd talking ſo long with us that I have catch'd Cold.

Self. Lord! did Madamoiſel *Supple* Bath again yeſterday! why ſhe bathed but the day before; for a Gentleman told me, that Madam *Liberty* was in the Bath, and when ſhe went out, then ſhe went into Madamoiſel *Supple*'s Bed to warm and dry her ſelf, and Mr. *Amorous* entertain'd her whilſt ſhe lay there, and Madamoiſel *Supple*, as ſoon as Madamoiſel *Liberty* went out of the Bath, went into it; and by that time that Madamoiſel *Liberty* roſe out of the bed, Madamoiſel *Supple* was ready to enter into it, and then Mr. *Break-jeſt* did entertain her with pleaſant Diſcourſes.

Want. Certainly, Bathing is very wholſome.

Self. But let me tell you, *Wanton*, that often Bathing weakens very much.

Exeunt Wanton *and* Self-conceit.

Wagtail *Sola*, *Enter to her* Mode.

Wagt. Monſieur *Mode*, I have watch'd for an opportunity to ſpeak to you alone theſe two or three days.

Mode. To me, ſweet Lady! what is it you would ſay?

Wagt. 'Tis this; I hear you are acquainted with a Man, who is very rich and unmarried, and 'tis reported he will marry a Wife of your chuſing; and Sir, I ſhall not be ungrateful, if you will chuſe me for his Wife.

Mode. 'Tis true, I am acquainted with ſuch a Man,

who

who is very rich, but he is a very Fool; the truth is, the next degree to a Changeling.

Wagt. I like that the better, for ſo I may govern him and his Eſtate.

Mode. Nay, Lady, let me inform you, that though he be a Fool, yet he is a covetous and ſelf-conceited Fool, neither to be ruled nor wrought upon, nor yet to be perſwaded to any thing, but what he himſelf likes beſt.

Wagt. However Sir, I ſhall gain a reſpect and eſteem in the World by the Reputation of his Wealth; wherefore, good Monſieur *Mode*, let me intreat you to prefer me to his good liking.

Mode. I ſhall do my endeavour, Lady.

Exit Wagtail.

Enter Obſerver *to* Mode.

Obſ. The *Sailer* is gone to Priſon, and the Princeſs confin'd to her Chamber.

Mode. I am ſorry for the Princeſs's reſtraint.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Sailer *as in a Priſon, Manicled with Chains.*

YOu Heav'nly Powers, do you her life ſecure,
Though for her ſake I torment muſt endure.

Show'r

Show'r bleſſings on her Life, and let her Name
Be glorious to Poſterity and Fame:
But I profane, thou art a Deitie;
Wherefore my Prayers, I'le direct to thee:
Thou Goddeſs know'ſt, what torments I do feel,
My life is wrack'd upon ill-fortune's wheel.
O! do not break my heart, thou Heav'nly Power,
For 'tis thy own Idea's onely Tower;
For when I dye, where will thy Manſion be?
In every Heart and Head that thinks of thee:
Then let me die in peace, for thou wilt reign
In every Soul, as well as every Brain. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Jaylor *and* Fool.

Fool. Mr. *Jaylor*?

Jayl. What ſay you, Mr. *Fool*?

Fool. Will you take a Fool's Counſel?

Jayl. No by my Faith.

Fool. Then by my Faith, I'le prove you a Fool; for my Counſel is, To let the *Sailer* eſcape.

Jayl. So I ſhall be hang'd my ſelf.

Fool. That is uncertain; but if the *Sailer* ſuffers, you are ſure to be hang'd.

Jayl. How ſo?

Fool. Why you know the Princeſs muſt be Empe-

reſs,

reſs, becauſe that Dignity comes by her Mother; and the Emperor is but Emperor during life, and ſo upon Courteſie; and when the Princeſs is Empereſs, ſhe will be ſure to hang you, and not only hang you, but ruine all your Poſterity.

Jayl. Go, go, you talk like a Fool as you are! I will be an honeſt Jaylor, and not betray my Priſoners.

Fool. Not betray your Priſoners, ſay you! conſider well, leſt you betray your ſelf.

Exit Fool, Jayler *Solus.*

Jayl. This Fool has a notable Wit. *Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Wanton, Wagtail, Self-conceit, *and* Quick-wit.

Wanton.

WHen did you ſee Monſieur *Mode?*

Wagt. I have not ſeen him theſe two days.

Self. Nor I.

Quick. Nor I.

Want. I fear he is ſick.

Wagt. I hope in God, not.

Self. Pray Heav'n grant he be in health.

Quick. Amen; for he is one of the civilleſt perſons I know.

Want. Indeed he is an obliging perſon.

Wagt. He is a gallant Man.

Self. The truth is, he has not his equal.

Enter Convérſant.

Conv. Ladies, what happy Man is he that you are praiſing.

Self. VVhy, Monſieur *Mode*?

Wagt. He is a Man that may be a Sample to all Men.

Quick. There is none can parallel him.

Want. He is worth more then praiſe can give him.

Conv. He cannot chuſe but proſper in his Travels, when he is ſo highly praiſed by a Company of Beautiful Ladies.

Want. In his Travels! why whither is he gone?

Conv. Into *Italy*; and the Company he is gone with, went on ſuch a ſudden, as he had no time to come and kiſs your hands, and take his leave; but he has ſent me to make his excuſe, and beg his pardon, although he could not help it, unleſs he ſhould have loſt thoſe Conveniences he has by going in the Company of ſuch as can ſpeak the Language, which he cannot.

Quick. Pray ſpeak no more of him, for it is no matter whither he is gone, ſince he has no more Civility.

Self. Never was there ſuch an act done by a Gentleman, as to go not only out of the Town, but the Kingdom, and never take his leave of us.

Want. Faith, he has ſhewn himſelf what he is, a Clown.

Wagt. A meer Booby.

Self. A Boor.

Quick.

Quick. Indeed by his behaviour to us he ſeems not to be a Gentleman.

Want. One might have eaſily judged what he was, if any would have taken the pains to conſider him.

Wagt. I deſpiſe ſuch a man.

Self. I hate ſuch a man.

Want. I abhor him.

Conv. Ladies, I perceive our Sex is very unhappy, for you will love and hate us in a minute, and praiſe and diſpraiſe us in one breath.

Ladies. We have reaſon.

Enter Spend-all, Converſant, Obſerver, *and the* Ladies.

Spend. Ladies I have ask'd the Princeſs leave, that you, Her Maids, ſhould honour me with your Preſence at my Marriage Feaſt.

Self. Are you Married?

Spend. Yes.

Quick. What fair Lady, have you Married?

Spend. Madam, my condition perſwaded me to chuſe a fair Fortune, rather then a fair Face; but what ſhe wants in Beauty, ſhe has in age, I ſhould have ſaid in Wealth.

Quick. It is a ſign her Age is in your mind, more then her Wealth, that your tongue was ſo ready to ſpeak it.

Wagt. But if your Lady be old, we that are young, ſhall hardly be welcom.

Enter Mode.

Want.

Want. Lord, Monſieur *Mode*, I thought you had been gone to Travel.

Mode. No, that deſign is alter'd; for I intend now to ſtay, and marry a rich old Lady too.

Self. If all the young Gallants marry old Women, What ſhall we young Women do for Husbands?

Mode. It were great pity, and not to be ſuffred, that young Women ſhould marry whil'ſt their Beauty doth laſt; but they ſhould live unmarried, to be Miſtreſſes to command Men, and not made ſlaves to obey, as Wives are.

Quick. The beſt for young Women, is to marry ancient Men, for ſo we ſhall be Vertuous Miſtreſſes to wiſe men in a married condition and life.

Conv. But Lady, all the younger ſort of Men, are not ſo neceſſitated through their laviſh expences, to marry for Riches; for I am not ſo vain, nor poor, but I may marry for Beauty, and not any Beauty pleaſeth me ſo well as yours.

Quick. I had rather be married for my Wit, then for my Beauty.

Conv. That man is happy, Lady, that can have a Wife with both.

Self. This is juſt according to the Old Saying, *That one Wedding makes two.*

Obſ. And if you pleaſe Madam, theſe two Weddings ſhall be the cauſe of a third.

Self. Let us ſee, how the married Couples agree firſt.

Mode.

Mode. We will have no particular Wooing, but all ſhall be in common; otherwiſe, our meeting will be dull, and our mirth out of tune.

Want. You ſay right, Monſieur *Mode*, for the fiddle-ſtring of Mirth will be broken; but let us go and rejoyce with Mr. *Spend-all*, and dance and feaſt, as a Thanks-giving to Fortune for her favours to him.

Spend. The greateſt favour that Fortune can give me, is, to be honoured with your Company; and if you pleaſe to lead the way, the reſt will follow.

Spend-all ſighs. Ha! theſe Marriages ſpoile all Amorous Courtſhips.

Exeunt Omnes, each leading his Miſtreſs.

SCENE VI.

Enter Fool, *and the* Sailer *as in a Priſon.*

Fool.

MAſter *Sailer*, the Princeſs has ſent to know of you, whether you be dead?

Sail. In her abſence I am dead to all Happineſs, for I have no joys of life.

Fool. Then I ſhall tell her you are dead.

Sail. You may tell her I am worſe then dead; for I am miſerable, wanting her Company, and miſery is worſe then death.

Fool. Pray God I remember all this; *viz.* Abſence, Happineſs, Joys, Life, Dead, Miſerable, Miſery, and Death. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Princeſs *alone, Muſing; Enter* Fool *to her.*

Fool. O Lady! Lady! the *Sailer*'s dead.

She falls into a paſſion as diſtracted, then ſpeaks.

Prin. Make me a Ship to ſail up high to Heav'n,
Where I may ſwim through all the Planets Seven;
Not to find Gold or Silver, ſuch baſe droſs,
But my dear Love and Lover; which rich loſs
Is worth more then the World: Or, make a Boat,
That I may thorough the dark *Stygian* float
To the *Elyſium*, there to meet my Dear,
Where I ſhall neither State nor Father fear:
Or elſe, you Gods, caſt me ſo low and deep,
Without a Dream I may for ever ſleep.

The Fool *Laughs.*

Fool. Ha, ha, ha, Dreams, Ships and Water has been your ruine.

Prin. You Villain, do you laugh at my miſery?

She gives him a Box of the Ear.

Fool. O, do not beat me, your *Sailer*'s alive yet.

Prin. Did not you tell me he was dead?

Fool. Yes, but I did not tell you his Body is dead, but his Joys are dead. *Prin.*

Prin. Is he alive then?

Fool. He is alive, but talks as madly, I dare not ſay, as fooliſhly as you do. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A Scaffold and Block for one to be beheaded. Enter the Guard, Jaylor *and* Priſoner; *as alſo a grave Man, as his Father; the People ſtaring upon them. The* Priſoner *being upon the Scaffold, bows down gracefully to the Aſſembly, and then ſpeaks thus.*

Sailer.

VVOrthy Spectators, although I am a Stranger by Birth, yet I am as a Native, being a loving Subject, and humble ſervant of your Soveraign the Princeſs; but Fortune which takes more delight in Variety, then Juſtice, has not only toſs'd me from Climate to Climate, and Nation to Nation, but from Happineſs to Miſery, from Miſery to Happineſs, and from Happineſs to Miſery again; and yet my life will end happily; for I ſhall be a Sacrifice on the Altar of Love, which is ſuch an Honour, that not any worthy perſon would refuſe or repine at; for all true Lovers will bear up my Hearſe with Sighs, cover it with Tears, and intomb me in their Memory.

Upon

Upon this Speech the People begin to murmur; then the grave Man ſteps up and ſpeaks.

Worthy Spectators, This Perſon which is here ready to die for Love, (yet not for the Love you imagine) is no wayes capable of Marrying your Princeſs; for this Perſon is not only a Woman, but a Princeſs her ſelf; being Daughter to the Emperor of *Perſia*, who for Love hath wilfully baniſhed her ſelf from her Father's Court and Empire: My Wife was her Governneſs, God reſt her Soul; ſhe being dead, and I her Guardian, did love this Princeſs as my own Child; and knowing her deſign was not to be alter'd, have attended her, both in her Diſguiſe and Travels; but your Princeſs imagining her a Man, being in Mans Clothes, has unfortunately fallen in Love with her, which has been the cauſe both of our trouble and diſcovery: But I hope this Nation is more juſt then to murder an innocent Princeſs, that has not committed any fault either to the People or their Soveraign.

The People Cry

Long live the Princeſs, remove her, and conveigh her to the Emperor.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Mr. Converſant *and* Obſerver, *with Lady* Quick-wit, *and* Self-conceit.

Converſant.

LOrd, they ſay, there's ſuch a noiſe about the Place where the *Sailer* ſhould be executed, as it's fear'd there will be ſome mutiny or uproar amongſt the People.

Quick. Faith, the Emperor would be juſtly ſerved, if there were a Rebellion againſt him, ſo it might not be a danger to his Daughter.

Self. I did not believe the Princeſs would be ſo patient as ſhe is.

Obſ. O, the leſs anger ſhe ſhews the more malice is inclos'd.

Quick. She is too Vertuous to bear malice to her Father.

Converſ. But it is ſaid, Love and Ambition know no Kindred.

Enter Mr. Mode.

Mode. Ladies, yonder is the ſtrangeſt accident that ever was.

Self. Lord! what ſtrange accident?

Mode. The *Sailer* is prov'd a Woman, and the Woman is proved a Princeſs, Daughter to the *Perſian* Emperor.

Obſ. What, has the Princeſs been in Love with a Woman?

Mode. Yes.

Quick. Pray, Monſieur *Mode*, tell us how ſhe was known to be a Woman, and who made the diſcovery?

Mode. Why thus it was. When this Lady in *Sailer*'s Clothes was mounted on the Scaffold, and had made a very witty Speech; there ſteps up an ancient Man, and made a Speech, wherein, he told the People, She was a Woman, and Daughter to the Emperor of *Perſia*, and that he was a Noble Man of *Perſia*, who had travel'd with her; for by reaſon his Wife, who was dead, had been Governeſs to the Lady, he having no Children, was as fond of the Princeſs, as if ſhe had been his own Child; and ſeeing her pine away for Love, and her beloved gone, or rather baniſhed the Empire, ſhe reſolving to follow him, and to endeavour to find him, and that all his Perſwaſions could not prevail, he (although in years) did travel with her, to be both her Guide, Counſellor and Guardian. Whereupon, all the People ſhouted for Joy, and cried out, Carry her to the Emperor, Carry her to the Emperor; So both ſhe and the old Man are carried before the Emperor, but what will be the Event, I cannot tell.

Self. For God's ſake, *Quick-wit*, let us go to the Princeſs, and tell her this.

Quick. We ſhall not need, for ſhe will have News of it before we come, and will be as ſad that the *Sailer* is a Woman, as if he had been hang'd. *Enter*

Enter Mr. Spend-all

Spend. The *Sailer* is prov'd a Woman.

Conv. That we have heard.

Spend. But you have not heard that ſhe has been with the Emperor, and that he ſeems to be in Love with her in her *Sailer*'s Clothes.

Obſ. It would be a ſtrange croſs Caper, if he ſhould marry the *Sailer*, for whom his Daughter was dying, and mad for love.

Spend. Certainly, he ſeem'd ſtrangely to alter with her Preſence.

Self. Come *Quick-wit*, let us go and ſee how our Lady the Princeſs takes this.

Exeunt Ladies, Men Solus.

Obſ. But can the Emperor be ſo ſuddenly in Love?

Spend. Love makes no ſtay, nor takes Counſel.

Exeunt.

SCENE X.

Enter Princeſs *and the* Ladies.

Quick-wit.

BUt Madam, can your Highneſs be well pleas'd, that the *Sailer* is prov'd a Woman, and that the Emperor ſhould love her ſo, as to profeſs, he will Marry her if ſhe agree?

Prin. Yes; for though the Emperor my Father was unjuſt

unjuſt to me, I cannot, nor never ſhall be undutiful to him.

Self. But is your Melancholy paſſion of Love paſt?

Prin. My Melancholy is paſt, but not my Love; for that will live ſo long as I ſhall live, and will remain pure in my Soul, when my body is dead and turn'd to duſt.

Quick. Your Highneſs is a miracle of duty and conſtancy in Love, although the laſt is but a Dream.

Prin. Many Dreams are Prophetical. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter the Mother *of the* Maids, *Enter alſo* Mr. Mode *and* Spend-all.

Spend-all.

HAve you heard the News?

Mode. What News?

Spend. Why, the *Sailer* that was a Man, and the Man that was proved a Lady, and the Lady a Princeſs, is now proved no Lady, but is a Man again, and a *Sailer.*

Moth. How ſo?

Spend. How ſo? why even as the Man that could change himſelf into a Wolf, and from a Wolf into a Man again; ſo the *Sailer* has the art to make himſelf a Man, or VVoman when he pleaſes.

Mode.

Mode. I would he could teach all the Court this art.

Moth. The gods forbid; for if all you Gentlemen ſhould be Women, what would my pritty birds do for Courtly Servants.

Spend. Why, they might convert themſelves into Men, and then there would be a better agreement amongſt us; for when we are Women, we ſhall be kinder to them, when they are Men, then they are to us now they are Women.

Mode. But what would your old Lady do, if you were a Woman?

Spend. Faith, as well as ſhe doth now.

Mode. But let us leave our talking, and go to the *Sailer*, to learn this Art.

SCENE II.

Enter the Princeſs *and the* Sailer *in a Prince's Habit, Enter alſo the* Fool.

Sailer.

MY ſweet and dear Miſtreſs, what will you do?
Shall I have no fruition, but ſtill woo?

Prin. My noble Love and Servant give me leave,
That I in ſport my Father may deceive.

Fool. God's-body, in the time you deceive your Father, you deceive your ſelf; for he will take his pleaſure before you.

Sail. Madam, the *Fool* ſpeaks truth.

Prin. Yes, according to appetite, but not according to chaſt love.

Fool. Lady, you ſpeak extravagantly, talking of Chaſt Love, when as never Lover was Chaſt, for they commit Adultery either in Mind or Body.

Prin. I will have you whipt, if you diſgrace pure Love with the name of Adultery.

Fool. You are not a fit Judge, being a Woman; but I will have the Prince my Judge: Sir, do not I deſerve a reward for all my good ſervice, had you been ſo as you are, had not I play'd my part?

Sail. I grant it, and will plead in your behalf.

Prin. I ſpeak not againſt your good ſervice, but your fooliſh arguments.

Fool. They are doubly wiſe that can ſpeak well, and do well; but now I will give you Politick Counſel: But firſt, you muſt give me Lands; ſecondly, Moneys; thirdly, you muſt give me a great Office; and laſtly, you muſt make me a great Lord.

Prin. A great Fool, you mean.

Fool. I am that without your making.

Prin. But where is the Politick Counſel you would give me?

Fool. I marry, there is the buſineſs; the Counſel is, That firſt the Prince muſt declare himſelf, then you may Marry, and then whining Love will abate, and then with God's bleſſing you may ſoon come to diſagree.

Prin.

Prin. And you are a Knave truly.

Sail. Miſtreſs, I do approve of the Fool's Counſel, as to make my ſelf known to the Emperor; but the way or manner how, is not conſider'd as yet.

Fool. I have thought of that too, for your Twin-Siſter who is as like you as a Pea to a Pea, (whom with my Rhetorick I got the Jaylor to take your place and habit in priſon) is now the Emperor's admired Miſtreſs, and he dotes as much on her, as the Princeſs on you; and if you diſcover your ſelf to the Emperor, he would be a joyful Man, for now he is afraid to Marry, fearing to diſpleaſe the Princeſs; but hoping the Princeſs will conſent to his Marriage if he conſent to hers, it will make an even caſe, and both will be pleaſed.

Sail. Well Fool, for once your Counſel ſhall take place.

SCENE III.

Enter Mother *of the* Maids, *Lady* Quick-wit, *and* Self-conceit.

Mother.

WEll, Ladies, you 're obliged to me.

Quick. For what?

Moth. For ſpeaking a good word to your Lovers, Mr. *Converſant*, and Mr. *Obſerver*; for if it had not been for me, they would not have Married you. *Self.*

Self. You ſpeak in our behalf! why, you cannot ſpeak two words of ſenſe in any Cauſe.

Quick. If you have ſuch a powerful Perſwaſion, why do not you get your other Daughters, *Wanton* and *Wagtail*, Husbands?

Moth. Why ſo, I ſhall when their Lovers Wives are dead, and in the mean time they pleaſe themſelves.

Enter Converſant *and* Obſerver.

Quick. Servant, the *Mother* ſays, that her Rhetorick and Friendſhip hath perſwaded you to Marry us.

Conv. Your Merit, not her Rhetorick or Friendſhip, could prevail with us.

Obſ. Faith, *Mother*, your Rhetorick would rather loſe a Cauſe, then obtain a Suit.

Enter Wanton.

Want. Do you hear the News?

Quick. What News?

Want. Why; the *Sailer* is proved a Prince.

Self. What Prince?

Want. The Emperor of *Perſia*'s younger So.., was ſtollen away by a Noble Man of *Perſia*, with his Siſter, they being both Twins, and the Emperor being fond of this Son, his elder Son (this Prince's Brother) deſigned to deſtroy him; which the Noble Man perceiving, put himſelf and the two Princes to the truſt of a Maſter of a Ship of this Empire, and diſguiſed them both as *Sailers*; and when the Prince was to be beheaded, the Fool did corrupt the Jaylor to take the Siſter

in

in the Room of her Brother, and by that means they were both ſaved.

Enter Wagtail.

Wagt. There's ſuch Mirth and Joy with the Emperor and Princeſs, as never was the like, through the miſtake between the Prince, and the Princeſs his Siſter.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Gentlemen and Ladies, you muſt all prepare for the ſolemnity of the Marriage of the Prince of *Perſia*, and our Princeſs.

Conv. Doth not the Emperor Marry the Princeſs of *Perſia?*

Gent. Yes, but that Marriage will be more private.

Converſ. Then Ladies, it will be our Duties, if the Emperor and the Princeſs will give leave, That we accompany the Prince and Princeſs Bridals, with ours.

Self. I ſhall agree.

Quick. And ſo ſhall I.

SCENE IV.

Enter Fool *and his* Love.

Fool.

COme, the Princeſs has given leave, that we ſhall Marry when ſhe Marries; but you muſt waſh your face and hands very clean.

Maid. But waſhing will not make them white.

Fool. That is true; for water or any thing elſe cannot change their Natural Colour, but a pair of white Gloves will hide your black hands, and a Mask will hide your foul Face; for you ſhall appear at the Wedding as a Maſcarado.

Maid. O the Lord! I ſhall fright the Princeſs.

Fool. I pray God you do not fright me, and 'tis no matter for frighting the Princeſs, for ſhe has been uſed to be frighted of late days. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Princeſs *as a Bride, and the* Prince *as a Bridegroom ſitting under a State.*

Enter alſo Converſant *and* Quick-wit, Obſerver *and* Self-conceit, *as Brides and Bridegrooms, and all the reſt of the Court.*

Then the Prince, *and* Princeſs *and the reſt of the Company, dance a Ball after the* French *faſhion; and after this there is an Anti-Mask preſented to the Prince and Princeſs.*

SCENES.

SCENES.

THeſe Scenes were deſign'd to be put into the Preſence; *but by reaſon I found they would make that Play too long, I thought it requiſite to Print them by themſelves.*

SCENE I.

Enter Mr. Buyer, *and* Mr. Seller.

SELLER. Will you buy my Ward?

Buy. Yes, if you will take a reaſonable Summ: but having cut down all his Woods, diſſolved all the Iron ſtone, dig'd deep in his Coal-pits, and Lead, and Copper Mines, let Leaſes of his Lands, plowed all his Meadows, Paſtures, and Parks; to ask Twenty thouſand pounds, is unconſcionable!

Sell. Come, come, you will find enough in the Eſtate to make it worth your Money, if you ſhould do no other thing then ſow or plant Ode; and when you have made the beſt of his Eſtate, you may have

a good Summ of Money for his Marriage.

Buy. Well, I will venture; you ſhall have Twenty thouſand pounds *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mr. Underward, *and* Diogenes *his Man.*

Diogenes.

SIR, ſo ſoon as your Father's breath was out of his body, you were beg'd, and now you are ſold.

Under. Who hath bought me?

Diog. Faith, a Man that looks as if he would ſearch into your Eſtate.

Under. I believe he will find it faint and weak.

Diog. That little ſtrength it hath, he will fetch out, I warrant you. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter two Men-Servants, viz. Diogenes *and another.*

Man.

I Hear thy Maſter is Married.

Diog. Yes, the more is the pity.

Man. What kind of Woman is ſhe, he hath Married?

Diog. You might have asked what kind of Beaſt ſhe is.

Man.

Man. Why, is ſhe ſo Homely?

Diog. She is ſo ugly.

Man. How doth your Maſter behave himſelf to her?

Diog. As a young Man ſhould do, never comes neer her; and hates not only the ſight of her, but all thoſe that have ſeen her.

Man. Why, then he ſhould hate thee.

Diog. Faith, he loves me the worſe for it.

Man. Is he not Melancholy?

Diog. He hath been; but he finds that Melancholy will not mend his ruined Fortune, but that it will help to make it worſe; beſides, it impairs his Health, and torments his Mind; wherefore, he hath caſt off all grief, care and ſorrow, and intends to let Nature looſe, and pleaſe himſelf, as much as his ſmall Eſtate will give way to.

Mode. You may grow rich, if your Maſter grows deboiſt.

Diog. 'Tis true, all Servants thrive beſt with deboiſt Maſters; but they muſt have Riches anſwerable to their Debauchery, or elſe their Servants will ſooner get a Rope to hang them, then an Eſtate to maintain them; becauſe all Debauchery is expenſive; and if their Maſters have nothing of their own to ſpend, their Debauchery muſt be maintained at the charge of others, and not of their own; and few will give an allowance for Debauchery; wherefore, they muſt either ſhirk, cozen, or rob to maintain their Riots.

Man.

Man. But thy Maſter hath all his Lands ſtill; his Guardian could not take them away.

Diog. No, but they have taken out the heart of his Lands; for they will produce nothing but brakes and briars, moſs and ling; and if any be good, as I believe there is none, it muſt be ſold to pay Debts, which his Father left to be paid, and Portions to younger Children.

Man. I doubt they will come ſhort of their expectation.

Diog. So ſhort, as to have nothing. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Mother, *and Lady* Baſhful.

Mother.

I Wonder you ſhould be ſo Baſhful as to make all the Court believe you are a kind of a Changeling, and a ſimple Fool!

Baſh. Why, how do I behave my ſelf? I neither behave my ſelf immodeſtly, nor uncivilly.

Moth. Nay, I am not by to ſee you; but I am told you ſtand amongſt Company like a ſtone Statue, without life, ſence or motion.

Baſh. 'Tis true, I do not hang upon Mens ſhoulders, nor lean upon their breaſts, nor ſuffer my ſelf to be imbraced in Mens arms; neither do I jump to ſit upon the Ta-

Tables, nor lie wantonly upon the Carpets on the ground, nor run about after a wild manner, pinching one, ſhoving another, pulling a third, imbracing a fourth, dancing a piece of a dance with a fifth; nor do I make mouths upon one Man, then wink my eye upon another, giving my hand unto a third Man to kiſs.

Moth. Why, you are thought ſo ſimple, as that you cannot ſpeak three words of ſence.

Baſh. I had rather be thought a Fool for ſaying nothing, then be proved a Fool for ſpeaking Non-ſence; and of the two evils, it were better to be a ſilent Fool, then a prating Fool; I am ſure the ſilent Fool will offend the leaſt; but for my part, I cannot perceive any great ſtore of Wit that there is amongſt them, unleſs it be Wit to ſing Quaveringly, and talk loud, or to rail under the priviledg of Rallery, or to bea Buffoon to cauſe ridiculous Laughter; or to talk impudently or wantonly; but the truth is, that ſome think themſelves Politicians, and talk of State-affairs, yet underſtand no more of Government then the poſt, but would make the Common-wealth like their Chambers, where every thing is out of order, and what they are to uſe, they are always to ſeek; they would have no decent Orders, nor ſtrict Laws, but that every one might do what they like beſt; nor would they have Watches ſet, unleſs it were to guard Vices, looſe Carriages, and wanton dalliances; and others, which think to prove

themſelves Wits, diſpute of Love and Honour, and the Converſations of Souls, and before their Diſputes are ended, they draw themſelves quite from their Principle, into a dark Labyrinth of Non-ſence, then run about with ſenceleſs words until they be out of breath, which makes them at laſt hold their peace.

Moth. But I would have them know, you are not a Fool.

Baſh. Why, if they ſhould think me a Wit, although I were none, it would increaſe their envy, and ſo they might make ſcandalous reports, which I perceive they are apt to do of one another; whereas now their opinion of my ignorant ſimplicity ſatisfies their ſpite.

Moth. What came you to Court for, only to be thought a Fool?

Baſh. No, I came to learn Wiſdom, and to improve my Underſtanding; and if I can meet no Vertue, Worth, nor Honour to take Examples from, yet I may obſerve the Follies, ſo as to ſhun them where or whenſoever I meet them; and though ignorance is thought a defect, either in Nature, or Breeding, yet it is not accounted a crime, nor a deadly ſin; and as long as they cannot think by my Carriage I am baſe, wanton, or wicked, I do not care how they think of my Wit or Baſhfulneſs. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Monſieur Underward *and* Diogenes *his Man.*

Diogenes.

SIR, here was a Gentlewoman to viſit your Worſhip to day.

Under. I am glad I was abroad.

Diog. I wonder your Worſhip is not rather ſorry you were abroad, becauſe you miſs'd her Company.

Under. Therefore, I am glad, becauſe I would not have her Company.

Diog. Many Gentlemen ſpend moſt of their time to compaſs the Company of fair Ladies, and you ſtrive to ſhun them.

Under. Faith, I have taken a ſurfeit of the Sex, and now I wonder how rational Men can ſpend the moſt part of their life in fooliſh Complements, falſe Praiſes, and Amorous Imbraces, abjecting their thoughts, when they might be elevated to a Speculation as high as the upper Region, where they might be illuminated by the Sun of Knowledge, from whence are ſpread beams of Underſtanding, by which are produced profitable Arts, and beneficial Sciences, delightful Fancies, and wiſe Prudence; beſides, their life might be imployed in Heroick actions, whereby they might get an Honourable renown, and not Female Dalliances; might conquer Nations, not betray ſimple Women; and might govern

Worlds

Worlds, not let fooliſh Women govern them; Thus Men might be like gods, and being Amorous, they become like Beaſts. *Exit.*

Diog. He thought the Females, Angels, a day ſince, and perhaps will think them ſo again a day hence.

Enter Monſieur Underward, *his two Brothers, and two Siſters.*

Under. Brothers and Siſters, you are welcome.

Siſt. We are come to complain, for if we cannot have our Portions, how ſhall we live?

Under. How ſhall you live! why Siſters you may live by your Natural Gifts.

Siſt. What are thoſe?

Under. Your Youth, Beauty, and Wit.

Siſt. Alas Brother, thoſe will gain us nothing, ſo long as we are poor.

Under. No, but they will gain you ſomething, if you turn Whores, or trade as the *Venetian* Curtizans, who make by thoſe Gifts a great Revenue.

Siſt. Heaven bleſs us Brother! would you have our Misfortune the cauſe of our Infamy?

Under. Heaven hath bleſt very few from it, for Misfortunes in this Age are accounted the greateſt crimes.

Siſt. They may be accounted Crimes, but we will not make them ſo; for though unconſcionable Men have ruined our Eſtate, and cauſed us to be poor, yet we will never defame our Anceſtors.

Under. I believe you will when neceſſity importunes you,

you, Flattery perſwades you, Gallantry allures you, Title intices you, and Power commands you.

Siſt. No, no, Brother, we have two Antidotes againſt them, which will ſecure us againſt thoſe Infections.

Under. What Antidotes?

Siſt. Religion and Honour.

Under. I doubt your Antidotes will be too weak.

Broth. And how ſhall we live Brother?

Under. Marry, Brothers, you muſt live by your good Qualities.

Broth. What are thoſe good Qualities?

Under. Why, to be induſtrious Pimps, nimble Pick-pockets, cheating Shirks, and couragious Robbers.

Broth. Theſe Qualities are baſe, and will ſooner bring us to the Gallows, then any way enrich us.

Under. Why, the Gallows were a good Fortune; for when you are hang'd, you will have no uſe for Riches, and it will end all your miſeries.

Broth. But Hanging is a death which is only inflicted upon unworthy perſons for doing the baſeſt acts.

Under. Death is all one, although the ways be various.

Broth. But fame and infamy is not all one.

Under. That is as pleaſes Fortune or Chance; for many times the moſt wicked, baſe, and unworthieſt perſons live with as great renown, as the moſt pious, vertuous and honourable; nay, many times the worſt are Deified, and the beſt vilified; but Brothers and

97389

Siſters, to ſpeak ſeriouſly to you, I have nothing to give you but my Counſel; for the Land my Father left, is intail'd, ſo as I cannot ſell an acre of it, and it is ſo impoveriſhed and out of heart, as it will yeild no profit; nor can I Mortgage it, for none will venture their Money on it; and I am not only ruined in my Eſtate, but by Marriage, Marrying a Wife which I was forced to take without Portion, my Guardian poſſeſſing that Portion ſhe had, and I only her ill-favoured body, and ill-natur'd mind; the one diſpleaſing my ſences, the other diſquieting my life. Thus, although you complain, yet 'tis I who ſuffer moſt, and am forced to be content; and ſince it is not in my power to help you, let me adviſe you; As for you my two Siſters, get into ſome honourable ſervice; for though you were born and bred to command, yet your poverty muſt make you practiſe to obey: Wherefore, be humble to your Miſtreſſes, diligent in your Offices, faithful to your truſt, conſtant to Vertue, and pious to Heaven, and the gods will reward you with good Husbands, who will love you, defend you, and provide for you: And as for you, my two Brothers, go to the Wars, and be Soldiers, it is an honourable Profeſſion, and only fit for Gentlemen; and what eſteem and reſpect you are likely to loſe by your poverty, let your gallant actions advance; improve your Fortunes by your Valour, and let Honour be the ground upon which you build.

Broth. But if we be lamed in the Wars, what ſhall we do then?

Under.

Under. Why, then you muſt beg upon Crutches; for States do as many particular perſons do, which is, when they have had the ſervice, forget the reward; for though States are commonly ſo charitable, or rather Politick, to make Wars to imploy buſie Natures, and to maintain younger Brothers, and Sons of Noble Families, which have ſmall Fortunes, leſt they ſhould grow factious, and become mutinous through poverty; yet when they are made uncapable of doing either good or harm by their wounds and hurts, they have received in their Service, they take no care how they ſhall be diſpoſed of, nor what miſery they are expoſed to; yet this muſt not retard a Gentleman, for it is more Honour to beg with their wounds got in their Country's ſervice, then to live in baſe luxury; for Fame is not gotten by Sloth, nor Honour maintained by Riot.

Exeunt Brothers *and* Siſters.

SCENE VI.

Enter Diogenes *to his Maſter.*

Monſieur Underward.

WHere have you been, that you are out of the way when I ſhould employ you?

Diog. Sir, my Lady ſent for me.

Under. For what?

Diog. To examine me what Miſtreſs you had; alſo, ſhe

ſhe told me, that if you would not uſe her as a Wife, ſhe would make uſe of ſome other Man as a Husband.

Under. Surely I am out of danger of being a Cuckold, for ſhe is ſo ill-favoured, no Man will come near her.

Diog. Pardon me Sir; for if ſhe hath not Beauty to enamour Lovers, yet ſhe may buy Lovers.

Under. Her ill-favouredneſs is beyond all covetouſneſs.

Diog. O no Sir! for were ſhe the Devil, ſhe may be imbraced for Money.

Under. Not under a vaſt ſumm.

Diog. Yes faith, Sir, there are Men of all prices, as there are Women, even from the two-peny Whore to the thouſand pound Lady; ſo poor and needy Shirks are at a low price, when a flattering Gallant muſt be maintained at a high rate.

Under. Why then, *Tom*, there is no aſſurance of the Female Sex, whether they be homely, ugly, handſome, beautiful, young, or old, unleſs Poverty be joyned with Deformity.

Diog. Nay, faith Sir, thoſe that will be Whores, will make a ſhift to get a Knave ſome way or other, be they never ſo poor, or old, ill-favoured, or deformed.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Two Gentlemen

First Gentleman.

FAith, the Lady *Baſhful* is a mute Wit.

2 *Gent. laughs.* Ha, ha, ha, how can that be! is it poſſible to be a mute Wit?

1 *Gent.* Why, Wit lies in the brain, and not in the tongue; for the hand as often expreſſeth Wit in the working of Arts, as the Tongue by diſcourſing; and an ingenious Art is as good a Copy of Wit, as Verſes, or Proſe, and ſhews as much Fancy.

2 *Gent.* So you will make a Shoo-maker as good a Wit as a Poet.

1 *Gent.* No; yet he that invented Shooes firſt, expreſt as much Wit, as he that invents a Tale, or a Romance, or makes a Copy of Verſes; beſides, Arts are to be valued according to the uſe, or Curioſity, as Tales, Romances, Simulizing Deſcriptions, diſtinguiſhing Fancy, Numbers, Rhimes, Language, ſignificant Words, and good Senſe; ſo for Arts in their ſubtile contrivances, curious workings, neat joynings and interlayings, well tempering, equal matching, and ſmooth polliſhing: But howſoever, ſhe is a mute Courtier, becauſe all Courtiers are full of talk, and ſhe ſpeaks ſeldome, and what ſhe ſays, is to purpoſe; when the reſt, for the moſt part, neither ſpeak truth, ſenſe, or reaſon;

for Flattery is diſſembling, and Complements are vain, idle and ſenſleſs. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Madam Civility, *and the Lord* Loyalty, *as at her Houſe.*

Lord Loyalty.

MAdam, when were you at Court?

Civil. Not this Week, my Lord.

Loyal. Are not you acquainted with Madam *Baſhful?*

Civil. Yes, very well, my Lord; and ſhe comes often to viſit me, which I take for a great favour, by reaſon ſhe is ſo reſerv'd.

Loyal. By *Jupiter*, ſhe hath a great Wit, although all the Court ſay ſhe is a Fool.

Civil. O, my Lord, whoſoever ſays, ſhe is a Fool, is much miſtaken, and knows her not; but ſhe is Baſhful, which makes her not ſeem what ſhe is, by reaſon ſhe cannot expreſs her ſelf, being out of Countenance.

Loyal. Faith, if you will have my opinion, I think ſhe is crafty, and will not expreſs her ſelf to idle perſons; but pray Madam, when ſhe comes to ſee you, let me have notice of it.

Civil. I ſhall, my Lord. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IX.

Enter Monſieur Underward, *and* Tom Diogenes *his Man, his Maſter ſhews him Gold.*

Monſieur Underward.

LOok here, *Tom*! here is Five hundred pounds I have won at Dice and Cards!

Tom. I marry Sir, if your Worſhip could win as much every day, you would become, in a ſhort time, a rich Man again.

Under. I had rather be poor, then be rich by ſuch baſe unmanly ways.

Tom. Why Sir? it is lawful gain, if you won it fairly.

Under. I will tell thee *Tom*, Gameſters are only Fortune's Pick-pockets, and Cut-purſes, meer Cheats; for they neither win their Winnings by Induſtry nor Merit, but by Fortune's power, which unjuſtly gives her Favourites leave, nay authorize them to plunder all they can lay hands on; without any conſcience or remorſe; but had they been ſubject to *Pallas*, they would have been hang'd, drawn and quarter'd; for Temperance would have accuſed them, and Prudence would have pleaded againſt them, Juſtice condemned them, and Fortitude have them executed; or had they lived in Honours Court, Right and Truth would have diſgraced them, Courteous Civility deſpiſed them,

Grati-

Gratitude exclaimed againſt them, Honourable Induſtry ſcorned them, Heroick Courage have fought againſt them, Noble Hoſpitality refuſed to entertain them, and Royal Generoſity baniſhed them; and they never can get near a good heart, and a well tempered brain, for the Muſes and the Graces abhor them, and make outworks againſt them; for Reaſon and Tranquility caſt up Trenches to keep them out, and Judgment ſtands a Centinel to diſcover them, leſt they ſhould approach unawares; and Underſtanding commands the Guard, will keep the Poſtern-door, and Peace governs the Fort, ſo as no Gameſter can enter.

Tom. Your Worſhip may condemn the way you got your Money by; but I hope your Worſhip will not condemn the Gold you wonne.

Under. Why, *Tom*, it hath neither ſence nor life.

Tom. And it pleaſe your Worſhip, it puts life into thoſe that have it, and it runs as nimbly about, as if it were a living Creature; and I believe you will find it ſo active, as that your Worſhip will ſcarce hold it.

Under. No, but *Tom*, I will direct it.

Tom. Which of your Sences ſhall direct it?

Under. Why, none of my Sences; for it ſhall be directed by my Reaſon.

Tom. Your Worſhips Reaſon makes no uſe of it, but your Appetite.

Under. Why, *Tom*, Reaſon lives in Appetite.

Tom. Very ſeldom; for the chief Rulers are Exceſs

and

and Riot, Reaſon comes but as a Biſhop goeth round his Dioceſs, once in his life time, but many times never.

Under. Tom, you are better acquainted with the brutes then I, and underſtand the Vices of the Sences beſt.

Tom. Say not Vices, Sir, but the Natural Qualities; for there is no Vice in Nature.

Under. Yes, that is a Vice in Nature, that deſtroys, eſpecially that which diſpleaſes; indeed the Vices in Nature are Defects of Defects; and grievances and pains are cauſed by Imperfections, and Diſlikes by Defects; and whoſoever give himſelf over to Senſuality, hath an Imperfection in the Soul, and a Defect in the Underſtanding.

Tom. Your *Worſhip* ſpeaks as if you were fallen out with the Ladies Sences, or rather as if you did hate them.

Under. Why, *Tom*, the Sences are Witches, very Sorcerers, which inchant the Life in the Caſtle of troubleſome vexation, or Metamorphiſe Men into Beaſts.

Exeunt.

SCENE X.

Enter the Lord Loyalty, *and Madamoiſel* Baſhful, *as to Madamoiſel* Civility's *Houſe.*

Lord Loyalty.

SWeet, will you Entertain me for your Servant?

Baſh. I am not rich enough in Merit to Entertain one of your Worth.

Loyal. I will truſt your Merit, and ſerve you for your Love.

Baſh. My Love is Childiſh, and hath not wit to huſe, nor ſtrength to ſtand on conſtant ground; but totters, and ſtaggers at every ſmall diſlike.

Loyal. I will ſerve your Youth and Beauty.

Baſh. Your Lordſhip I doubt will have but a dull and troubleſome Service; for Beauty without Wit, is no more then a Marble Statue; and Youth without Diſcretion, is ſo wild, as it will weary you to run after its Follies, or correct its Errors.

Loyal. Then let me ſerve your Wit.

Baſh. That is ſo Fantaſtical, and changes into ſo many ſhapes, and various Dreſſes, as it will tire your Ears to liſten after it, and your Patience will not endure to keep it Company; for Wit without Judgment to order it, is more offenſive, then pleaſing or lightful.

Loyal. Are you ſo ~~civil~~, as neither to let me ſerve your

your Virtue, Love, Youth, Beauty or VVit? yet all your Rhetorick ſhall not turn me off; for I will ſerve you, although it be againſt your will, for I never knew any Lady as yet, but loved Variety of Servants, to ſhew their Power by their Tyranny.

Enter Madamoiſel Ill-favoured, *and finds them together.*

Ill-fav. I'faith, my Lord, have I found your Lordſhip out! I perceive you will chuſe the youngeſt and faireſt.

Loyal. I ſhould elſe condemn my Judgment, Madam.

Ill-fav. My Lord, there is an old ſaying, *Fair and Fooliſh.*

Loyal. If you mean by Fair being Beautiful, then Fair is VVit, good Nature, ſweet Diſpoſitions, rare Qualities; for all good Delights and Pleaſures dwell with Beauty.

Ill-fav. O fie, my Lord! can the Delight of one Sence feed all the reſt?

Loyal. No; for the Mind hath no true taſt but when it feeds but of one Sence at a time; for mixt Sences make imperfect Pleaſures; beſides, they are as troubleſome as much company to a retired life; for much Company rather makes a Diſorder, then a Recreation; a Confuſion then a Society.

Ill-fav. But doth your Lordſhip think ſo?

Loyal. Nay, Madam, I will not diſpute with your Ladiſhip here, I will wait upon you at your Lodgings, and diſpute with you there.

Exit

Exit the Lord Loyalty, *and as he goeth out meets,* *Madamoiſel* Spightful.

Spight. Your Lordſhip's Servant.

Loyal. I am yours, Madam.

Exit Lord Loyalty.

Ill-fav. Oh Madam! here I found the Lord *Loyalty* and Madamoiſel *Baſhful* talking ſeriouſly.

Spight. Fie, ſweet heart, fie; it is not fit, or handſome, that you ſhould be abroad without the Mother of the Maids, walking with a Man alone, and out of the Court, 'tis a ſhame; and let me tell you, if that the Empereſs ſhould know of it, ſhe would be very angry.

Exit Madamoiſel Baſhful, *without ſpeaking a Word.*

Ill-fav. Nay, faith, I dare anſwer for her talking; for on my Conſcience ſhe did not ſpeak three words, nor can ſhe ſpeak twenty in order; and I dare ſwear ſhe underſtands not all the Letters in the Criſ-croſs-row.

Spight. I ſuppoſe her Mother ſent her to the Court, to learn to diſcourſe, and to refine her behaviour, and to elevate her Spirit.

Ill-fav. Faith, ſhe is the dulleſt Creature, of a young one, that ever I met with.

Spight. Time and practiſe will improve her, and truly it were a Charity to inſtruct her.

Ill-fav. I would not be ſhe that ſhould take that pains, for all the World: But where is Madamoiſel *Civility*, let us go and ſeek her out. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE XI.

Enter Madamoiſel Controverſie, *and another ancient Court-Lady.*

Mad. *Controverſie.*

I Do not conceive Madamoiſel *Baſhful* to be ſo handſome, as to be admired for a Beauty; yet moſt of the Men ſeem to like her beſt.

Lady. All Men love that which is moſt unuſual; for ſhe being ſo dull a young Lady, as not to delight in ſpeaking, makes her to be a ſingular Creature here, by reaſon all the reſt ſpeak ſo much.

Controv. As dull as ſhe ſeems, I believe ſhe is more ſubtile and crafty then the reſt. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

Enter Monſieur Underward, *and* Tom Diogenes *his Man.*

Monſieur Underward.

I Am ſo troubled with the Five hundred pounds I won at Play, I know not how to diſpoſe of them.

T. Diog. I can tell your Worſhip how you may diſpoſe of them, if you pleaſe.

Under. How, *Tom?*

T. Diog. Why, your Worſhip may give it me.

Under. You muſt deſerve it firſt, or elſe it would be a Prodigality to give beyond the Receiver's Merit.

T. Diog. It would be a Charity, Sir.

Under. No, *Tom*, it would prove a vanity to beſtow beyond a neceſſity; and as long as thou haſt Meat, Drink, Clothes and Lodging, thou need'ſt not, having neither Wife nor Children to provide for.

T. Diog. I deſire it, out of an humble duty and ſervice which I owe your Worſhip, to releaſe you of that trouble, and to take off the heavy weight of Five hundred pounds; but I perceive your Worſhip doth by theſe Five hundred pounds, as Stateſmen, and great Officers at Court, who are always complaining of overmuch buſineſs and attendance, and make as if it were the greateſt affliction in the World to be ſo tormented, and yet would as ſoon dye as part with their places, nay moſt commonly they do dye with grief, or at leaſt live in diſcontent, all the time they live, if they chance to be put out and another put in their places.

Under. Now thou talkeſt of Offices, I will buy an Office at Court with my Money; for Money won at Play, is beſt beſtowed at Court; for Vanity and Vice is near a kin, and hold the longeſt Friendſhip; and though I viſit the Court ſometimes, yet I have no Office.

T. Diog. But, and it pleaſe your Worſhip, Five hundred pounds will buy but a mean Office, or Place at Court; for they hold their prizes high, although the gains be but ſmall; [redacted] at Court, not only the Honour

Honour of the place is prized, but every proud Look and fantaſtical Garb, bawling Words, bold *fronts*, or Courtly Oaths, are all prized and paid for, to the uttermoſt farthing.

Under. Well, *Tom*, I will make my bargain as well as I can; but an Office I am reſolved to have.

T. Diog. If your Worſhip were a Batchellor, to be an Officer in Court, might do you ſome ſervice; but as you are a Married Man, I cannot perceive it will benefit you much.

Under. Why, not a Married Man, as well as a Batchellor?

T. Diog. O Sir, a Court-Officer ſounds loud, and is conceived to be noble in the Ears and Mind of a young City-Virgin; and likewiſe with City-Widows; but with Countrey-Ladies, Court-Officers ſeem as gods, and they have not power to deny them any requeſt; ſo that a Court-Officer may get a young Heir, or a rich Widow, if he were a Batchellor; but being a Married Man, he will be only feaſted, or probably, may obtain ſome private Meetings, or the like, which for the moſt part is to the Courtiers loſs, thoſe private Meetings being moſt commonly devilliſh chargeable.

Under. Well, I will try my Fortune; who can tell but that the Emperor may look graciouſly on me, and make me a Favourite, when I am an Officer?

T. Diog. He may look on you with a gracious eye; but I doubt your Worſhip will never be made a Favourite.

Under.

Under. Why, *Tom*, as mean-deſerving Men as I, have been made Favourites.

T. Diog. The more is the pity, Sir, that great Monarchs which ſit at the Helm, and govern a Kingdom, ſhould have ſo weak a judgment, or ſuch depraved affections, as to place their chief Favours on a worthleſs Subject.

Under. Why, you Rogue, do you think me a worthleſs ſubject?

T. Diog. No, Sir; I ſpeak when Men of mean abilities are made Favourites; but by your favour, Sir, your Worſhip may be a very deſerving perſon in your ſelf, and a fit Man for ſome kind of Places, Offices, or Employments, and yet not fit to be a Favourite; for a Favourite muſt not only be Honourably born, Nobly bred, and of a Rich Inheritance, to keep off Envy; but he muſt be ſweetly diſpoſed; civilly behaved; alſo of a pleaſing Speech, a generous Nature, a free Mind, and a bountiful hand, to get Love; likewiſe, he muſt have an unſpoted Reputation, a juſt Word, upright Actions, and an Heroick Spirit to win Credit; alſo, he muſt have a prudent eye, a deep Judgment to ſpie out his Enemies, and diſcern his true Friends, if Favourites can have true Friends; beſides, he muſt have undaunted Courage to defend himſelf againſt miſchievous ſpite, and malicious envy; and a ſtrong party, to march and paſs through oppoſers; he muſt alſo have a ready Wit, and be ingenious in Contrivances, and Politick Inventions,

with

with a n induſtrious diſpatch; alſo, he muſt have an oyled Tongue, both to ſpeak for his Prince, and to his Prince, for himſelf and his affairs: Laſtly, he muſt be ſo wiſe as to receive his Princes Commands with a dutiful reſpect, and preſent his own Counſels or advice with an humble demeanor, and an inſinuating Countenance; and when he is to plead a Suit, he muſt do it as if it were a bounty and a Royal favour to grant it, although it were an injuſtice to deny it: And whoſoever is not thus, and doth not act thus, is not fit to be a Favourite; neither can a Favourite hold faſt with the people, nor ſtand ſure with his Prince.

Under. Nay faith, you ſhould have joyned Fortune to be his Friend, or elſe your Favourite will fall; and it is moſt often ſeen, that a Fool hath the beſt Fortune; beſides, if any Man were ſo excellent a perſon, as you would have a Favourite, the Prince would fear him, leſt he might uſurp his power; or the People would hate him for his Worth and Merit; for they love nothing in perfection: But if any Man could practiſe as well as ſpeak, thou wert the only fit Man to be a Favourite. But *Tom*, tell me how comeſt thou to ſpeak ſo wiſely?

T. Diog. O Maſter, although your Worſhip hath a better Natural Wit, then I; yet being old, I have more experience then you; for Time and Experience is the Father and Mother of Wiſdom.

Under. Well, *Tom*, for all your wiſe diſcourſe, I will try my Fortune at Court.

T. Diog. But Sir, I wonder your Worſhip ſhould deſire to be a Court-Officer, ſince you have been ruined and undone by Courtiers.

Under. The fitter I am to be one, to ruine another, as they have ruined me. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter the Lord Loyalty *and Madamoiſel* Baſhful, *as in Madamoiſel* Civilities *Houſe.*

Lord *Loyalty.*

DO you ſay, you can love an unfortunate Man?

Baſh. Yes, ſo his Misfortunes come not through his Crimes.

Loyal. Misfortune's are thought Crimes, and are oftner ſhunned then Crimes are; for moſt part of the World is ſo baſe, that unto Criminal Powers they will crouch, creep, flatter, and ſell their Liberties to them, when they will exclaim againſt honeſt Misfortunes, and fly from, or elſe will purſue them unto death, and then triumph over their Graves; beſides, the World will wonder that you that are young and fair, ſhould chuſe an unfortunate Man for a Husband.

Baſh. My Lord, Misfortunes and Honeſty in this Age, are ſo fixt to each other, as I cannot chuſe one, but I muſt take both. *Loyal.*

Loyal. Can you love ſo well, as to be ruined for my ſake?

Baſh. If you call Poverty ruine, when it's taken up for Merit ſake, I could be well content to entertain it, and ſhould glory in the acquaintance, and be proud of the fellowſhip.

Loyal. Why then, we will never diſpute of it further, but Marry as ſoon as Conveniency will give us leave.

Exeunt.

SCENE XIV.

Enter Madam Ill-favoured, *Madam* Spightful, *Madam* Wagtail, *and Madam* Ill-natured.

Wagtail.

HOw ſhall we do to break the Marriage?

Spight. Thus, you *Wagtail* may ſpeak to ſome of the Bed-Chamber of the Empereſs, and tell them as a Secret, that the Lord *Loyalty* will for certain Marry Madamoiſel *Baſhful*, and they will be ſo envious, eſpecially Madamoiſel *Bragadocia*, and Madamoiſel *Relax*, as they will do there endeavour with the Empereſs, to get her to break it.

Ill-fav. And I will ſpeak to ſome friends of mine to that purpoſe.

Spight. And I will ſend Monſieur *Malicious*, to tell the Lord *Loyalty* that ſhe ſits up as late as any of us, and

and

and that ſhe hath as much Company of Men late in her Chamber, as any of the Maids have.

Wagt. But that is known to the contrary.

Spight. Piſh, Men are apt to be jealous of the Miſtreſſes they intend to Marry; and Jealouſie will believe any thing; alſo let us employ *Tell-Tale.*

Ill-natured. No faith, if ſhe ſhould know our deſign, ſhe will do us more hurt then our deſign good, by telling it; for ſhe can conceal nothing, ſhe cannot keep a Secret, if ſhe ſhould die for declaring it, for when ſhe knows any thing, that ſhe thinks is not generally known, ſhe runs from Lodging to Lodging to ſpread it abroad.

Exeunt.

SCENE XV.

Enter Madamoiſel Baſhful, *and Madam* Civility.

Mad. *Civility.*

O Madamoiſel *Baſhful*, here hath been five or ſix Meſſengers one after the heels of another, to call you back to the Court; and now the Mother is come from the Empereſs.

Baſh. It cannot be for any Treaſon to the State, nor to the Empereſs my Miſtreſs; nor for any Crime againſt my fellow-Servants, and Siſters; and certainly they do not take me for a wiſe *Sybel* to ask Counſel of.

Civil. They are ſpightful and envious, as fearing you ſhould

ſhould Marry the Lord *Loyalty*, who is not only one of the gallanteſt Men, but one of the greateſt in the Kingdom.

Baſh. Well, Madam, I ſhall take my leave of you for this time, and pray ſend the Lord *Loyalty* word, I am ſent for to the Court in all haſt; but I will reſt upon his favour to defend me, if I be aſſaulted, or to receive me if I be in diſtreſs. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XVI.

Enter Madam Impoveriſhed, Underward's *eldeſt Siſter*, *Monſieur* Lover, *her Ladies Brother*, *follows her.*

Mad. *Impoveriſhed.*

SIR, why do you follow me ſo?

Lover. To have you love me.

Impov. After what manner would you have me love you? as you are a worthy Perſon, or a bountiful Maſter, a kind friend, or an amorous Lover, or for a Husband?

Lover. As a Lover.

Impov. As a *Platonick* Lover, or a Carnal Lover, or an admiring, ſighing, whining Lover, or an honeſt Matrimonial Lover?

Lover. As a Carnal Lover, and by that all manner of faſhion'd Lovers, or degrees of Loves, are comprehended.

Impov. Well, apprehend me then, and know I am

only for a Matrimonial Lover, and for no other.

Lover. Do you think I will Marry my Siſters waiting Woman?

Impov. Why, am I the worſe, for being your Siſters Woman?

Lover. No, not for being my Siſters Woman, becauſe ſhe is a worthy and honourable perſon; but for being a Servant.

Impov. There are none who are not either Servants, or Slaves by Nature, Fortune, Opinion, Neceſſity, or Supream power; we are Slaves to the Pleaſure of our Sences; to the pains and ſickneſs of our Bodies; to the paſſions of our Minds; to the neceſſities of Poverty; to humane Laws; to the motions of Time; to the Conveniency of Place; to the change of Chance; to the decrees of Fate; to the frowns of Fortune: And if you are in Love with me, you are a Slave either to my Beauty, Wit, Virtue, or your own evil deſires; but thoſe, who can conquer themſelves, are the moſt free, ſince they rule their Paſſions, temper their Appetites, order their Actions, bear their Misfortunes without murmuring, endure pain patiently, fear not death, nor are weary of life; and not doing thus you may be more a Servant or Slave, then I; yet none are abſolutely free: For, although Patience, Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence, and Induſtry be as Engines or Inſtruments, which ſerve to break off ſome of our Shackles; yet they break not all our Chains; for Civility, Obligations, Duty, Huma-

Humanity, Morality, and Divinity bind us; in whic bondage we ought to remain; and not only theſe bind us, but Nature her ſelf binds us; nay, Nature her ſelf binds and enſlaves her ſelf with Rods of pain; by which we may perceive,

That it is only Death which ſets us free,
For whilſt we live we are bound to Slaverie.

Lover. But ſome are more noble Slaves then others.

Impov. No truly, for thoſe are as much enſlaved that are tyed with Golden Chains, as with thoſe of Iron; or whipt with ſilken Cords, as with thoſe of Hemp, if they are as ſtrong to reſtrain them, or ſo knotty that the ſmart may keep them in awe: But as to the matter of ſervice, I think it not only an advantage for Gentlemen and Women who have low Fortunes, to ſerve thoſe that are rich in Poſſeſſions, or great Titles, or powerful or meritorious Perſons; but they are an honour to thoſe perſons they ſerve, and ought not to be thought the worſe for ſerving of them, but to be the more eſteemed; otherwiſe, they do not only diſgrace thoſe that ſerve them; but they diſgrace themſelves by undervaluing their ſervices, as the truth is, moſt do: For Example, A Gentleman of an ancient Family, whoſe Anceſtors have been very rich, powerful and meritorious, being faln into decay, either by their too free and noble Entertainments, or by ſome misfortune, or by a numerous iſſue, which cuts and divides an Eſtate ſo often, and into ſuch ſmall parts, as it is diſperſed, and flys away like duſt, the Eſtate being

being gone before the line of ſucceſſion is ended; the iſſue of that line are enforced to ſeek their Fortunes, addreſſing themſelves to the protection and maintenance of ſome Noble Perſons, which Noble Perſons ought to prefer them according to their deſert; but put the caſe ſome have ſo much Means as to give their Sons and Daughters indifferent Portions, yet living obſcurely, not having ſuch Eſtates as to keep and entertain reſort, or to put themſelves in a publick way of living, their Children are buried in obſcurity, having not ways or a ſufficient Eſtate, to make themſelves known to the World, or the World to them; wherefore, theſe Gentlemen ſend their Sons and Daughters to ſerve Noble Men, and honourable Ladies; in which Services they learn handſome Faſhions, Graceful Behaviour, Noble Entertainments: Alſo, their Beauties are ſet out to the general view, their Wits to the general Obſervation; their Worth and Merits to the general knowledg of the chief of the Kingdom, or at leaſt, to ſome eminent perſons which take notice of them, and ſo much many times as to Marry them. As for their Sons, their Lords and Noble Maſters do often prefer them to Offices, or ſome Martial Command, if they be perſons worthy of Preferment; but if they are not preferred, yet they have Diet, Lodging, Wages, and good Company ſo long as their Lords and Noble Maſters live, and enjoy their reſpect, and eſteem; beſides, all Noble Mens Houſes are, or ſhould be ſuperintendent Courts, not only to entertain the Kingdom with Sports

and

and delights, and to teach them Civility, and courteous Behaviour; but to ſhew the Honour and Magnificence of the Kingdom, to awe others, and keep up their own Dignity, and by that the Royalty; making a difference betwixt the Peaſantry, and the Gentry; for as the Nobility depend upon the Crown, and the Crown is upheld by the Nobility, ſo the Gentry upon the Nobility, and Nobility by the Gentry; which three parts joyn'd, is the Noble half of the Kingdom; the Citizens, Yeomandry and Handicrafts-Men, or Labourers, are the other half; this half is from the Waſt downward, the other from the Waſt upward: The King is the head, the Nobles are the heart, the Gentry the Armes; the Head to direct, the Heart to aſſiſt, the Armes to defend; the *Head is the Seat of Juſtice, the Heart the Magazine of* Counſel, *the Armes the force of Power.* The other half is from the Waſt downwards, the Citizens are as the Belly which devour all, the Labourers the Feet to tranſport all; but if the Head be diſtempered with Simplicity, or diſtracted with Extravagancy, or akes with Tyranny; or the Heart ſick with Treaſon, or hot with Malice, or cold with Envy, or hath the paſſion of Covetouſneſs; or if the Armes be broke with Cowardiſe, or weak with Debauchery; the Belly ſtraight ſwells with Hydropical faction, and breaks into Rebellion; the thighs and feet become weak with Famine, and full of the ſcurvy of diſorder: Thus, if the Head be not wiſe, the Heart honeſt, the Armes ſtrong, the reſt of the Com-

mon-wealth is ſoon brought to ruine; And if the Emperor affronts the Nobility by diſrepects, or neglects; and the Nobility ſtrives to diſgrace the Gentry: Royalty, Nobility, and Gentry will ſoon fall down; Alſo, if Kings ſlight their Nobleſt Servants, and the Nobility ſlights the Right Worſhipful Servants, their own Honour and Reſpect will ſoon decay; not but that all, who are Servants, ought to do their duty to their Lords, Maſters, or Ladies, and to obey their pleaſure, or elſe they ought to loſe their Service; for all Servants owe a duty and reſpect to their Maſters, and thoſe Maſters, who do not keep and govern them to the obſervance of that duty and reſpect, ought not to be Maſters of Families, or to keep Servants.

But to return to my ſelf again; I believe you are a perſon ſo wiſe, and have ſo much worth, as neither to detract from your Siſters Services, nor to diſcredit my birth for being a Servant; 'tis true, if my Birth and Breeding, had been as low as my Fortunes, you might have rejected me as for a Wife, by reaſon the Qualities and Natures of mean Perſons are moſt commonly accordingly, having as vulgar Souls as Births; I do not ſay all but moſt, for ſometimes Merit is found in a poor Cottage, and thoſe that have noble Souls are to be preferred before thoſe of Honourable Birth; for they deſcend from the gods, whoſe Eſſence is infuſed into the pureſt Subſtance of their Nature; yet that is ſo ſeldome, that there are but few Ages that can boaſt thereof;

but

but however they have this advantage, that they are ſo much the more proſperous being unuſual; and as the Gentry are ſpurred with Ambition to maintain the Honour of their Anceſtors, by Virtuous, Noble, and Heroick Precepts, (for Gentry is derived from the root of Merit) ſo the brood of the Vulgar for the moſt part lies in the ſame litter, mire, kennel, or dunghill as their Parents did: And as I am a Gentlewoman born, and bred, although I am poor, yet I am an equal match, for any perſon, of what Dignity, Wealth, Power, or Authority whatſoever, and as I am virtuouſly Chaſt, I am not to be deſpiſed by the moſt Heroick Spirit.

Lover. If you will preach ſuch a Lecture to all my Friends, and acquaintance, and can convert them as you have done me, I will Marry thee in great Tryumph, and feaſt them all at my Wedding.

Impov. Nay, ſurely I will never buy a Husband at the charge or coſt of ſo many words, which muſt be laid out in ſo many ſeveral Diſcourſes, unleſs I knew how you would prove.

Lover. Let me tell you, I ſhall prove an excellent bargain.

Impov. I dare not take your word. *Exit.*

Monſieur Lover, *Solus.*

Lover. Well, I muſt Marry her, although thrifty diſcretion forbids the Banes. *Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE XVII.

Enter Monſieur Underward, *as being now a Widower, his Wife newly dead; and enter* Tom Diogenes *his Man.*

Tom Diogenes.

SIR, will not your Worſhip keep the Funeral-Ceremonies for my Lady, now ſhe is dead, and to have her Herſe ſtand for a Month together, to receive Condoling Viſits, and Viſiters, in a Room hung with black, and ſo many Mourners to ſit by, and you as a ſorrowful Husband at the head of the Herſe, ſeeming to weep?

Under. I cannot ſit ſo long a time.

T. Diog. Why? you need not if you will not, or cannot ſit ſo long and tedious a time; for you may hire a poor Man to ſit and mourn for you; for the Mourning Garments and Hood over the Head and Body, and the dirty Handkerchief held to the eyes, hides the perſon of the Mourner, ſo that none can tell, but that it is your ſelf.

Under. But yet I muſt impriſon my ſelf for that time; for if I ſhould go abroad, the deceit will be found out.

T. Diog. But it were better to be bound and impriſoned to your ſingle life, then to a Company of Strangers.

Under.

Under. And uſeleſs Ceremonies, *Tom.*

T. Diog. But Sir, I would adviſe you to keep it, were it but to divulge the Antiquity of your Gentility, which will be done by the Scutcheons upon the Herſe.

Under. The Expence will buy that vain glory too dear; for the very Torches that muſt be ſet about the Herſe, will coſt more then the Vanity is worth.

T. Diog. You may ſave that Expence of Torches, Sir; for blinking Lamps with a little Rape-oyl, of ſmall coſt, will ſerve, and will do much better, and are more proper to be hung in a mourning room; for ſuch Lamps look diſmal and melancholy, by reaſon of the many ſhadows they make, by their imperfect lights; beſides, when a Herſe is beſet round with great flaming Torches, the Corps ſeems as if it were in the midſt of Hell-fire.

Under. Well, go your ways, *Tom*, and give order that her Corps be carried privately unto my Country-Houſe, and then to be buried amongſt my Anceſtors; though truly I never knew her as a Wife, but in reſpect to that holy Ceremonial contract of Marriage, and honourable Names of Husband and Wife, ſhe ſhall be buried there.

T. Diog. It is a favour, Sir, that you will let her lie with your Forefathers now ſhe is dead, although you would never lie with her your ſelf, when ſhe lived; and when you die and are buried in the ſame place, if your aſhes ſhould meet, they might chance to produce Immortal Souls.

Under. Or *Platonick*-Lovers, *Tom.* *Exeunt.*

SCENE. XVIII.

Enter the Maids, *and other Court-Ladies.*

Madam *Spightful.*

I Wonder that all the Strangers that come to the Court, ſhould addreſs themſelves to Madamoiſel *Baſhful*, more then to any of the reſt! it cannot be for her Wit; and I do not ſee ſo much beauty ſhe hath to be admired.

Enter Monſieur Inſinuator, *Monſieur* La Bough, *and Monſieur* Obſerver, *Madamoiſel* Wagtail, *and Madamoiſel* Wanton.

Wagt. Lord, Gentlemen, how can you be ſo long in the Court without the ſight of Madamoiſel *Baſhful*?

Inſinu. Faith, ſhe will not let us have a ſight of her, but when ſhe comes to attend on the Empereſs.

Want. I would very fain know, whether any body ever heard her ſpeak a dozen words.

La Boug. Madam, I have heard her.

Want. And were they ſenſe, or non-ſenſe?

La Boug. Very ſencible to the ſubject ſhe ſpoke on; but ſhe ſpeaks no more then needs ſhe muſt, to keep in the ſociety of Civility. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Mother *of the* Maids:

Moth. Ladies, the Empereſs is going abroad.

Exit. SCENE

SCENE XIX.

Enter Madamoiſel Baſhful, *and meets the Lord* Loyalty *in the Preſence-Chamber.*

Lord *Loyalty.*

WEll met; let me examine you where you have been.

Baſh. I have been, my Lord, at Madam *Controverſie's* Chamber to hear the Sages diſpute.

Loyal. And which ſide carries it to day?

Baſh. Why, neither, my Lord; it is left in debate, as moſt Diſputes are.

Loyal. So it will be until Doomſday; for no queſtions concerning the gods can be reſolved, nor any Arguments proved; and if no Souls ſhould enter into the bleſſed *Elyſium*, but thoſe that muſt eat *Ambroſia*, and drink *Nectar*, and prove by reaſon what Meat and Drink it is; *Charon* might drown his Boat in the River of *Styx*; and *Melancholy* walk thoſe bleſſed fields alone by himſelf; neither ſhould Mortals ever have the Honour and Glory to be taken up into *Jove's* Manſion; *Hercules* had loſt his labour, and *Orion* had never been a Conſtellation; and ſo of the reſt of the gods: Should they impoſe that which we cannot undergo, and require that we cannot give, and expect we ſhould know that which is not to be known, or at leaſt underſtood, were not only unjuſt, but ridiculous, and agrees not

with

with the Wiſdom of the gods: Therefore Lady, let me adviſe you, never to hearken after Controverſies concerning the gods, nor to enter into any Controverſies; for all ſorts of Controverſies will diſquiet your mind, trouble your head, tire your thoughts, diſturb your reſt, divide your affairs, diſorder your Family, diſtract your life, and torment your Soul: As for Diſputes, it heats the Brain, ſpends the Spirits, breaks the Voice, wearies the Tongue, loſes Friends, makes Quarrels, and many times cauſes unnatural death.

Baſh. I ſhall take your Lordſhips Counſel.]

Loyal. I pray grant my deſire, to meet me at Madamoiſel *Civility*'s houſe.

Baſh. I ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XX.

Enter Madam Ill-favoured, *Madamoiſel* Spightful, *and Madamoiſel* Wagtail, *as being three dear Friends.*

Madam *Ill-favoured.*

HOw ſhall we compaſs to get the Company of Monſieur *Inſinuator*, Monſieur *Exceptions*, and Monſieur *Obſerver*?

Wagt. Faith, I hate their Company; for they admire none, but Madamoiſel *Baſhful.*

Ill-fav. Therefore, I would endeavour to get them into our Company, to make her jealous. *Wagt.*

Wagt. O, ſhe cares not; for ſhe ſhuns them.

Spight. Yet ſhe may be vext to ſee her Admirers neglect her.

Wagt. As ſoon as they ſee her, they will leave our Company, to go and gaze on her.

Ill-fav. No, no; for our Wit will make them our own, and I will make an Entertainment, and invite them to Supper.

Wagt. Piſh, piſh.

Ill-fav. Nay, prithee agree; and i'faith, if you will come, I will ſend for Doctor *Female*, and Maſter *Letter*; I know you love their Company well; for if you be not with us, Meſſieurs *Inſinuator*, *Obſerver*, and *Exceptions* will never come.

Wagt. Why, did you uſe to laugh at them, or diſpraiſe them?

Ill-fav. It's true, I did behind their backs, when we had other Men in our Company, and to pleaſe them we have diſparaged thoſe of our acquaintance that were not with us.

Wagt. Well, I will come to ſup with you.

Exeunt.

SCENE XXI.

Enter Tom Diogenes, *with another* Man, *his Friend.*

Man. *Tom*, how doſt thou do?

Tom. Do you ask me, how I do in my Health, Eſtate, or Content?

Man. Why, in thy Health, and Wealth; for thoſe that are Healthful and Rich, there is no doubt but they are Content.

Tom. By your leave, let me tell you, That by my Obſervations in the World, I have obſerved, that thoſe who are Healthful, very rich, and Powerful, have as troubled Minds, as thoſe that are weakly, poor, and mean; for a Slave may be more content then a great Monarch; a poor Man that eats and lives by the ſweat of his Brows, then a rich Uſurer; a Bed-ridden Man, then a Dancing Gallant; for Content and Diſcontent lives in the Mind, not in the Body, Labour, Wealth, or Power.

Man. Well, how do you both in Mind and Body?

Tom. As moſt are, ſometimes better, and ſometimes worſe.

Man. And how do you like the Court?

Tom. As the Court likes me.

Man. How is that?

Tom. Not to care whether I am in, or out; but come, we will go into the Cellar, for the Cellar-Man

is

is my great Friend, and he will make thee drink for my ſake. *Exeunt.*

Enter Monſieur Underward, *and Madam* Ill-favoured

Ill-fav. Monſieur *Underward*, when will you come to my Chamber? I can never ſee you there of late, I pray come and ſup with me to Night; there will be Madam *Spightful*, and Monſieur *Malitious*.

Under. Faith, Madam, my occaſions are ſuch, as will force my abſence, for which I could curſe my fate, that deprives me of your ſweet Company.

Ill-fav. If you will come, I will ſend for Madam *Wagtail*, and ſhe will tempt you, though I cannot; what ſay you, will you come?

Under. Madam, your Commands are ſo powerful, as they are able to force Deſtiny her ſelf. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XXII.

Enter Madam [redacted] Petitioner, *her Gentleman-Uſher, and a Waiting-Woman with her; ſhe all in Mourning as a Widow, being young and handſom.*

Madam [redacted] *Petitioner.*

WE will go no further, leſt we ſhould be turned back, with ſome affront; for Courts (they ſay) are apt to caſt diſgrace on Strangers.

Uſher. Not on one of your Quality, Madam.

Petit.

Petit. Of any Quality, if they underſtand not the Court's Garbs and Phraſes.

Enter Monſieur Underward, *and ſeeing the Lady ſtanding as in a back-Gallery, ſpeaks to her.*

Under. Madam, your Beauty deſerves to be ſhewn to the view of the World, and not to be obſcured in a black-Gallery; wherefore, your Ladiſhip had beſt go into the Preſence, where are other Beauties to entertain you.

Petit. Sir, I came not to ſhew my Beauty, had I any to ſhew; but to offer a Petition to the Emperor and his Council, if I knew how?

Under. Surely you cannot offer a Petition, and not receive a Grant; and could I do your Ladiſhip any ſervice, I ſhould think my ſelf happy; and although I live at Court, and am a Servant to the Emperor, my power is but weak; yet if you pleaſe to employ me, I ſhall ſerve you to the uttermoſt of my weak power.

Petit. Sir, I ſhall be thankful; and I will reward you to the uttermoſt of my ability.

Under. Madam, I am not Mercenary, nor do I offer my ſervice out of baſe Intereſt; I make not Petitioners my Clients to bribe me, nor do I live by ſuch rewards; but your Commands would be reward enough, and more then I have Merit to deſerve, had I power to my wiſh.

Petit. I hope I have not offended, Sir?

Under. Your Sex is ſacred, and he is not worthy

of

of the Name of a Gentleman, that thinks a Lady can offend any more then the gods; they may puniſh Offences with their Frowns, but they themſelves cannot offend by doing unjuſt acts, from whence offences do proceed.

Petit. Then, Sir, I ſhall deſire ſo much Friendſhip from you, as to let me know when the Council ſits, and to preſent me to the place.

Under. I ſhall, Madam.

Petit. If I had any body to recommend my ſuit, I make no queſtion but it would thrive the better.

Under. Madam, there is a noble perſon, one of the Emperor's Privy Council, who is both generous and juſt, and hath ſome power and favour with the Emperor; he hath been pleaſed to beſtow a civil reſpect to me, and if you pleaſe I will preſent you to him.

Petit. Sir, I ſhall be obliged to you for your favours.

Enter the Lord Loyalty, *Monſieur* Underward *goeth to him and ſpeaks to him.*

Under. My Lord, there is a Lady that deſires your Lordſhips favourable aſſiſtance about a Petition ſhe would deliver to the Emperor, and his Council; my noble Lord, I ſhall not need to plead her Cauſe; for her Beauty, and the Juſtice of her Cauſe, will plead themſelves, without the help of Rhetotick.

Loyal. Sir, it was well you put in the Juſtice of her Cauſe; for Beauty ought not to plead; for it corrupts all Mortal Judges; but Madam, if you pleaſe to make your Petition known to me, I ſhall adviſe you the beſt

I can, and ſhall be induſtrious in your ſervice; and if you pleaſe to let me wait on you into the Room before the Council-Chamber; I ſhall there beſt hear your Cauſe, and receive your Commands.

Petit. I ſhall wait on your Lordſhip.

The Lord Loyalty *takes her by the hand, and leads her out, the reſt follow.*

Enter Monſieur Obſerver *to Monſieur* Underward.

Obſerv. So *Underward*! no ſooner a rich young Widow is faln, but you ſtraight catch her up!

Under. What rich young Widow?

Obſ. As if you did not know, and have led her about from room to room this hour.

Under. Why, was ſhe a Widow which I led?

Obſerv. Why, did not you know her?

Under. No, by my troth, I knew not, whether ſhe was Wife, Widow, or Maid.

Obſerv. Then let me tell you, ſhe is one of the richeſt Widows that is in the Kingdom.

Under. That may be, and yet but poor.

Obſerv. Nay, ſhe is very rich; for ſhe was an Heir before ſhe Married, and her Husband a mighty rich Man, and hath left her a great fortune.

Under. Surely ſhe deſerves it, for ſhe ſeems of a ſweet diſpoſition, and noble nature.

Obſerv. Whether ſhe deſerve it, or not, he was bound to leave it her upon the conditions her friends made upon the Marriage; otherwiſe, I doubt he would have

left

left her poor enough, I mean as poor as he could leave her; for he and ſhe could never agree all the while they lived together; for ſhe being Married to him againſt her will, being forced by her Friends, he after he was Married grew croſs and unkind to her, as being jealous of her affection.

Under. It ſeems you are well acquainted with the Lady, and her particular affairs.

Obſerv. I am better acquainted with her affairs, then her ſelf, by the acquaintance of her Atturney.

Under. I would you were as well acquainted with her ſelf, as with her Atturney, then perchance you might have done me a Courteſie. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XXIII.

Enter two Old Court-Ladies.

First *Lady.*

HE is a very fine Gentleman, by my troth.

2 *Lady.* There hath not been a more civil, nor better behaved Courtier, a great while.

Enter Monſieur Underward, *being a Courtier.*

1 *Lady.* We were even now a talking of you.

Under. Madam, I am not a Subject worthy of your Diſcourſe.

2 *Lady.* I knew your Father, he was a worthy Gentleman, and kept a noble Houſe, gave great Entertain-

ment

ment, and I have been made very welcome there.

Under. I wiſh I had the honour and abilities to make your Ladyſhips as welcome as my Father did.

2 *Lady.* I'faith you would not make me ſo welcome, nor be ſo kind as your Father was.

Under. It ſhould be no fault in my Will, whatſoever it might in my power.

Enter Madamoiſel Wanton, *and a Maid of Honour; as ſhe enters ſhe ſings quavering, La, la, la, fa, la.*

Want. O Monſieur *Underyard!* I have been enquiring for you, of all I met with, for there is a new Play in the City, and you ſhall carry me to it; i'faith you ſhall.

Under. Madam, your Commands are ſufficient without an Oath, to ſend me any where; and I am proud of being entertained in your ſervice.

1 *Old Lady.* Fie! fie! you fond young Lady; you young Ladies ſurfet Mens affections.

Want. Faith, Madam, that is, becauſe you are Old; but if you were as young as I, or when you were as young, your fondneſs, I believe, thought Men beyond Surfets; but wanton Age envies Youths freedom: Come Monſieur let us go.

Under. Your humble Servant, Ladies.

Exeunt Underward, *and Madamoiſel* Wanton.

The Old Ladie Solæ.

1 *Lady.* Did you ever ſee one ſo young, and ſo bold?

2 *Lady.* Why, truly all Youth is ſo in this Age; there

is

is hardly a modeſt Maid to be found.

1 *Lady.* In our times it was otherwiſe; for then Maids were ſeen, and not heard.

2 *Lady.* They were ſo; but now they are heard before they are ſeen. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XXIV.

Enter Converſant *and* Obſerver *to* *Monſieur* Underward.

Monſieur *Underward.*

Converſant, I come to claim my wager, for I have won it.

Converſ. I confeſs it alſo; I confeſs I did never judge ſo weakly in my life.

Under. Faith, you were always peremptory, and as confident of your Judgment, as if you knew it would never miſs, when to my knowledg it ſeldom hits; for if you judge once right, you judge ten times falſe; and I, for once I judge falſe, I judge ten times right.

Converſ. You brag now you have won a wager by your Judgment, but I have as much wit to judge on Conjectures, Probabilities, Perſons, or Buſineſs, as you.

Under. Perchance, you have as much Wit as I, and more wiſdom then I, and far more good Nature then I; for it is your Wiſdom and good Nature, that makes you err in your Judgment; for you judge of Men and

Buſineſs according to ſence, reaſon and honeſty, as what ought to be done, or may be done, diſcreetly imagining all Men in their actions and courſe of life, to do juſtly, honeſtly, judiciouſly, and as they ought to do, ſuppoſing that they underſtand their own affairs and Employments clearly, meaſure them evenly, weigh them juſtly, and that they order all their Buſineſs properly, timely, and fitly, judging moſt Men wiſe and honeſt; whereas, I judg moſt Men Fools or Knaves; Fools, becauſe they neither conceive rightly, nor underſtand clearly, nor propound rationally, nor conclude probably, nor act prudently; or that they are Knaves, who regard neither right, truth, nor juſtice, but act all for their ſelf-intereſt, although it ſhould be to the ruine of all honeſt Men, or to the ruine of the Commonwealth, ſo it may be any advantage to themſelves: And this Obſervation of Mankind makes me for the moſt part judge right; for I obſerve, That neither Nature, nor the gods, have given all Men, no nor moſt Men, either Wiſdom or Honeſty; for Honeſty is not a general gift; and as for Wiſdom it is ſo ſcarce in the World, as not one wiſe Man is born in an age; for though there be many fortunate Men, which ſeem like wiſe Men, yet they are but of Fortunes making, and not of Truths making; for true Wiſdom is like the Elixir, it is heard of, but not known: Wherefore, good *Converſant*, Judg not moſt Men to be Wiſe and Honeſt.

Converſ. Well, hereafter I will judg all or moſt Men

to

to be Fools, or Knaves, or both; and all their actions to be againſt all ſenſe and reaſon; and whatſoever falls out happily, is the act of Fortune; and whatſoever falls out unhappily, is through Mans folly, falſhood, or ignorance.

Enter Spend-all *reading in a Paper-Book.*

Converſ. *Jove* bleſs me! *Spend-all*, can you read! or do you hold a piece of Printed paper in your hands, before your eyes, to make all the Paſſengers believe you can read?

Spend. Why, do you think I cannot read, becauſe I cannot Conſtrue a piece of *Latin*?

Converſ. It is not that you cannot Conſtrue *Latin*, but becauſe you are ſo deboiſt, that I had thought you had never looked in a Book, or any written or printed Paper, ſince you had been a School-boy.

Spend. I confeſs, I have not troubled reading much; but all the Shops, Streets, Houſes and Studies are ſo full of Pamphlets and Diurnals, as I cannot paſs by, or croud thorough them, unleſs I take up ſome to read.

Converſ. 'Tis a ſign, this Age is fill'd with lying News, or new Lyes; for in this Age, at leaſt in this Kingdom, there are many Pamphlet-Wits, and Diurnal-Hiſtories, which are moſt Lyes.

Obſerv. There are as many Declarations and Petitions, as there are Pamphlets and Diurnals, which ſhews there be Eloquent Orators, that can make Eloquent Declarations and Petitions.

Spend.

Spend. 'Tis true; but as for their Declarations, they have for the moſt part one ſtile, and much after one and the ſame way, only ſome words altered, according to the preſent ſubject; and as for their Petitions, the Wit of a whole County, or the whole Wit of a County is joyned to make one Petition.

Obſerv. I confeſs, that half a ſheet of Paper, at moſt a whole ſheet, is as large as their Wit will reach; wherefore, it would be very ill fortune, if they were not good, ſince they are ſo ſhort.

Converſ. But ſome Hiſtorians will gather them together, and make a great ſwell'd Hydropical Hiſtory of them. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XXV.

Enter Madam Ill-favoured, *and Madamoiſel* Wagtail.

Madam *Ill-favoured.*

FAith, *Wagtail*, I have been expecting you this half hour; yet I perceive you are not always as good as your word.

Wagt. Faith, I could not help it; for the Ducheſs of *Amors* ſent me to ſeek out the Duke of *Noeland*, to tell him ſhe was gone to Madam *la Gravities* Chamber.

Ill-fav. And did you find him?

Wagt. Yes, I met him coming from the Emperor.

Enter

Enter Madamoiſel Tell-tale, *and Madam* Spightful.

Ill-fav. Madamoiſel *Tell-tale*, prithee for *Jupiter*'s ſake run to the Ducheſs, and tell her I heard her Lord enquire for her; and 'twas told him ſhe was ſeen going to Madam *la Gravities* Lodging; for if her Husband finds her and the Duke of *Noeland* together, he will frown; wherefore, prithee run: Tell-tale *runs out.*

Although on my Conſcience he hath no reaſon to ſuſpect them.

Spight. No, but our Husbands are jealous Men, and very miſtruſtful. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XXVI.

Enter Tom Diogenes, *and another Man.*

Man. Tom, I hear thy Maſter is Married again to a very rich Lady.

Tom. Yes, Faith; Fortune hath been a better Friend to my Maſter, then the Court of *Wards*.

Man. Now thy Maſter hath ſuch great fortune, thou may'ſt grow rich.

Tom. No, Faith, for when my Maſter Married his firſt *Wife*, he was ſo poor he had nothing to give me, and now he hath Married a rich Wife, I fear he will grow ſo covetous, as he will not part with any thing.

Man. But rich Men uſe to be free and liberal.

Tom. O no, for Men are bountiful, when they have

nothing to give, but ſparing when they have ſomething to keep. *Exeunt.*

SCENE XXVII.

Enter Monſieur Underward, *and* Tom Diogenes *his Man.*

what ſolemn was written by my Lord Duke

Tom Diogenes.

IF I may be ſo bold, Sir, I wonder your Worſhip will leave the Court?

Under. Nay, *Tom*, the Court leaves me.

Tom. I dare anſwer for the Court, it will never leave your Worſhip as long as you have a peny; and when you have nothing, then 'tis time to leave you i'faith.

Under. Wherefore, *Tom*, I will leave it whilſt I have pence.

Tom. Where will you find ſo kind Friends in the Country? Courtiers will ſo ſmile on you to your face!

Under. And laugh at me behind my back.

Tom. In your preſence, what ſugar'd words they will give you?

Under. And in my abſence, what wormwood and gall?

Tom. How they will imbrace you?

Under. And when they are from me, kick at my name.

Tom. Nay, they will kiſs you.

Under. A *Judas*-kiſs, to betray me.

Tom.

Tom. And when they ſee you, clap their hands for joy, a plaudite of welcome.

Under. When out of ſight, out of Mind; or elſe like Snakes to hiſs me from their Stage.

Tom. Nay, they will whiſper in your ear Court-Secrets.

Under. Though there be none.

Tom. And they will almoſt ſoftly ſpeak Treaſon in your ear.

Under. Yes, and afterwards ſwear, that it was I ſpoke it unto them.

Tom. Well Sir, for my part I never ſaw kinder people in my life.

Under. VVhen they uſe you kindeſt, then look to your ſelf, for then they have deceiv'd, or mean to deceive you; all is Intereſt and particular End, that is all the kindneſs and friendſhip they have.

Tom. Intereſt is well, if they pay that, for they are never able to pay the Principal; but I aſſure your Worſhip if they give me good words to my face, I care not what they do when they are gone; back-biters are but back-ſnarlers: But where will your VVorſhip have ſuch fine Clothes, *a la mode* Feathers, Miſtreſſes, gilt Coaches, Pages, Lacquies, Powders, Perfumes, Maskes, Playes, Balls, and a thouſand ſuch like Recreations? and in VVinter time ſitting with a particular Lady upon a fine *French* bed by dim Candle light, having ſuch ſweet Converſation after ſighing, groaning,

groaning, profeſſing and proteſting with Lovers tears, and all for Loves Epilogue, which ſhe longs for as much as you, though ſhe makes it nice with tricks of Loves diſſembling; and will you loſe all theſe fine ſports for catching birds in the Country, or killing a timerous Hare.

Under. For all your Court-delights, I'le have none, for in one day in the Country, live more harmleſs joys, then in years at Court, which heap up Alps of trouble.

Tom. VVell, it is your VVorſhips pleaſure to go into the Country, and be Melancholy, converſing with Beaſts, Birds, and Trees, and to leave theſe Court-pleaſures for your rich Heir.

VVhere what is left, he means to ſpend it,
And in high Pleaſure there will end it.

VVherefore, had not your VVorſhip better take your pleaſure your ſelf? for after a Prodigal, comes a good Husband; for he is neceſſitated to it; and after a good Husband a Prodigal; for he is obliged to it; like the VVeather, after fair comes foul, and after foul, fair: VVherefore, I beſeech your VVorſhip for the good of your Family, ſpend moſt you have, and you ſhall have Pleaſure to boot.

Under. No Sir, I am reſolved of my Courſe.

Tom. The more is the pity, that good Counſel will not be taken, when it is ſo prudently given; but Gentlemen will run on to their ruin, I ſee it, the gods help them! for they will never be adviſed nor counſelled,

ſelled; but I beſeech your Worſhip here upon my Knees, that you will be pleaſed to ſpend moſt of your Eſtate for the good of your Poſterity; alas Sir! when you leave your Heir in the Golden waves of Riches, in the vaſt Seas of good Fortune up to the Chin, leſt he ſhould be drown'd in the deluge of Happineſs; alas! Sir, he will ſtrive to ſwim, and then look you here, ſwimming he throws your Gold on that ſide, and on this ſide, with his hands and arms, and kicks your Gold with his legs, thighs, and feet, on that ſide and on this ſide, and all to ſave himſelf from drowning in this whirlpool of Proſperity; wherefore, I beſeech your Worſhip to leave as little as you can, for the good of your Houſe.

Under. You are a Fooll, Children are but excuſes for Covetouſneſs; for it is ſtill for ones own ſake, that Men do every thing as the heat of humour and paſſion leads them; for I have known more covetous old Batchellors and childiſh Men, then any that have been Married, and had many Children; and let my Heir ſpend it in God's Name, for he cannot take more pleaſure in ſpending of it, then I in getting of it; and therefore you Puppy, let us go.

Exit Monſieur Underward, Tom *Solus.*

Tom. My Maſter leads me, for now I am his Puppy; but if my Maſter were blind, I would lead him; and be his Dog.

SCENE XXVIII.

Enter Monſieur Underward, *his two* Brothers, *and two* Siſters.

Monſieur Underward.

BRothers and Siſters, I ſent for you, to invite you to my Wedding-feaſt, and alſo to come home and live with me; and ſince Heaven hath ſent me a rich Wife, I will juſtly perform my Fathers will, and give thoſe Portions he did allot for you.

Impoveriſhed. Brother, as Heaven hath given you a rich and beautiful Wife, ſo Heaven hath given me a rich and gallant Man to my Husband, for I am Married to Monſienr *Lover*, my Lady's Brother.

2 *Brothers.* And we will go a Wooing, and try if Fortune will give us rich Wives.

Younger Siſt. I have neither Heaven, nor Fortune to my Friend; for Fortune did place me ill, and cauſed my honeſt induſtry and faithful ſervice to be rewarded with ſharp words, and cruel blows; Heaven hath forſaken Innocency, and left it to ſuffer diſgrace.

She Weeps.

Under. Be patient Siſter, I will either recover your Honour, or deſtroy your Enemy, or die my ſelf.

Enter Monſieur Jealouſie, *the younger Siſter's Servant.*

Jealouſ. O Miſtreſs, forgive me, and take me into your favour again, or I die.

Young.

Young. Sist. I can forgive you, but never love you more.

Jealouſ. Marry me, and then try to love afterwards.

Young. Sist. I ſhall not dare to Marry a Man that ſhall, or can have any ſuſpition of me, unleſs my actions prove me falſe and wicked.

Jealouſ. Dear Sister, ſpeak for me, I confeſs my fault, repent, ask pardon, and promiſe never to do ſo again.

Under. What ſay you, Brothers, may we in honour perſwade ~~our ſelves to have~~ our Sifter Marry this Gentleman, and receive him into our Family?

Jealouſ. Gentlemen, the greateſt Sins repented of, Heaven pardons.

2 *Brothers.* Brother, this Gentleman is nobly born, honourably bred, hath a great Eſtate, and is a proper Man.

Under. Well, I perceive, Brothers, you are for him; Sir, I will try all the power of an Elder Brother, to perſwade her not only to Marry you, but to love you, which I am very confident ſhe will, being vertuous and good natur'd, and will love you as well, if not better then ever ſhe did.

Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE XXIX.

Enter Monſieur Underward, *and* Tom Diogenes *his Man.*

What follows was written by my Lord Duke

Tom Diogenes.

I Beſeech your Worſhip to give me leave once more to adviſe you from the Country; alaſs Sir, will you change your Organ for a Bag-pipe, your Harpſichord, for a Cymbal; your Viol, for a Country Fiddle, or a *Welſh* Croud; a grave *Iriſh* Harp, with the Harper that ſees what he doth, for a blind Harper with Cats-guts that whirles in the noſe, as if it had the Pox; or a *Spaniſh Gythar*, to play a *Saraband a la mode*; with Knacking *Caſtagnetas* for a Country *Gythar*, that ſounds like a Tub; and your rare *Italian* ſongs with Trilloes for *Lancelot du Lake*, a *Carole*, or a Waſſel-bowl Song, with ſome edifying Ballets; and will you change your Corrants, Sarabands and Bralles, for *Scotch* Jiggs, Hornpipes and Rounds? look before you leap, I beſeech your Worſhip.

Under. It is all in vain, good *Tom*; for I am reſolved your twinkling device ſhall not ſtay me.

Tom. But pray hear an old Servant; will you change a *Spaniſh Olia*, for boil'd Beef and Cabbage? a *French* Bisk for Brewis with Beef-broth or buttered Eggs with hot Pepper upon them? and all the Dainties of Sea or Pond-Fiſh, for a Dace or a Gougeon in the Country,

and

and all Curioſity of Dreſſing ſo Metamorphoſed as you ſhall not know what you eat? and for fruit, change your Muſmelons for a Pompion? your moſt curious Sallads for Onions and Garlick? all your choice Fruits for Crabs? and all your Confectionaries for ſtarcht Carrowaies, or purging Comfits, becauſe you buy them of Country Apothecaries? I beſeech your Worſhip have ſome mercy of your ſelf, and leave not the delicious Wines, and the ſweet juice of Grapes for ſtrong Darby-Ale, fah! how it ſmells of the Malt, for they put no Water to it, nothing but ſqueezed Malt, Sir, which inflames the Country Noſes.

Under. Tom, I do not taſt your advice by no means, no not at all.

Tom. Sir, I muſt be bold ſtill to put you in mind not to leave the Court: *Will* you change your ſweet *Spaniſh* Gloves, for Dogs Leather-Gloves in the Country, that ſmell of the dreſſing? your *Spaniſh* Perfumes for choaking Juniper? your Jeſſamin and Orange-Flowers, for a Poſie of Dock-leaves, Dayſies and Thime; and your ſweet Pomander, for an Orange ſtuck with Cloves, for a Token to your Dairy-Maid? ſweet Powder, for the duſt of a Country High-way, to put you in mind of your Mortality, duſt to duſt? Good Sir, think of it, be kind to your ſelf.

Under. Tom, I ſmell out your advice to be none of the beſt Counſel.

Tom. One word more, I beſeech your Worſhip: Will you change your fine Damask Linnen for Country Huſwives Cloth, to rub off your Worſhips fine skin? it may pleaſure thoſe that have the Itch: Or will you leave touching the ſmooth Billiard-balls, to handle Nettles? or the Cold or Chryſtal balls, for Fus-balls in the Country? and to leave the glorious apparel'd Lady for a Waſtcoatier in the Country? the Ladies ſilk-Stockins, for Woollen-Stockins in the Country? rich Garters and Roſes, for Garters of Liſt of Cloth? rich laced Shoos for wet-Leather-Shoos tyed with points? imbroider'd rich Satin Petticoats for Stamel-Petticoats, perfumed too much with the natural Titillation? either this will ſtay your Worſhip, or nothing; if this take not I am in diſpair.

Under. Good *Tom*, it doth not touch upon me at all; but prithee ſince thou art ſuch a Clown, what makes thee love the Court ſo?

Tom. Troth, I'le tell you Sir; I am as it were given a little to idleneſs; wherefore, I find it the fitteſt place for me in the World, Sir; beſides, Sir, with his Majeſties loyal Subjects, and falſe Officers below Stairs, I can be drunk when I will at his Majeſties charge, of the beſt Wine; and being provident, and having the diſeaſe of good fellowſhip upon me, being a poor Man, it would undo me, Sir, and eat me out of Houſe and Home; but Providence is above all things, it diſtinguiſhes betwixt the wiſe Men, and the Fools.

Under.

Under. Come, *Tom*, there is ſomething elſe in it, that makes thee ſo earneſt.

Tom. No indeed, Sir, nothing to ſpeak of.

Under. But there is, and therefore tell me.

Tom. Truly then, (*under the Roſe,*) the Mother of the Maids ſends me often about her moſt ſerious and important Buſineſs, and caſts ſuch a loving eye at me; ſaying, Sweet *Tom*, I do ſo trouble thee, but as thou loves me, fetch me a quart of Milk, or ſo, to make a Poſſet; and giving me ſuch a loving Nip with her hand, ſaying, Sweet *Tom*, go: Now your Worſhip knows not what this may come to, I being a lazie fellow and pritty handſom, and ſhe a virtuous Lady, we may commit Matrimony, who knows? and with her Motherly care, and my Fatherly duty, we may do your Worſhip a pleaſure, one way or other.

Under. You flatter your ſelf, *Tom.*

Tom. No Sir, ſhe flatters me.

Under. I thought there was another deadly Sin in it.

Tom. Truly, Sir, I find my ſelf very Gentleman-like of late, ſo as I mean to have the other five deadly Sins.

Under. You are a Fool, *Tom.*

Tom. O ſweet Mother!

The ACTORS NAMES in the *Preſence.*

Two Gentlemen.

Monſieur { *Converſant,* *Obſervant,* *Mode,* *Spend-all,* } Courtiers.

Princeſs and her *Governeſs.*

Madamoiſel { *Wagtail,* *Self-conceit,* *Wanton.* *Quick-wit,* *Baſhful,* } Gentlewomen.

The Mother of the *Maids.*

Fool.

Monſieur *Wedlock.*

The Sayler.

A Jayler.

The Interlocutors Names in the *Scenes* join'd to the *Preſence*

Monſieur *Buyer.*

Monſieur *Seller.*

Monſieur. *Underward,* and *Diogenes* his Man.

Monſieur *Underward's* Brothers and Siſters.

Two Gentlemen.

Madam *Civility.*

The Lord *Loyalty,* a Courtier.

Madam { *Ill-favourd,* *Spightful,* *Controverſie,* *Ill-natur'd.* } Court-Ladies.

Madam *Impoveriſh'd,* Monſieur *Underwards* eldeſt Siſter

A younger Siſter of his, and Monſieur Jealouſie her Servant.

Monſieur *Lover, Servant to* Madam *Impoveriſhed.*

Madam *Petitioner, and a Gentleman-Uſher.*

Two Old Court-Ladies.

The Bridals.

A COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Monſieur Take-pleaſure *and Monſieur* Adviſer, *and meet Monſieur* Facil.

Monſieur Adviſer.

Onſ. *Facil*, Where have you been ſo early this morning, abroad?

Facil. I have been at Church, to ſee a young Virgin and a Batchellor married to day.

Take-pleaſ. How do you know ſhe is a Virgin?

Facil. By her modeſt Countenance.

Take-pleaſ. Faith, Women have more modeſty in

their countenance, then in their natures; wherefore you may be deceived by her countenance; for Womens countenances, like falſe glaſſes, make their minds appear fairer then they are; for a modeſt countenance may have a wanton mind.

Facil. But this Brides countenance was ſo modeſt, I wiſh that I had been her Bridegroom.

Adviſer. Would you have married her only for her modeſt countenance?

Facil. Yes, for a modeſt countenance is the greateſt Beauty in my eye.

Adviſer. Faith, that Beauty never laſts above a day, nay, an hours acquaintance fadeth it, two hours wither it, and in three hours it is quite vaniſh'd away.

Facil. Some Women have modeſt countenances and natures all their life-time.

Adviſer. Their life muſt be very ſhort, if it laſt no longer then their modeſty: 'Tis true, Women have feigned modeſty, but not real modeſty; for they put on modeſty, as they do paint, the one to make them appear fairer, the other to make them appear chaſter then they are.

Facil. You do not deſerve either a modeſt, or chaſt Woman.

Adviſer. Faith, I hate both modeſty and chaſtity in Women; for modeſty and chaſtity are enemies to the Maſculine Sex, and worſe then a Cloiſter, as being more reſtraint.

Facil.

Facil. Well, leaving Modeſty, Chaſtity and Cloiſters, will you go to the Bridal-Houſe?

Adviſer. Yes, for I believe there will be liberty and choice.

Facil. There will be two choice Brides.

Take-pleaſ. Why, hath one Man married two Women?

Facil. No, but two Men have married two Women; for there are two Brides and two Bridegrooms.

Adviſer. It had been better that one Bridegroom had two Brides, for then he might have ſpar'd one for a Friend.

Facil. It had not been better for you, unleſs you had been that Friend to receive that Courteſie.

Takepleaſ. I would have endeavour'd with all the Rhetorick I have, and all the Proteſtations I could make, and all the Oaths I could ſwear, to make him believe I was his Friend, that he might be my Friend.

Facil. Come, come, they would have done thee no ſervice.

Adviſer. But I might have done him ſervice, at leaſt to his ſpare-Bride; but who are thoſe that are Married?

Facil. Sir *John Amorous*, to the Lady *Coy*; and Sir *William Sage*, to the Lady *Vertue*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Long-life, *and* Mr. Aged.

Aged. Mr. *Longlife*, I am glad to ſee you look ſo well, and that you are ſtrong and luſty.

Longl. So am I to ſee you ſo, good Maſter *Aged.*

Aged. I thank God, though I am old, I feel no ſtitches.

Longl.

Longl. Beſhrew me, I feel ſome ſtitches now and then

Aged. O! that is nothing, for the youngeſt and ſtrongeſt Man of them all, will feel ſtitches ſometimes.

Longl. I rather wiſh the young Men did feel them, then I, for they are better able to endure them; but what News do you hear Mr. *Aged?*

Aged. Faith, none that is good, or that is worth the hearing.

Longl. It is a ſign the times are bad, the times are bad.

Aged. Men are ſo evil, Mr. *Longlife*, that the times muſt needs be ſo.

Longl. The times were better when we were young.

Aged. We thought them ſo, being young; for young Men have not much experience, nor long acquaintance of the World; they endeavour to know, and be acquainted with the Vices in the World, though not the Vertues.

Longl. Faith, Vertue is rather talked of, then known, at leaſt then practiſed.

Aged. Indeed Men preach Vertue, but practiſe Vice.

Longl. 'Tis ſuch old Men as we are, that are the Preachers, and young Men the Practitioners.

Aged. Yes, evil young Men ſay, That old Men preach Vertue, when they are paſt practiſing Vice.

Longl. Indeed young Men deſpiſe old Men's Counſels and Advice, and will believe nothing they ſay, untill they live to be old themſelves, and then they ſee their paſt-follies, and think themſelves only wiſe, becauſe they are old.

Aged.

Aged. Then all Men think themſelves wiſe, if young Men think themſelves wiſer then old Men, and old Men think themſelves wiſer then young Men.

Longl. 'Tis true, they do ſo; and the ſame way Men think other Men Fools; for young Men think old Men Fools, and old Men think young Men Fools.

Aged. Nay, old Men do more then think young Men Fools, for they know young Men are Fools; for 'tis impoſſible they can be wiſe, for wiſdom is not born with Men, nor left to Men as Inheritances are.

Longl. No By'rlady, they muſt be bound Apprentices to Time, and ſerve Time many years, before they can be wiſe Men.

Aged. Well, let us leave fooliſh young Men to Time, and let you and I go take the freſh air for Health.

Longl. With all my heart, let us go. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Brides and Bridegrooms, and all the Bridal Gueſts, Sir Mercury, Poet *one of the Bride-Men, and the Lady* Fancy *one of the Bride-Maids, that helps to lead one of the Brides to the Church.*

Adviſer. Gentlemen *Bridegrooms*, we muſt rifle your Brides of their Bride-Garters.

Sir *J. Amorous.* If it be the cuſtom, I ſubmit.

Sage. But I will not agree to ſuch an uncivil cuſtom, for no man ſhall pull off my Wives Garters, unleſs it be my ſelf.

Vertue. We have pull'd off our Garters already, and therefore if theſe Batchellor-Gentlemen, will have them, we will ſend for them.

Facil. Pray Ladies let us have them, for the Bride-Garters are the young Batchellors fees.

Courtly. Since we muſt not rifle for their Garters, let us caſt Dice for them.

Takepleaſ. Content.

M. *Mediator.* The Bridegrooms points being our fees, therefore we muſt rifle for the points.

Sir *W. Sage.* If you pleaſe Ladies, we are ready to be rifled.

The Women offer to take off the Points, but Lady Vertue *hinders them.*

Vertue. Ladies, pray ſtay, for it is the cuſtom, not to unpoint the Bridegrooms, until they be ready to go to bed.

Sir *W. Sage.* I am ready to go to Bed, if the Ladies pleaſe.

One of the Female-Gueſts.

No, we will ſtay till Night.

Exeunt all, only two of the Ladies.

1 *Lady.* The Lady *Coy* is one of the moſt modeſt and baſhful Brides that ever I ſaw; in ſo much, as ſhe is aſhamed to look upon her Bridegroom.

2 *Lady.* Some of her modeſty ought to be reſerved, or elſe ſhe will have none left for to morrow.

1 *Lady.* Why, doth Modeſty waſt like a Watch-candle, in a night?

2 *Lady.* Yes, faith, it is a light that ſoon goes out, or rather a ſhadow that ſoon vaniſhes.

1 *Lady.*

1 *Lady.* Then the Lady *Vertue* has no ſhadows, for ſhe appears neither baſhful, nor bold; but ſhe is both in her Behaviour and Countenance like a Bridal-Gueſt, rather then a Bride. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Brides, Bridegrooms, and all their Bridal-Gueſts, Men and Women.

Sir John Amorous.

PRay let us not dance, but go to bed.

M. *Mediator.* That will be an injury to your Bridal-Gueſts, to rob them of their Mirth and Muſick, by going to bed ſo ſoon.

L. *Vertue.* No, Ladies, we will dance; Muſick, play.

The Muſick plays, and they dance; Sir John Amorous *kiſſes his Bride, and Courts her with ſmiles and amorous looks.*

Sir *W. Sage.* Gentlemen, and Ladies, for Heavens ſake, have mercy upon two languiſhing Bridegrooms, and leave off dancing for this time.

M. *Mediator.* Have I found you out, Sir *William Sage*!

Sir *W. Sage.* I was never hid, Madam.

M. Mediator. Yes, but you were; for now I perceive you would go to bed with your Bride.

Sage.

Sage. I ſhall not need to obſcure my deſires, Madam, for it is lawful for any Man to lie with his own wife.

Mediator. You are a Wag, you are a Wag, Sir *William.*

Sage. No Madam, for to be a Wag, is to be unſeaſonably wanton, which I am not.

Amorous. Faith, this Dancing is unſeaſonable, therefore fair Ladies, attend the fair Brides to bed.

Female Gueſts. Come, Lady *Coy*, we will help to undreſs you.

Coy. No truly, but you ſhall not, for I will not go to bed.

They ſeem earneſt to have her to bed, and ſhe to ſtay.

Sage. What is the matter, Ladies, will not you let our Brides go to bed?

Female Gueſts. We deſire to wait on them, and to help to undreſs them, but the Lady *Coy* will not go to bed.

Sage. Then pray go with my Bride.

One of the Ladies. Yes, if ſhe pleaſe to go to bed.

Sage. Wife will not you go to bed?

Vertue. Yes, if you pleaſe to have me.

Sage. 'Tis my deſire.

Exit Lady Vertue, *and ſome of the Ladies with her:* Sir John Amorous *comes and kiſſes his Bride.*

Amorous. Pray go to Bed.

Coy. Pray let me ſtay here.

Adviſer. Faith, ſhe would be carried to bed; carry your Wife to bed, Sir *John Amorous.* *Amo-*

Amorous. Not againſt her will, although againſt her conſent.

Adviſer. In words you mean.

Amorous. Come, Sweet-heart, I will uſher you into your Chamber.

Exit Sir John Amorous, *leading his Bride, who ſeems very unwilling to go, all the Company goeth with them, only* Adviſer *and* Facil *ſtay;* Facil *fetches a ſigh.*

Facil. O how happy a man is Sir *John Amorous*! and how unhappy a man am I!

Adviſer. Perchance two days hence, Sir *J. Amorous* will think himſelf as unhappy, as you think your ſelf now, for a great ſurfeit is as bad as a ſharp hunger. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter the Lady Vertue *as in her Chamber, with ſome other female Gueſts; ſhe ſeems to undreſs her ſelf.*

Lady *Vertue.*

PRay Ladies help to undreſs me.

M. *Mediator.* That we will.

They unpin her Gorget.

M. *Mediator.* Shall we fling the Stockins when you and your Bridegroom are a bed?

L. *Vertue.* Yes, if you pleaſe, Ladies.

M. *Mediator.* And ſhall we break the Bride-Cake over your head?

L. *Vertue.* I muſt intreat you to omit that cuſtom, as alſo ſetting a Sack-poſſet upon the bed; for the crumbs of Cake and drops of Poſſet, will be very ill bed-fellows; beſides, it is not a cleanly Cuſtom; but I have given order that all ſuch Junkets ſhall be provided for you in another room, to make you merry, when I and my Husband are a bed.

M. *Mediator.* So I perceive, you will ſend us away, as ſoon as you can.

L. *Vertue.* I'le leave your ſtaying, or going away, to your own diſcretion. *Enter a Maid-Servant.*

Servant. Madam, your Bridegroom hath ſent to know, whether you be in Bed.

L. *Vertue.* I ſhall be in a ſhort time, tell him: Come Ladies, let us go into the Bed-chamber. *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir John Amorous, *and his Bride, with the reſt of the Female-Gueſts.*

Sir *J. Amorous.* Ladies, I ſhall leave my Bride with you, to help her to bed. *Exit Sir* J. Amorous.

M. *Mediator.* Come, Lady *Coy*, to morrow you will be Lady *Amorous.*

1 *Lady.* Why, do Wives never take their Husbands name till the day after Marriage?

M. *Mediator.* No, for the firſt day, they neither are called by their own, nor their Husbands name; but are

called

called Brides, as an Interlude between both.

2 *Lady.* Come, come, undreſs the Bride.

M. *Mediator.* That we will ſoon do.

L. *Coy.* I will not be undreſt.

1 *Lady.* What, Lady, will you lie in your Clothes?

M. *Mediator.* If ſhe will lie in her Clothes, it will neither be eaſie, convenient, nor cleanly; but come, come, Lady we will undreſs you.

They offer to undreſs her, but ſhe puts them back.

L. *Coy.* I will not be undreſt.

M. *Mediator.* Lady, give me leave to ask you, whether you married your Gown or your Perſon to your Husband?

L. *Coy.* My Perſon.

M. *Mediator.* Then pull off your Gown, and go unclothed to bed.

L. *Coy.* I would undreſs me, but I am aſhamed to lie with a Man.

M. *Mediator.* That ſhame is very unneceſſary at this time; wherefore caſt it off with your Clothes.

L. *Coy.* I am afraid to lie by a Man.

M. *Mediator.* That fear is an effeminate fear, and will not laſt long; wherefore undreſs, undreſs, for Loves ſake.

L. *Coy.* I muſt go, and ſay my Prayers firſt.

M. *Mediator.* Faith, *Jove* will diſpence, with a Bride one night; the truth is, Bridal-Prayers are irreligious.

Enter a Maid in haſt.

Maid. Here comes the Bridegroom and all the Gentlemen attending him.

L. *Coy.*

L. *Coy.* O! ſhut the door, ſhut the door, for *Jupiters* ſake.

The Scene to ſhut the door, the Men *knock.*

Adviſer. Open the Door, and let the Bridegroom in.

M. *Mediator.* He cannot come as yet, the Bride's not a bed.

Sir *J. Amorous.* Let me come in, or I'le break open the door.

L. *Coy.* O keep him out, or I ſhall die for fear.

1 *Lady.* You ſhall not come, until we pleaſe.

Facil. Let us come, or we will enter by force.

1 *Lady.* You ſhall not, for we will defend the breach.

Courtly. With what? with what?

2 *Lady.* With our Tongues and Armes.

Courtly. Your Tongues are pointleſs and edgleſs, and your Armes are weak defences.

M. *Mediator.* You ſhall find them otherwiſe; but pray Sir *J. Amorous* carry away your unruly Regiment, and we will promiſe you upon our words, and honours, that as ſoon as the Bride is in Bed, we will come to you and give you notice, then uſher you into the Bride-bed, with Epithalamiums.

Sir *J. Amorous.* Upon condition that you will be ſpeedy; I will depart.

Ladies. We will, we will: Come Lady *Coy* to bed, to bed, for ſhame. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Sir William Sage, *with all the Gedtlemen, his Bridal-Gueſts, paſſing over the Stage, and going away again; after them comes Sir* John Amorous, *as going to bed in his Night-Gown,* Madam Mediator *and the Ladies uſher him, and when he paſſes, this* Epithalamium *is ſung.*

Epithalamium.

Now at the Door
You'l ſtand no more,
But enter the Bridal-bed:
Where you will prove
The Sweets of Love
With God Hymen's *banquet fed.*

Then Noble Knight
Put out the Light,
Her flaming Eyes will guide you;
And in her Armes
Thoſe Circled Charmes
In Wedlock's Iſlands hide you.

Now all the joyes
Of Girles and Boyes,
Of ſweeter pledges ſend you,
And know no ſtrife
Twixt Man and Wife,
But all the Bleſſings ſend you.

Exeunt.

Enter Madam Fancy, *and Sir* Mercury *Poet, coming out of the Bridal-Chamber together.*

Mercury. Madam *Fancy* do not you wiſh to be a Bride, and that this night were your Wedding night?

Fancy. I ſhould be well content to be a Bride, and to have a Wedding day, conditionly the day would laſt to the end of my life; but miſtake me not, I mean for the length of the day, not ſhortneſs of life.

Mercury. I perceive you would have no ſleeping time.

Fancy. You miſtake, I would have no Wedding night. *Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Facil *and* Adviſer.

Adviſer.

BUt are you ſeriouſly in love with the Lady *Coy*, the now Lady *Amorous?*

Facil. Yes ſeriouſly, but I may deſpair I ſhall never compaſs my deſires.

Adviſer. Faith, it is not probable you ſhould obtain them, but yet you had beſt try.

Facil. That were but to plunge my ſelf deeper into an unfortunate love.

Adviſer. But a wiſe Man will omit no induſtry to compaſs his deſires, neither do the Gods aſſiſt idle and cowardly Men.

Exit

Facil. But ſhe is not only new Married, but ſo guarded with Modeſty and Vertue, as unlawful love cannot get audience, much leſs a favour.

Adviſer. Faith, if I were you, I would try in deſpite of her Modeſty and Vertue.

Facil. I dare not.

Adviſer. Fie! a Lover and a Coward! when the worſt is but to be denied; but yet I would take many denials, before I would deſiſt of my Suit; and if you do not purſue it, you partly deny your ſelf.

Facil. How ſhould I make my love known unto her?

Adviſer. By ſome Lady confident, or ſhe-ſervant Favourite; as alſo by Complemental Letters, and Love-Verſes made in her praiſe; beſides, making Balls and Collations to entertain her.

Facil. I'le take your Counſel.

Enter Mimick *in haſt.*

Adviſer. But ſtay, here comes *Mimick* the Lady *Amorous* Fool, who will be the fitteſt of all for this Employment; I'le ſpeak to him: Stay, ſtay, honeſt friend, and let us ſpeak a word or two.

Mimick goes on in haſt.

Mimick. God be with you, Sir.

Adviſer. But will not you ſtay, a word or two?

Mimick. Sir, I have ſtay'd twice two, that is four; nay by the Maſs it was ſix at leaſt; for you have asked me twice to ſtay, till you ſpeak a word or two, and a word, and a word, and two and two is ſix, by my Cal-

Calculation; and if you ſpeak a word and two more, it will make three times three, that is juſt nine, the Golden Number, if I be not miſtaken.

Adviſer. You are right, friend.

Mimick. A right friend is a great friend, and a great friend is a good friend; and ſo God be with you, Sir.

Adviſer. Nay ſtay and tell me, are not you the Lady *Amorous* Mimick?

Mimick. No truly, Sir, I am the Lady *Vertue*'s Mimick, and the Lady *Amorous* Fool.

Adviſer. What, do you ſerve both the Ladies?

Mimick. I am at both the Ladies ſervice, Sir; God help me and give me Grace to pleaſe them well.

Adviſer. Thou art an honeſt fellow.

Mimick. But an honeſt fellow cannot ſerve two Miſtreſſes, the more the pity!

Adviſer. But you may ſerve this Gentleman, and he will ſerve thee; for if thou will but conveigh Letters, or can any way bring him to the private ſpeech of the Lady *Amorous*, he will reward you bountifully.

Mimick. I like the reward well; but I do not ſerve the Lady *Amorous*, but the Lady *Vertue*; but ſhe being my Ladies Friend, and her Maid my Friend, I ſhall do my endeavour to deſerve his gifts. *Exit Mimick.*

Adviſer. Faith, I doubt not, but our deſign will go on well.

Facil. I wiſh it may.

Exit

Exit Facil *at one door, and* Adviſer *at another, who meets* Take-pleaſure *as in haſt.*

Adviſer. Whether away ſo faſt, *Take-pleaſure?*

Take-pleaſ. I am going to a Company of Ladies that have ſent for me.

Adviſer. Let me go with you; for one Man can never pleaſe a company of Ladies; and ſurely it ſeems they are in great diſtreſs, otherwiſe they would not have ſent for you in ſuch haſt.

Take-pleaſ. Not ſent for me! why, what do you think of me?

Adviſer. Why, I think you are a good fellow, and love a Miſtreſs well; but I do not think you the Grand Signior.

Take-pleaſ. If I were, you ſhould not come near my Seraglio.

Adviſer. But let me go with thee to theſe Ladies, for they are not in a Seraglio, nor never will be; they love their liberty ſo well.

Take-pleaſ. I am content, upon condition, you do not ſo much as look upon thoſe Ladies I court.

Adviſer. But how if theſe Ladies look upon me?

Take-pleaſ. Yes, there is the miſchief; therefore you ſhall not go.

Adviſer. But if you let me go, I'le promiſe you, I'le wink to thoſe Ladies that look on me.

Take-pleaſ. Winking is more dangerous then if you ſhould plainly woo them; for winking is a kind of

Wooing, and will win a Lady as ſoon as words will do.

Adviſer. Then I will ſhut both my eyes.

Take-pleaſ. That will be worſe, for that will put them in mind of going to bed; it will be like ſleeping.

Adviſer. Prithee let me go, and order me as you will.

Take-pleaſ. Wellcome, and as we go I'le tell you, how you ſhall behave your ſelf to thoſe Ladies.

Adviſer. I will be govern'd according to your inſtructions. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter M. Mediator, *and the Female-Gueſts, the day after the Wedding, to the Lady* Amorous, *who ſits in a ſhaded place, and Curtains drawn about her, a Maid ſtands by.*

M. *Mediator.*

WHere is the Lady *Coy*, the now Lady *Amorous*?

Maid. There; my Lady is within thoſe Curtains.

M. *Mediator.* Why are you ſo benighted, as to have your Curtains drawn ſo darkly about you?

L. *Amorous.* I do not love the light.

M. *Mediator.* Are you faln out with the light?

L. *Amorous.* In truth I am aſhamed to ſee the light.

M. *Mediator.* Aſhamed! let's ſee your face, whether you bluſh or not?

The

The Lady offers to draw the Curtain, the Lady Amorous *endeavours to hold it, and hideth her ſelf behind it.*

L. *Amorous.* O fie! for *Cupid* and *Venus* ſake do not look upon me, for if you do, I ſhall die with bluſhing.

Ladies. Come, come, we will ſee you.

L. *Amorous.* I'le rather run away.

She runs away, the Ladies follow her, and meet the Lady Vertue.

M. *Mediator.* Madam, we were a going to ſee how you appear, ſince you are a Wife.

L. *Vertue.* I hope I do not appear worſe then I did, when I was a Maid; for I have not been Married ſo long as to have Children, Cares and Troubles, to decay my Youth and Beauty.

M. *Mediator.* No, but we did imagine you would have been as moſt Brides are, ſhame-faced, and out of Countenance.

L. *Vertue.* Why ſo, ſince Marriage is lawful, honeſt, and honourable? for if Marriage had been an act, that deſerves a bluſh, I would not have Married.

2 *Lady.* But the Lady *Coy*, the now Lady *Amorous*, your fellow-Bride, is ſo out of Countenance, and doth ſo bluſh, as ſhe is aſham'd to appear in the light, and is forced to ſhut her eyes through ſhame, when her Husband looks upon her.

L. *Vertue.* Why, hath ſhe deceived her Husband? was ſhe not a Virgin when ſhe Married, that ſhe is ſo out of Countenance as not to return her Husbands looks

2 *Lady?*

2 *Lady.* No, it is, that ſhe is ſo extream modeſt.

L. *Vertue.* Modeſty is only aſhamed of diſhoneſty, and not of that, which is honeſt to the Laws of God, Nature, and all civil Nations and People; but to anſwer for my ſelf, if my Husband approves, likes, and is pleaſed with me, I have no reaſon to be out of Countenance; and I hope my Vertue is ſuch, as not to be aſhamed of the light: But come Ladies, I have prepared a Banquet, to which I invite you, to join with me in rejoicing at my happy Union. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Monſieur Adviſer, *and Monſieur* Facil, *to Monſieur* Courtly, *who is ſitting at the Table, and writing.*

Monſieur *Adviſer.*

WHat! writing!

Courtly. I am caſting up ſome Accounts.

Adviſer. Faith, I will ſee what a good Husband you are.

He takes up the Paper.

Courtly. That Paper is the account of yeſterday's expence.

Adviſer. I can judge by a day's expence a week's, and by a week's a year's.

Courtly. That you cannot, for ſome days and weeks are more expenſive then others.

Adviſer.

Adviſer. Faith, at the years end ſeveral ſums comes to one and the ſame yearly ſum, as ſo much yearly ſpent.

Courtly. Indeed for the moſt part it doth.

Adviſer. Leave your talking, and let me read your Expences, this is the yeſterday's expence; let me ſee, here is the account of the expence of Uſhering four Ladies.

Imprimis, To a *Sexton*, to place four Ladies in ſeveral Pews in a *Puritan* Church, to hear a holy Brother preach, 2 *Crowns.*

Item, For Sillibubs in the Park for thoſe Ladies, 20 *s.*

For two little baskets of Cherries, that hold ſome dozen Cherries a piece, but the firſt of this year, 15 *s.*

To the Keeper of the Park-gate, *half a Crown.*

Item. for Cheeſecakes and Rhenniſh-Wine in the fine Garden for thoſe Ladies, 20 *s.*

To a Fortune-teller, to tell thoſe Ladies their Fortunes, 40 *s.*

Alſo to the Door-keeper of the Garden, *half a Crown.*

Item. for a Supper for thoſe Ladies at my Lodgings, 5 *l.*

To the Muſick, 3 *l.*

For Torches to light thoſe Ladies home to their Lodgings, 5 *ſhill.*

The total comes to 13 *l.* 15 *s.*

You might have ſaved the 5 *s.* for Torch-light, by keeping thoſe Ladies all night in your Lodgings.

Courtly. I ſhould have been a loſer by that thrift.

Facil. But do you ſpend every day thus much on Ladies?

Courtly. Not every day, but moſt days I do.

Adviſer. And after one and the ſame manner, and in the ſame places, and with the ſame Ladies?

Courtly. No, I have variety for my money.

Facil. Why, that is ſome comfort to you, and pleaſure to the Ladies; but will it hold out?

Courtly. No, faith, for neither my purſe nor perſon will hold out; wherefore I muſt leave off to play the Gentleman-uſher to Ladies, and go into the Country.

Adviſer. You had better be the fore-horſe in a Cart, then firſt Gentleman-uſher in a Coach; uſhering is ſo laborious; beſides, the intollerable charge; in ſo much that you may with leſs expence maintain a whole Village of Country Wives with their Daughters and Maid-ſervants, then entertain one Lady; moreover, thoſe Villages will ſerve you, when as you are forced through civility to ſerve the Ladies.

Courtly. You ſay true; therefore I'le go into the Country.

Adviſer. But will not thoſe Ladies follow you?

Courtly. I cannot tell.

Adviſer. Let me tell you, That is to be conſider'd; and I would not have you go into the Country, for I and the reſt of your friends would be ſorry to loſe your Company.

Courtly. Faith, the Ladies ingroſs me ſo much, as I have

have no time to ſay my Prayers, or to think of my ſelf, much leſs to keep Company with my friends.

Fa. It ſeems you do not take the Ladies to be your friends.

Courtly. If they be, they are very troubleſome, and chargeable friends, which Friends, I could be well content to be quit off, if I could tell how or which way.

Adviſer. There be a hundred wayes to ſhake off thoſe Ladies, if you will.

Courtly. No faith, I cannot; for they ſtick as cloſe as burres, unleſs I ſhould rudely quarrel with them, and baſely raile againſt them; and if I did, it would be a queſtion ſtill whether I ſhould be quit of them?

Adviſer. Let me adviſe you, how you may civilly be quit of them.

Courtly. I ſhall gladly follow your advice.

Adviſer. Do not viſit them, out of ſome pretence you are not well.

Courtly. If I do not viſit them, they'l viſit me.

Adviſer. Then pretend ſome Law-ſuit.

Courtly. Faith, they will follow me, and go to all the Courts of Judicature, to hear my Cauſe pleaded and judged.

Adviſer. Then go to a Tavern every day, they will not follow you thither.

Courtly. Yes faith, ſome of them will, at leaſt to the Tavern door in their Coaches to require my Company; but howſoever, they will ſend meſſenger after meſſenger to haſten me to them, pretending earneſt buſineſs; and when I come, 'tis either to uſher them to a Play, or to Church,

Church, or to the Exchange, or to the places of pleaſure, or to the Fields, Park, or Garden, or elſe to ſome Ball, or particular meeting, or to ſome Picture-drawer, or to play at Cards, or the like; and to Man them to theſe places, they will ſend to me, before I am up or awake; the truth is, they will not let me reſt in quiet.

Facil. But this is a ſlaviſh life.

Courtly. It is ſo.

Adviſer. But do they never reward thy ſervice, *Courtly*?

Courtly. Yes, as the Devil doth his Servants.

Adviſer. How is that?

Courtly. With fire; for they ſend me hot burning Spirits, which are called Cordials.

Adviſer. It ſeems they think you want ſtrength.

Courtly. I muſt needs, when they tire me off my legs, uſhering them from place to place.

Facil. Do they give thee no Amorous favours?

Courtly. Yes; but they are better pleaſed, I ſhould prevent them, and take favours from them before they are preſented.

Facil. But that is ſome recompence for thy time and charge.

Courtly. The recompence, if you call it ſo, is the worſe; for I had rather give them my Eſtate, then receive their Rewards; for though they make their favours, as a reward to their Courting-ſervants; yet their rewards are their chief pleaſures, and the rewarded

pains

pains for their Courting ſervants, loſe more health by their favours, then they get wealth in their ſervice.

Adviſer. The laſt advice is, You muſt be as if you were drunk.

Courtly. That advice is worſt of all; for then they are ſo buſie, and make ſuch puddering about me, to lay me to ſleep, as they make me almoſt mad.

Adviſer. You have ſaid ſo much, as I perceive your own advice is the beſt, to go into the Country; and if the Country will not ſave your body, life and eſtate, from theſe Locuſt-Ladies, you muſt travel into ſome other Kingdom.

Courtly. If I do, they will follow me; for Ladies are as far-travellers in this age, as the Men; and I know ſome Gentlemen that are followed by Ladies out of one Kingdom into another, ſo as they do not know whether to go, for the World is not ſufficient to hide or obſcure them from the Ladies ſearch.

Adviſer. Why, then moſt of the Men muſt turn Fryers, for that is to live in this world, as if they liv'd out of it.

Courtly. That ſhift will not ſerve their turn; for if the Cavaliers turn Fryers, the Ladies will turn Nunnes, and then make thoſe Fryers their Confeſſors.

Adviſer. Then there is no way for Men to eſcape thoſe Ladies followers.

Courtly. Yes, there is one way.

Adviſer. What way is that?

Courtly. You muſt excuſe me, for I will not declare it. *Exeunt.*

Enter Facil, *and he ſpeaks to himſelf.*

Facil. I wonder *Mimick* ſtays ſo long, and doth not bring me an anſwer yet, from the Lady *Amorous.*

Enter Mimick.

But here he is.

Facil. Monſieur *Mimick*! well met; have you delivered my Letter to the Lady *Amorous?*

Mimick. Yes, Mr. *Facil,* I did deliver it to her.

Facil. And how did ſhe receive it?

Mimick. Faith, ſhe received your Letter, as all Women do Love-Preſents.

Facil. How is that?

Mimick. With an outward diſlike, and an inward affection.

Facil. If ſhe received my Letter, with a diſpleaſed countenance, I judg ſhe doth not love me.

Mimick. Then your judgment is not wiſe; for love lives not in the countenance, but in the heart.

Facil. But the Countenance expreſſes love; for a well pleaſed Countenance, expreſſes a well affected heart.

Mimick. If you ground your belief on a Womans Countenance, you will be deceived; for Womens Countenances for the moſt part are as falſe as their faces; the one is glaſt with ſmiles, as the other with Pomatum; and diſſembling modeſty is like *Spaniſh* Red, which is

ſoon

ſoon rub'd off with acquaintance and jealouſie; or a peeviſh humour wipes off their ſmiles; ſo that there is no truſt in their Countenances; for they change every minute of an hour; wherefore, they are unskilful Men, and unhappy Lovers, that ſteer the courſe of their deſires, by the Card of their Miſtreſſes Countenances, which vary almoſt every moment, or by the Stars of their Miſtreſſes eyes, which are wandring Planets. The truth is, moſt Lovers have troubleſome Voyages in love, by reaſon all Womens minds are as inconſtant as the wind.

Facil. But I hope, by your favour and induſtry for me, to the Lady, my Voyage will be eaſie and free.

Mimick. Do you believe I have power on your Miſtreſs mind, as the Witches of *Lapland* have on the *Winds*?

Facil. Faith, Monkies, Dogs, Parrots, and Fools, are powerful with Women, eſpecially with Ladies.

Mimick. Then deliver your Love-Letters to the Ladies Monkys; tell your Love-Meſſages to the Ladies Parrots, and give your Love-Collations to the Ladies Dogs, and your Love-bribes to my Ladies Fool.

Facil. It is the eaſieſt way; only to employ her Fool, and to encourage you, I give you five Pounds for the preſent, and more I promiſe you hereafter, to plead my ſuit, and to ſpeak in my behalf.

Mimick. Faith, your caſe is ſo bad, as it requires a witty and ingenuous knave to make it ſeem a good caſe,

and

and an eloquent Orator to make it ſeem a clear caſe; for Oratory makes a foul caſe ſeem fair, and great fees makes an Orator's wit quick, and his tongue ſmooth.

Facil. Well, I will truſt to your Knavery, wiſh well to your Oratory, and hope Fortune will favour your Wiſdom.

Mimick. You miſtake; for Fortune never favours wiſe Men, but Fools. *Exit* Facil.

Mimick. Well, craft ſhall ſerve for wiſdom, and the chief part of my craft muſt be to Fool this Lover, or rather to cozen him; for Lovers are Fools of *Cupid*'s making, and they wear Fools Coats in *Cupid*'s Court.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lady Vertue, *and Sir* William Mimick, *who ſeems to be in a very ſerious ſtudy, not taking any notice of his Maſter and Lady.*

Sir *W. Sage.* Surely *Mimick* has State-matters in his head, he is ſo ſtudious and ſerious.

L. *Vertue. Mimick?*

He doth not anſwer.

L. *Vertue.* Why *Mimick*, are you deaf?

Mimick. I am ſomewhat thick of hearing.

Sir *W. Sage.* But *Mimick*, let us know what is the cauſe you are in ſo ſerious a ſtudy.

Mimick. I am conſidering with my ſelf, what profeſſion I ſhall be of.

L. *Vertue*

L. *Vertue.* And what Profeſſion have you choſen to be of?

Mimick. I have not choſen any as yet, for I waver in my mind amongſt many Profeſſions, as an amorous Lover doth amongſt many Ladies, not reſolving which to addreſs himſelf to; for though he would enjoy them all, yet he can court but one at a time; and though he reſolveth to court all, yet he can but enjoy one at a time.

Sir *W. Sage.* But he may court and enjoy them all, one after another.

Mimick. Faith, that is an endleſs work; for before the laſt Lady is courted and enjoyed, he will be forced to be of the Profeſſion of a Prieſt, to preach his own funeral Sermon, or of a Sexton, to dig his own grave: But leaving Prieſts and amorous Lovers, what Profeſſion ſhall I be of?

L. *Vertue.* What think you of being a Courtier?

Mimick. There are ſo many Court-fools, that they never thrive with that Profeſſion; for what they get by flattery, they ſpend in vanity.

L. *Vertue.* What think you of being a Lawyer?

Mimick. The Law is more of the Knaves then the Fool's ſide, therefore I ſhall never thrive in that Profeſſion.

Sir *W. Sage.* What think you of being a Merchant?

Mimick. I could Traffick with Jeſt, but I am afraid in ſome of my Ventures I ſhould have my head broke;

therefore, I will not be of that Profeſſion.

L. *Vertue.* What think you of being a States-man?

Mimick. Faith, I think I am fool enough to be a States-man, but I have not Formality enough; beſides, I ſhall make ſuch diſorders and diſturbances in State-affairs, as I may chance to be kill'd in an uproar or ſeditious Tumult.

Sir *W. Sage.* What think you of being a Soldier?

Mimick. No, for I am more ſafe from danger in my Fools Coat, then they in their Iron-arms; and ſhall get more by a Fool's Profeſſion, then a Soldiers.

Sir *W. Sage.* What think you of being a Scholar?

Mimick. That I am now; for I learn every day to play the Fool better and better.

L. *Vertue.* What think you of being a City-Magiſtrate?

Mimick. I like that the beſt; for my Fools Coat will ſerve for my Magiſtrates Gown; but yet I am afraid of the Common-people in theſe ſeditious times.

Sir *W. Sage.* What think you of being a Traveller?

Mimick. O Lord! ſo I may travel to my wit's end.

L. *Vertue.* What think you of being a Chymiſt?

Mimick. Faith, I get more Gold by playing the Fool with Lords and Ladies, then Chymiſts do by playing the Fools with Fire and Furnace.

Sir *W. Sage.* Then I think you had beſt continue your own Profeſſion ſtill, which is to play the Fool.

Mimick. But my Profeſſion of playing the Fool is a gene-

a general Profeſſion, and I would fain have a particular Profeſſion; for there are few Men but have ſome other Profeſſion beſides their Natural Profeſſion; Wherefore, I muſt ſtudy ſome other Profeſſion.

L. *Vertue.* What do you think then of being a Vintner?

Mimick. My Gueſts will drink up my Wine, and leave me their Scores; lie with my Wife, and give her the Pox; and if I have not a handſom Woman to my Wife, I ſhall have no Gueſts.

L. *Vertue.* What think you of being a Taylor?

Mimick. I ſhall have only my Meaſures for my pains, and the ſhreds for my labour.

Sir *W. Sage.* What think you of being a Uſurer?

Mimick. So a Fool and his Money would be ſoon parted, and I ſhall have bonds for my Money; but a hundred to one if I get my Money by the bonds.

L. *Vertue.* What think you of being an Amorous Lover?

Mimick. I ſhall woo more Miſtreſſes, then I ſhall win, and win more Miſtreſſes then I ſhall uſe.

L. *Vertue.* But you may get a rich Wife, if you Woo well.

Mimick. If I ſhould woo the beſt of any Man, I ſhall ſooner get the Pox with a Miſtreſs, then VVealth with a VVife; for Fortune is the only Match-maker.

Sir *W. Sage.* But there is a ſaying, That Fools have Fortune.

Mimick.

Mimick. Not all fools; for there be more Fools then good fortune; the truth is, There are ſo many Fools, as it is impoſſible for Fortune to favour them all.

L. *Vertue.* But Fortune may favour thoſe that are moſt fooliſh.

Mimick. Then ſhe will not favour me; wherefore I'le reject Fortune, relie upon my own wit.

L. *Vertue.* Your VVit is ſo weak, as it cannot uphold you.

Mimick. I'le try the ſtrength of it, and when I fall for want of VVit, it is a proper time for Fortune to raiſe me up to ſhew her power.

Sir *W. Sage.* VVell, we will leave you to your ſtudy, and when you have choſen a Profeſſion, I ſuppoſe you will make us acquainted with it.

Mimick. No doubt of it; for yon muſt help to put me into practiſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Longlife, *and* Mr. Aged.

Aged. Longlife. How are you ſince you went abroad,

Long. Very well, I thank you Mr. *Aged.*

Aged. I am now come to you, to ask you a queſtion, whether you would not think it were wiſe for us, we having only two Childrenyou, a Son and I a Daughter, to match them together, and ſo we being both rich, we may joyn our Eſtates together, by joyning our Children together which will make them both flow in plenty,

Long. I like your propoſition, concerning the joyning

ing our riches together, by joyning our Children together: But my Son is a Wit, Mr. *Aged*, and your Daughter I hear is a Wit; and if their wits be joyned together, it may over power their Wealth; for Wit and Wealth doth never agree together; For wit regards not Wealth, and wealth regards not wit; which is the reaſon that thoſe, which have moſt Wit, (which are Poets) are poor; For you ſhall ſeldom read, or hear, That natural Poets are rich. And both our Children being Poetical, ſhould we marry them together, would undo them.

Aged. By the Maſs, you ſay true.

Long. Then we muſt endeavour to marry our Children to Fooles; you muſt provide a fooliſh man for your Daughter, and I a fooliſh woman for my Son; That the dulneſs of the Fool, may allay the quickneſs of the Wit, which will make a good temper, cauſing them to thrive in wealth, and to increaſe Poſterity; for let me tell you, That great Wits for the moſt part have few Children, but what their brain produces, which are Ideas, Inventions and Opinions; Ideas are Daughters; Inventions are Sons, and Opinions Hermaphrodites; and the production of theſe Incorporeal Children, hinders the production of Corporeal Children; and we both deſire to have Corporeal Grand-Children to uphold our Families.

Aged. You ſay wiſely, Mr. *Long-life*; and therefore, we muſt endeavour to marry our Children to Fools, for the Wealth and Poſterities of our Families. *Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Sir John Amorous, *and his* Lady.

L. *Lady.* Sir *John*, Sir *John*, I take it very unkindly, that you ſhould go abroad, and leave my Company?

Sir *J. Amor.* Sometimes, Wife, to be abſent from each other, is a refreſhment, and Temperance is part of Prudence.

Lady. I love not ſuch Refreſhments, Temperance, and Prudence; wherefore, you muſt either ſtay at home and keep me Company, or I ſhall ſeek other Company elſewhere.

Exit Lady. *Sir* J. Amorous *Solus.*

Sir *J. Amor.* That will be ſome eaſe; for I had rather be a Cuckold then be bound to one Woman, eſpecially my Wife.

Enter his Wife's Maid.

Sir *J. Amor.* *Mal*, I'le prefer thee.

Maid. I thank you, Maſter.

Sir *J. Amor.* I'le prefer thee from my Servant, to be my Miſtreſs.

Maid. If you had been unmarried, and would prefer me from being your Miſtreſs, to be your Wife, I ſhould have taken it for an honour.

Sir *J. Amor.* But I am Married, *Mal*, and thou ſhalt take thy Ladie's place, in thy Ladie's abſence.

Maid. I had rather Marry *Tom* your Butler lawfully, then lie with my Maſter unlawfully. Sir

Sir *J. Amor.* Why, *Mal*, Love is lawful, and to ſerve your Maſter is lawful; wherefore, it is lawful to ſerve your Maſter's Love.

Maid. But ſome kinds of Love are unlawful, and ſome kinds of Service are unlawful; for it is unlawful to love Vice, and unlawful to ſerve the Devil; wherefore it is unlawful to be my Maſter's Whore.

Sir *J. Amor.* To be your Maſter's Whore, is to be your Maſter's Miſtreſs; and to be the Butler's Wife, is to be the Butler's Slave; but I'le leave you to the Butler's droppings of his Taps: But howſoever, Conſider it well, *Mal*, for you will be good enough for the Butler afterwards. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sir William Sage *and his* Lady.

Sir *William Sage.*

I Wonder that *Mimick* is not here! for his Company is very delightful, to paſs away idle; time for idle time is only free for Fools Company.

Lady. He is rather a Knave then a Fool; but here he comes.

Enter Mimick.

Sir *W. Sage.* *Mimick*, have you choſen a Profeſſion yet?

Mimick. Yes, marry have I, for I intend to be an Orator.

Sir

Sir *W. Sage.* If you be a profeſſed Orator, I ſuppoſe you have ſtudied a ſpeech.

Mimick. Yes, I have ſtudied, as Orators uſe to do, in making an Oration; for I have rackt my Brain, ſtretch'd my Wit, ſtrapado'd my Memory, tortured my thoughts, and kept my Sences awake.

Sir *W. Sage.* Certainly, it is a very eloquent and wiſe Oration, ſince you have taken ſo much pains.

Mimick. Labour and Study is not a certain rule for wiſe, witty, or eloquent Orations or Speeches; for many ſtudied Speeches are very fooliſh: But will you hear my Speech?

Sir *W. Sage.* I will.

Mimick. But then Maſter, you muſt ſtand for, ſignifie, or repreſent a Multitude, or an Aſſembly.

Sir *W. Sage.* That is impoſſible, being but a ſingle perſon.

Mimick. Why doth not a ſingle Figure ſtand for a Number, as the Figure of Five, Eight or Nine, and joining Ciphers to them, they ſtand for ſo many Hundreds, or Thouſands: And here be two Joint-Stools, one of which Stools and you Lady ſhall ſerve for two Ciphers and my Maſter for the Figure of Nine, and ſo you two and the Joint-Stool make Nine hundred.

Sir *W. Sage.* But if the Aſſembly be ſo big, as to be a Company of Nine hundred they cannot all ſtand ſo near, as to hear what you ſpeak, neither can your voice reach to the Circumferent Ears.

Mimick.

Mimick. The greateſt Glory of an Orator is to have Crouds of People follow him, and thoſe that hear the leaſt will praiſe him the moſt; and the truth is, That all Orators gain more renown by thoſe that do not hear them, but only ſee them, then by thoſe that ſtand ſo near, as to hear what they ſpeak;. for there is ten to one of thoſe that .do not hear them, to thoſe that do hear. chem; So that if thoſe that do hear them, ſhould diſpraiſe their Orations, yet thoſe that hear them not, will commend them, and having ten to one of their ſide, they may ſay what they will, they ſhall be applauded, and the moſt Voices carry them up to Fame's Tower; which conſidering, I will ſet another Joint-ſtool as another Cipher to my Lady, and three Ciphers, with the Figure of Nine, my Maſter, will make it Nine thouſand.

Sir *W. Sage.* As many as you pleaſe.

Mimick. But what ſhall I have for a Pulpit or ſtanding place? for I muſt mount above all the Aſſembly?

Lady. Take another Joint-ſtool, and ſtand upon that.

Mimick. O fie! that will not appear well; beſides, I ſhall ſtand tottering, ready to fall, and the very fear of falling, will put me out of my Speech.

Lady. But you will appear ſtanding upon a Joint-ſtool, like as a Statue upon a Pediſtal.

Mimick. I ſhould be well pleaſed to have a Statue made for me, and ſet up as an honour and remembrance of me; but I ſhall not be pleaſed to ſtand as a Statue my ſelf.

Sir *W. Sage.* Why then get a Tub; and ſtand in that.

Mimick. A Tub will not do me any ſervice, unleſs it be a mounted Tub. But for this time I'le ſtand upon the Table, without Tub or Caſe, to ſpeak the naked truth; and thus I aſcend.

He aſcends upon the Table.

Lady. Begin.

Mimick. Stay, I muſt breathe firſt, hawk, ſpit, blow my noſe, humm, and look gravely round about upon the People, and then ſpeak at firſt in a low voice, then raiſe my Voice by degrees, until I come to the higheſt ſtrain or point.

He Speaks.

NOble, Honourable, and Worthy Auditors, I am come here to ſpeak of a Subject which concerns all Men; which General Subject is *Women*; and I am not only to Treat of *Women*, which is an eaſie Subject to be Treated of; but of the *Chaſtity* of *Women*, which is an hard, frozen Subject; and ſo hard frozen it is, that all the heat Love can bring is not able to thaw it; the truth is, *Chaſtity* is a Subject, that lives at a great diſtance; for though the two Names, *Woman* and *Chaſtity*, are oft-times joined together, yet the ſeveral Subjects of thoſe Names, dwell not near each other; for *Chaſtity* dwells at the Poles, where no *Woman* is; and *Women* dwell or inhabit the Torrid Zone, where no

Chaſti-

Chaſtity is: Thus you may perceive that Names are more eaſily joined, then the things they ſignifie; but how to bring *Chaſtity* and *Women* together, is the difficulty, indeed ſo difficult as it is impoſſible; and as impoſſible as for hot Hell and cold Heaven to meet, or for gods and devils to be friends: But noble Auditors the Names *Chaſt Women* being join'd together, are ſufficient; for that Conjunction of Names contents, ſatisfies and pleaſes all Men, as Fathers, Sons, Brothers and Husbands, that would have their Daughters, Siſters, Mothers and Wives Chaſt; and as for Amorous Lovers, they are pleaſed to have the Subjects dwell at diſtance; ſo that Art and Nature, Deceit and Verity have agreed together to make all Men happy, ſo far as concerns *Women.*

Lady. Leave off your Prating, or I'le fling one of theſe Ciphers at your head.

Mimick. Will not you let me ſpeak out my Oration?

Lady. No; unleſs it were better.

Mimick. If you will let me ſpeak out my Speech, I'le make the two Poles meet in the very forehead of the Torrid Zone of a Man's head.

Lady. I'le hear no more; wherefore, come off from the Table.

Mimick. Well, I obey, although I am vexed at the heart, that I muſt not ſpeak out my Speech, as alſo to be diſgraced before an Aſſembly of Nine thouſand.

Lady.

Lady. You knaviſh Fool, what cauſe invited, perſwaded, or commanded you to ſpeak an Oration concerning the Chaſtity of Women?

Mimick. That which perſwaded me to ſpeak an Oration, and not only an Oration, but a factious or malicious Oration was that which perſwaded all Orators; firſt, ſelf-love to ſhew their Wit; next, their ill Nature to make a diviſion and diſſention amongſt Mankind.

Lady. Well, ſince you have expreſs'd the evil Orators of theſe evil times, ſuch as make Factions and Diviſions; I will expreſs ſuch Orators as ought to be; and thus I'le ſpeak to this Aſſembly.

She Speaks.

NOble, Honourable and Worthy Auditors, I am come here to contradict a Knaviſh Fool, that has ſpoken to the Diſgrace of VVomen; ſaying, That only the Names of VVomen and Chaſtity are joined together, but the Subjects dwell far aſunder; which is falſe; for though ſome VVomen, as the ſcum of the Female Sex, be Incontinent, yet all VVomen are not ſo; for ſome VVomen are Chaſt by Nature, others by Vertue, and ſome by Honour: As for Vertue and Honour, they are like to Plants ſet or planted by Education, and grow up like to tall Cedars or ſtrong Oaks in the Mind, which bear no evil fruits; as Vi-

ces

ces and baſe qualities, or evil and diſhoneſt deſires: But Worthy Auditors, give me leave to tell you, That Women are the unhappieſt Creatures which Nature ever made; not only that they are the moſt ſhiftleſs Creatures, but the moſt abuſed of any other Creatures, and only by Men; who do not only continually aſſault them, and endeavour to corrupt and betray them, but they have enſlaved them, and do often defame them with ſlanders and reproaches, vain glorious boaſts, and lying brags; the truth is, Men are like Devils to Women, ſeeking whom they may devour; inticing, alluring, perſwading and flattering Women, to the ruine of their Souls, Bodies, Minds, Fortunes, and good Names; but Women are beloved and favoured *by the gods, who endue their Bodies with Beauty, and their Minds with Spiritual Grace, their Thoughts* with Religious Zeal, and their Lives with Pious Devotions; which keeps their Bodies Chaſt, their Minds pure, and their Lives Vertuous: But thoſe few Women that are Incontinent, are rather Beaſts then Women; but moſt Women are Angelical; and though Men defame them, yet the Gods glorifie them.

Mimick. Lady, if you ſpeak any longer of the Female Subject, you will caſt them from Heaven into Hell; for you cannot go beyond Heaven, Angels and Gods.

Lady. I am content to ſpeak no more of them at this time, but leave them in bliſs.

Sir *W. Sage.* *Mimick*, your Lady will be too hard for you.

Mimick. Yes in Foolery, but not in Wit. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Monſieur Adviſer, *and Monſieur* Courtly.

Monſieur *Courtly.*

WHere were you, that I did not ſee you all yeſterday, nor moſt part of this day?

Adviſer. Faith, I was all the Morning at a Sermon, and at Noon I went to a Tavern, in the Afternoon I went to a Play, and at night I went to a Common-houſe, and from thence I went to the Gaming-houſe, and there I ſtay'd till late in the Morning; and then I went home, and lay and ſlept ſo long, as I have but newly dined.

Courtly. Dined, ſay you! why it is almoſt Supper-time.

Adviſer. Not with me.

Courtly. No; for you turn the Day into Night, and Night into Day.

Adviſer. I did not ſo yeſterday.

Court. Yes, but you did; for you ſpent all the day in deeds of darkneſs.

Adviſer. Will you ſay, that hearing a Sermon is a deed of darkneſs?

Courtly.

Courtly. Yes, unleſs you did profit by it, which I do not perceive you did; the truth is, by your after-actions you ſeem the worſe for it.

Adviſer. I'le confeſs to you, my friend, that the Sermon made me ſo dull and melancholy, as I was forced to go to a Tavern, to revive and comfort my Mind with ſome Spiritual Liquor; and from thence I went to a Play to recreate my Thoughts, and to take them from all ſad Contemplations, in ſeeing and hearing a merry Comedy acted; and the truth is, the Play made me ſo lively, as I became ſo wanton, that I was forced to go to a Common-houſe, and after I had convers'd with the VVoman, I was as dull and melancholy as I was after the Sermon; ſo then I went to the Gaming-houſe for diverſion, knowing I ſhould meet ſtore of Company; and being there, I fell to play, where I loſt all my Money; for which I was ſo troubled, as I wiſh my ſelf dead, having not any Money left to live; and being moneyleſs, I went home to bed, that I might ſleep and forget my loſs for a time.

Courtly. But did not the thoughts of the loſs hinder your ſleep?

Adviſer. No faith; for my thoughts were ſo oppreſt with grief, as they fell faſt aſleep, and ſo faſt aſleep they were, as I did not dream.

Courtly. But now they are awake, they remember your loſſes, do they not?

Adviſer. Yes, but I will perſwade you to go with me

to

to the Tavern, there to drink out the remembrance.

For when my head is fill'd with Vaporous VVine,
My thoughts for Loſſes will not then repine.

Enter Take-pleaſure *to* Adviſer *and* Courtly.

Courtly. Tom, Thou art welcome.

Take-pleaſ. Go hang your ſelf, for you are not a Man of your word, for you promis'd to meet me at the Crown-Tavern, where I ſtay'd for you till twelve a Clock laſt night, expecting your coming.

Courtly. And how did you paſs away the ſolitary time?

Take-pleaſ. Faith, I call'd for ſome Tobacco, and a pint of VVine, and then I took a Pipe, then drunk a glaſs of Wine, and you did not come; then I took another Pipe, and drunk another glaſs of Wine, and you did not come; ſo I took Pipe after Pipe, and drunk Glaſs after Glaſs, until the Pint-pot was empty; then I call'd for another Pint, and another Pint, and drunk them as the firſt; and ſtill you ſtay'd, and ſtill I drunk ſo long as I was almoſt drunk, expecting your Company; but at laſt finding my Stomack full, and my head light, and the night far ſpent I went home and ſo to bed.

Adviſer. Without ſaying your Prayers?

Take-pleaſ. Faith, I could not ſay my Prayers for Curſing of *Courtly*; but at laſt I fell aſleep with a Curſe in my mouth, which Curſe I found in my mouth when I did awake in the morning.

Adviſer.

Adviſer. Did you ſwallow the Curſe down, or ſpit it out?

Take-pleaſ. Faith, it had almoſt choak'd me; for it ſtuck ſo in my Throat, as I could neither get it up, nor down, but at laſt I ſpit it out, for it was as bitter as Gall.

Courtly. You had no reaſon to curſe me, if you were drunk; for the only deſign of our meeting at the Tavern, was but to be drunk.

Take-pleaſ. That is true; but there is no pleaſure to be drunk without a Companion.

Courtly. The truth is, I could not come; for I was forced againſt my will to Sup with a Lady.

Take-pleaſ. Faith, Women ſpoile all good fellowſhip; but I had been better Company for her laſt night, then you were.

Courtly. Come, come, let us go to the ſame Tavern, and there end all Quarrels. *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Monſieur Facil, *and* Mimick.

Monſieur *Facil.*

MAſter *Mimick*, I am come according to your appointment.

Mimick. Then Mr. *Facil* you may depart according to my appointment.

Facil. But you aſſured me, That if I came at this hour, I ſhould have acceſs to your Lady.

Mimick. But Women change their mind every minute, and are in threeſcore ſeveral minds or humors in an hour; and this minute the Lady is in a very angry humor, which will not agree with your amorous humor.

Facil. But I'le ſtay until her angry humor is paſt.

Mimick. Then you may ſtay until you be weary; for ſhe will change out of one angry humor into another, until ſhe hath run out an hour; for there be many ſeveral kinds and ſorts of angry Humors.

Facil. But I will ſtay an hour.

Mimick. But if you do, it is not likely that the Lady will be in a humor to entertain your Courtly addreſs; for it is probable, as being moſt uſual, that from the laſt angry humor, ſhe will change into the firſt degree of a Melancholy humor.

Facil. Then I will attend two hours, until ſuch time as ſhe will be out of her Melancholy humor.

Mimick. That will not do you any ſervice; for out of the laſt Melancholy humor ſhe will change into a pious humor, and ſo from one pious humor into another, until ſuch time as ſhe comes to weep like a *Mary Magdalen*, and after floods of Tears ſhe will fall faſt aſleep; her Sences and Spirits being tired with Kneeling, Praying, Sighing and Weeping, and after ſhe awakes from her devout ſleep, ſhe may chance to beſtow a Charity upon you.

Facil.

Facil. I'le attend in hope of that Charity.

Mimick. I perceive by you, that Lovers will take no excuſes or denials; but yet this laſt I hope will drive you away, which is, The Lady has the Wind-collock; wherefore ſhe will not admit of a viſit, eſpecially Amorous Suiters this day.

Facil. By this I find that you have fill'd me with hope, to delude me.

Mimick. Let me tell you, that Love is the greateſt Deluder, or Cheater, eſpecially Amorous Love; but to keep you from diſpair, I'le promiſe you (for Promiſes keep Lovers alive) I will deviſe ſome way to corrupt this Lady to your deſires, although it requires much labour, ſtudy, wit, and time, to corrupt Chaſtity; and ſince my Service will be great, my Reward muſt not be ſmall.

Facil. Then here I give you Ten pounds to reward your Knavery.

Exit Facil, *Mimick Solus.*

Mimick. Why, this is right as it ſhould be, for one Knave to Fee another, that Knavery may thrive.

Exeunt.

Enter Sir Mercury *Poet, and the Lady* Fancy.

Merc. Madam, I take it for a great favour and obligation, that you will receive my viſit.

Fancy. It would be an Obligation to my ſelf, to oblige a worthy perſon, ſuch as I believe you are, but I do not perceive how I can merit thanks in receiving

ving your Viſit, for I ſuppoſe you can better paſs your time, then with my dull Company, and unprofitable Converſation.

Merc. It is a particular favour, becauſe you do not not uſually receive Viſits.

Fancy. The reaſon why I do not uſually receive Viſits, is out of a reſpect to the Viſiters, knowing I have not Wit to entertain them, Speech to delight them, nor Learning to profit them; ſo they would but loſe their time in viſiting me; and I chuſe rather to loſe the profit I might gain by hearing wiſe, witty, and learned Viſiters; then they ſhould loſe their time by learning nothing themſelves; for Wiſdom and Wit deſires to advance in Knowledg, and not to ſtand at a ſtay; for though prating Fools take pleaſure to inform, and formal Fools to reform; yet wiſe Men delight to be informed and reformed, through a noble ambition to attain to perfecton.

Merc. Which Perfection, Madam, you have arrived to.

Fancy. That is impoſſible, for Nature hath made Women ſo defective, as they are not capable of Perfection.

Merc. Madam, my Soul is wedded to your Vertue, and my Contemplations to your Fancy, and my Love and Perſon longs to be wedded to your Beauty and Chaſtity.

And if our Wits agree,
I'm ſure you'l favour me.
For Wit the Brain doth move,
And cauſes Souls to love:
For Fools cannot love well,
Nor reaſon for Love tell;
They underſtand not Merit,
Nor a Cœleſtial Spirit.

Enter Mr. *Aged.*

Aged. How is that! Merit, Spirit, and I know not what! Daughter, I am come to forbid you the Company of Sir *Mercury Poet*, and that you receive not any of his Viſits: And Sir *Mercury Poet*, I do forbid you my Daughters Company.

Merc. Sir, I have not viſited your Daughter, without your leave; for you were pleaſed to invite me to wait on your Daughter.

Aged. 'Tis true, for I did believe, (by reaſon your Father and I being old acquaintance, and loving friends, and both being rich, and having Children, he a Son, and I a Daughter) it might be very proper and fit to have agreed to have matched you together; but ſince your Father and I having debated and conſidered well upon the Caſe, we find it no ways profitable for either.

Merc. Where is the diſadvantage or hinderance?

Aged. Your Wit.

Merc. Is Wit a Crime?

Aged. It ought to be made Criminal; for it is not only unprofitable, but ruinous; not any perſon thrives that has it; and it makes thoſe that are rich, poor; and thoſe that are poor, uncapable to be rich.

Merc. They that have Wit, need no other wealth, Sir.

Enter Longlife.

Aged. Mr. *Longlife*, I find now your words true, That Wit regards not Wealth; for your Son ſays, That Wit is Wealth enough of it ſelf.

Longl. Yes, yes, Mr. *Aged*; but he will find, Wit cannot buy Land, unleſs he joins Knavery to it.

Merc. True Wit is always juſt, and honeſt, it knows no double dealing; and honour is the ground on which it builds a Fame.

Longl. But if you have no other ground, nor other building, but Honour and Fame, you may beg for your livelihood, or ſtarve for want of bread.

Merc. I had rather die for want of bread, then live without honourable Fame; and Fortune's goods are poor to thoſe that Nature gives.

Longl. O Mr. *Aged*, I am unhappy, undone; for I perceive my Poſterity will be all Beggars: And therefore, if you will not change your Principles ſoon, I will diſinherit you.

Merc. You cannot, Sir; for though you may give away your Land, you cannot give away my Wit (if I have any.)

Longl.

Longl. If I cannot, I will marry you to a Fool; ſo that though you be poor, your Children may be rich.

Merc. If you pleaſe, Sir, and Mr. *Aged* conſent, I deſire I may Marry this Lady.

Longl. No, no, Son ſhe hath Wit, I know by her ſilence, otherwiſe her tongue would have run a race in this time.

Fancy. I can ſpeak Sir, but I doubt I have not Wit to ſpeak well.

Longl. Nay, if you talk of Wit, you are not for my Son.

Fancy. Your Son hath ſo much Wit, that what Woman ſoever he Marries, cannot continue a Fool long, for ſhe will get Wit from him, and yet he will have no leſs, for Nature ſtill ſupplies his ſtore.

Longl. But my Grand-Children may be Fools, if my Son's Wife be none of Natures witty Daughters.

Fancy. His Children cannot be Fools; for Wit begets Wit, although a Fool ſhould be the breeder.

Longl. Good Mr. *Aged*, lock up your Daughter, until I have ſent my Son to Travel; for otherwiſe we ſhall ruin our Poſterities. *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Amorous, *Lady* Vertue, *and Madam* Mediator.

Lady *Amorous.*

MAdam, what makes you ſo fine to day? and not only your perſon is finer, but your houſe is finer trim'd and trickt, then uſually it was; have you a Servant to viſit you to day?

L. *Vertue.* No, but I have a Maſter that is to come out of the Country to day.

L. *Amor.* Who is your Maſter?

L. *Vertue.* My Husband, who comes home to day.

L. *Amor.* Do you make your ſelf and your houſe ſo fine only for your Husband?

L. *Vertue.* Only for my Husband, ſay you! Why, he is the only Man that I deſire to appear fine to; and the only perſon I deſire to pleaſe and delight.

M. *Mediat.* But Husbands take no notice of the bravery of their Wives.

L. *Vertue.* Howſoever, it is the part of every good wife to expreſs, on all occaſions, their Love and Reſpect to their Husbands; in their abſence to mourn, at their return to rejoice, and in their Company to be beſt pleaſed.

M. *Mediat.* Love, Reſpect and Duty, are only expreſſible in Humors, Words and Service, and not in Habit.

L. *Vertue.*

L. *Vertue.* But Joy is expreſt in habit, as much as mourning; witneſs Triumphs and Triumphant Shews; and Triumphs of Joy, and Funerals, are not alike.

M. *Mediat.* All Noble Perſons are buried in Triumphs.

L. *Vertue.* Indeed they are buried with Ceremony, but it is ſuch Ceremony as expreſſes Dolor, not Joy; for they are followed with black Mourners, and weeping eyes: But however, I endeavour to appear to my Husband, at his returning home, like a gay and joyful Bride, and not as a ſad mourning Widow.

L. *Amor.* Let me not live, Lady *Vertue*, if you be not the moſt ſimple Woman alive.

L. *Vertue.* In what?

L. *Amor.* First, That you can take pleaſure in the dull Company of a Husband; next, That you do not delight your ſelf with the Gallants of the Times; and thirdly, That you do not only ſpoile your own Husband, but all other VVomens Husbands, with your example; for which folly, you ought to be condemned by all our Sex.

L. *Vertue.* If they condemn me for my Vertue, I will deſpiſe them for their Vices.

L. *Amor.* But Vice is a Vertue in this age; ask Madam *Mediator* elſe.

L. *Vertue.* VVhat ſay you, Madam *Mediator*?

M. *Mediat.* I ſay, that Vice was never ſo confident as it is now, nor never ſo glorified as it is now, nor

never ſo beloved as it is now, nor never ſo practiſed as it is now.

L. *Amor.* Well, ſince Vice is ſo beloved, and Vertue deſpiſed, I will go to a merry Meeting. Come, Madam *Mediator*, you'l make one, although Lady *Vertue* will not. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Monſieur Facil, *and* Mimick

Mimick.

MOnſieur *Facil*, I have tired my Legs, and worn out the Soles of my Shooes to find you out, to give you a Letter from the Lady *Amorous.*

Facil. I am ſorry you have taken ſuch pains.

Mimick. You may requite my pains when you pleaſe; but here is the Letter.

He receives the Letter.

Facil. Faithful *Mimick*! happy *Facil*! divine Lady! delicious Letter!

He kiſſes the Letter.

Mimick. VVhat delicious pleaſure do you receive in that Kiſs, Monſieur *Facil?*

Facil. As much pleaſure as Joy can give me.

He opens the Letter.

VVhat is this, a plain ſheet of Paper! you Rogue, do you abuſe and cozen me?

Mimick.

Mimick. Did not you give me Ten pound to reward my Knavery? for which I ſhould be ungrateful, ſhould I not be a Knave to you; but yet you have no reaſon to be angry for this unletter'd Paper, which is the royall'ſt Kindneſs, and moſt generous Preſent, the Lady could ſend you; for ſhe has ſent you a blank to write down your own deſires, demands, or condition of agreement, love and friendſhip.

Facil. If it be ſo, I ask you Pardon, and will requite your fidelity with Gold.

Mimick. I'le take your requital.

Facil. Pray go with me to my Lodgings, and there I'le write in this white Paper, that came from the whiter hands of my Miſtreſs, my love and affections, and you ſhall guide it unto her.

Mimick. You muſt ballace the Letter with Gold, or otherwiſe it will be drown'd in the returning-Voyage.

Facil. I will. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lady Amorous, *and two or three other Ladies.*

Firſt Lady.

LAdy *Amorous*, Marriage has made you a boon Companion.

L. *Amor.* I was a Novice before I married; but now I find

I find that there is no pleaſure, like Liberty, Mirth and good Company.

1 *Lady.* You ſay true, Lady, for a Stoical life is the worſt life in the VVorld.

2 *Lady.* But the Lady *Vertue*, and Sir *W. Sage* live the life of Stoicks.

L. *Amor.* The more Fools they; but my Husband and I, live the life of Libertines; for he takes his pleaſure, and I take mine: Have you ſent for Mr. *Courtly*?

2 *Lady.* Yes, there are at leaſt half a ſcore Meſſengers ſent one after another to invite him hither.

Enter Monſieur Courtly.

L. *Amor.* O Sir! you're welcome, we were even now a wiſhing for you to go abroad with us.

Court. I account my ſelf happy, Ladies, that I am come according to your wiſhes, as alſo to do you ſervice.

1 *Lady.* We did ſend a dozen Meſſengers for you.

Courtly. I did happily meet them, Madam.

1 *Lady.* But whether ſhall we go?

Courtly. Where you pleaſe, Lady; for I am ready at your ſervice.

2 *Lady.* Let us go to the Great Park.

L. *Amor.* No, let us go to the Fruit-Garden.

2 *Lady.* No faith, upon better Conſideration, let us ſtay and play at Cards.

L. Amor. That is dull; rather let us ſend for Fidlers, and Dance.

1 *Lady.*

1 *Lady.* We have not Men enough to dance, and Mr. *Courtly* cannot dance with us all.

Courtly. I'le do my endeavour, Ladies.

2 *Lady.* No, let us hire a Barge, and row upon the Water.

L. Amor. No, let us go and Sup at the Tavern at the Bridg-foot; what ſay you, Mr. *Courtly*, will you entertain us?

Courtly. Yes, Lady, as well as I can.

1 *Lady.* Let us go.

2 *Lady.* No, let us firſt draw lots, and let Fortune decide the place of our Recreations.

L. Amor. Content; but which lot ſhall carry it?

1 *Lady.* The long lot.

2 *Lady.* The ſhort lot.

1 *Lady.* I ſay the long lot.

L. Amor. Let the moſt Voices carry it.

Courtly. Ladies, if I might perſwade you, it ſhould be at the Tavern at the Bridg-foot, and there you ſhall have the beſt Meat, Wine and Muſick, that place affords.

All. Content, content.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Monſieur Facil *and* Monſieur Adviſer.

Monſieur *Adviſer.*

F*Acil*, how do you proſper in Loves Adventures?

Facil. More happily then I could imagine, for ſhe receives my Letters, and returns me Anſwers.

Adviſer. Then you ſhall not need to deſpair, ſince you have ſuch encouragement.

Facil. No faith, for now I fear ſhe will be kinder then I would have her; for ſhe has conſented to a private meeting.

Enter Take-pleaſure *as in haſt.*

Adviſer. Whether away in ſuch haſt, *Tom?*

Take-pleaſ. Faith, *Courtly* has ſent his Footman to me in ſuch haſt, as the poor fellow is almoſt melted with the heat he has with running, to bring me a note from his Maſter, who writes to me, that of all love and friendſhip I ſhould ſpeedily come to him, and to bring half a dozen other Gentlemen with me to the Tavern, to help him to entertain a Company of Ladies, otherwiſe he ſhall die in their ſervice; wherefore, prithee *Adviſer*, and *Facil*, go with me thither.

Facil. Faith, we cannot, for we have other buſineſs.

Take-pleaſ. The ſame anſwer I have had from a dozen other Gentlemen, and cannot perſwade any one to go; wherefore, I fear my friend *Courtly* will be over-power'd by thoſe many Ladies.

Adviſer.

Adviſer. Why would *Courtly* engage himſelf to ſo many Women?

Take-pleaſ. Alas, he could not help it; for they ſent ſo many Meſſengers to deſire him to come to them, as he was almoſt ſmother'd in the croud, ſo that he was forced as it were, to go out in his own defence; but he finds that the Company of Ladies is worſe then the number of Meſſengers, for he hath leaped out of the Frying-pan into the fire.

Adviſer. I confeſs Men can hardly avoid the Females, and are more tormented with them then Beggars are with Lice, or a Horſe with Flies; for ſince the Wars, numbers of Women do ſwarm about one Man, as Bees about a honey-pot.

Take-pleaſ. I confeſs it, and I fear my Friend *Courtly* will be devoured; wherefore, for Charity, go with me, and help him in diſtreſs, and I'le engage that he and I will do the like for either, or both of you.

Adviſer. Upon that condition we are content; then let us go with all ſpeed *Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Mercury Poet *to the Lady* Fancy, *whom He finds Weeping.*

Merc. Sweet Miſtreſs! let not our Parents folly
Be a cauſe to make us Melancholy:

For

For Natures, Fates, and mighty gods above
Did make, Decree, and cauſe our Souls to love;
Then do not mourn, or cloud your Eyes with Tears,
But baniſh from your Mind all Griefs and Fears;
For ſtill our Loving Souls will conſtant be,
Cœleſtial powers have joyn'd in that Decree.

L. *Fancy.* But at full Moon, the winds blow high,
And in the wain they ſilent lie.
So doth a Lover's full griev'd Mind
Cauſe ſtorms of Paſſions, like as Wind,
Beating the Thoughts, like Clouds about,
Which being preſt, Tears ſtreameth out.

Merc. But when that Grief is in the wain
The Mind is ſmooth, and calm again;
Thoughts are ſerene, Joy ſhineth clear;
The Eyes are fair, no Tears appear:
But if that you with me conſent,
Our Parents follies we'l prevent
With holy Ceremony, bind ſo ſure
In Sacred Marriage, ſhall for life endure.

L. *Fancy.* I do conſent to be your Wife.
For without you, I have no Life. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Sir William Sage, *Lady* Vertue, *and* Mimick.

Sir *William Sage.*

WHat are you ſtudying your Play?

Mimick. Yes faith, I am getting ſome ſpeeches by heart.

Sir *W. Sage.* Let us hear ſome of them.

Mimick. I cannot ſpeak like a Woman in Breeches and Doublet, unleſs I have a Petticoat.

Enter the Cook-maid.

Maid. Madam, I come to know what ſhall be dreſt for Supper?

Mimick. My Lady will faſt and pray to night; wherefore, lend me one of thy Petticoats.

Maid. What will you do with it?

Mimick. I'le not eat thy Petticoat, though it would fry in its own greaſe, but I would uſe it another way.

Maid. What other way?

Mimick. Why, I will wear thy Petticoat over my Breeches.

Maid. No, by my Faith, but you ſhall not; for then my Petticoat and your Breeches may commit Fornication.

Mimick. It were better our Clothes ſhould commit Fornication, then our Perſons; but in my Conſcience our Clothes will be honeſt; but it is probable, that the

Fleas in your Petticoat, and the Fleas in my Breeches may commit Fornication; and ſo our Clothes, or rather our ſelves will be guilty of another ſuch like Vertue, as Fornication; which is, I ſhall be a Pimp, and you a Bawd for the Adulterous Fleas; but howſoever I muſt borrow thy Petticoat.

Maid. Would you have me lend you my Petticoat, and ſtand my ſelf naked?

Mimick. If you ſhould, it would ſeem a deed of Charity, to give thy Petticoat from off thee, to thoſe that want it; beſides, you will appear like the Picture of *Eve* in her ſtate of Innocence; and when I have done acting my part, of ſeeming a Woman, I will be like *Adam*; and ſo we ſhall be both like our firſt Parents.

Maid. I'le ſee you hang'd in an Apple-tree, before I lend you my Petticoat.

Mimick. Then I ſhall not need it, unleſs it be for a ſhroud to lap me in; but rather then you will ſee me hang'd, you will cut the cord or halter, although you were ſure to damn your Soul for the deed; but if thou wilt lend me thy Petticoat, I will promiſe hereafter to be thy Champion Knight, armed with thy Kitchin-Veſſels; thy Spit ſhall be my long Sword or Tuck, and thy Dripping-pan my Target, thy Porridg-pot my Head-piece, one of thy Pie-plates ſhall ſerve for a breaſt-plate, and a Buff-coat made of the ſmuddy skins of Gammons of Bacon.

Maid. Upon that condition, to ſee you ſo armed, I

will lend you my upper-Petticoat, if my Maſter and Lady will give me leave.

Mimick. Thou haſt their leave; for I muſt act my part for them to ſee me; and I had rather wear thy upper-Coat, then thy under-Petticoat.

She pulls off her Petticoat.

L. *Vertue.* *Joan,* help him to put it on.

Mimick. No, I will put it on my ſelf, for ſhe will put it over my head, and I will put it under my feet, for I had rather my feet ſhould go thorough her Petticoat, then my noſe ſhould be in her tayl, which will be, if I put her Petticoat over my head.

She ſnatches her Petticoat away.

Maid. You jeering Fool, you ſhall not have my Petticoat to play the Fool with.

Mimick. You *Slut, take your Coat again,* for the ſmell makes me ſick, and ſuffocates my breath.

Maid. You are a lying fellow; for ſaying my Petticoat ſtinks.

Mimick. Prithee *Joan,* be pacified; for I confeſs, my ſmell is a fooliſh, nice, ſickly ſmell; but for thy comfort, many right Honourable, and right noble Perſons love the *haut-gouſt* of ſuch Petticoats; but the perfume of thy Petticoat, has ſpoiled the part of my Play; for it hath put me quite out of the Amorous Speeches, I ſhould have rehears'd.

Sir. *W. Sage.* But it is not ſo proper for a Woman to ſpeak Amorous Speeches, as for a Man; wherefore,

ſpeak

ſpeak ſome Amorous Speeches to *Joan*, as a Man in your own Garments.

Mimick. But my Speech was to be ſpoken in the abſence of my Lover; complaining to the gods, and imploring their favours to aſſiſt me to the ſight of my Love.

Sir *W. Sage.* That would have been rather as a Prayer, then an Amorous Speech.

Mimick. No, no, I would have order'd my Speech ſo as it ſhould have been Amorous.

L. *Vertue.* Then I perceive we ſhall hear none of your Play at this time.

Mimick. I have parts to act as a Man; which is to addreſs my ſelf in a Courtly manner to ſome fine, fair, ſweet, young Lady.

L. *Vertue.* Imagine *Joan* ſuch a Lady.

Mimick. My Imagination is not ſo powerful, as to Metamorphoſe *Joan* in my Thoughts to ſuch a Lady; beſides, *Joan* cannot anſwer a Man as ſhe ſhould.

Maid. You lie, you Rogue, for I have anſwer'd better men then thou art, or ever wilt be.

Mimick. But can you talk Court-talks?

Maid. I know not what Court-talk is, but I can talk.

Mimick. Stand forth here, and I will court thee as a Gallant doth his Miſtreſs: Lady, your Beauty ſhines.

Maid. That is, becauſe I waſh'd it with ſome of the Beef-broth, and wiped it with a greaſie clout, I uſe to wipe the diſhes; otherwiſe, the great hot ſhining fire i'th'

Kitchin

Kitchin would burn and parch it ſo dry, as it would be ſcurvy, or ſcabby.

Mimick. Setting aſide your baſted, roſted face, I muſt tell you, it is not the Courtly manner to interrupt a Man in his ſpeech; you muſt be ſilent until the end of the Speech, and then ſpeak; but you ſpoke when I had not ſaid above four words: hold your peace, and I'le begin again.

Lady, your Beauty ſhineth like a blazing-Star, whereon Men gaze, and in their Minds do wonder at the ſight; but the effects are not alike; your Beauty ſtrikes them not with fear, but Love; your frowns and ſmiles are Deſtiny and Fate, either to kill or cure.

Maid. What Language is this, *French* or *Dutch*, or *Welch*, or *Iriſh*, or *Scotch*!

Mimick. No, it is *Greek* and *Hebrew*.

Maid. Speak to me ſo, as I may underſtand you; otherwiſe, I cannot anſwer you.

Mimick. *Joan*, thy face ſhines like a Sea-coal fire.

Maid. Why, doth it look red?

Mimick. Faith, thy Noſe appears like a burning coal, rak'd over with black aſhes, but all thy face elſe appears like the outſide of a roaſted Pig.

Maid. You are a roaſted Aſs, for ſaying my face appears like the outſide of a roaſted Pig; my face is a face of God's own making, and not a Pig's face.

Mimick. No, I know your face is a Sow's face; but I ſay the colour of your face is like the Coat of a roaſted Pig.

Maid. My face is as good a face as your own, without any diſpraiſe to the party.

Mimick. Which party? the Fools party, or the Sluts party?

Maid. Well, for ſaying my face is like a Pig's Coat, i'faith when I roaſt a Pig again, you ſhall not have any part of it; and let me give you warning, you come not into the Kitchin; for if you do, I will fling a Ladle full of Drippings upon your Fools Coat.

Exit Maid.

Mimick. O wo is me! I ſhall loſe many a hot bit; but Maſter and Lady, this is your fault to make *Joan* and I fall out.

L. *Vertue.* We did not make you fall out.

Mimick. You commanded me to Court *Joan*, and ſhe doth not underſtand Courtſhips in words; for *Joan* is uſed to be kiſs'd, and not wooed; but I will go and promiſe *Joan* a kiſs, although I never pay it her; for the more hungry ſhe is, the better ſhe'l feed me. *Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Monſieur Facil, Monſieur Adviſer, *and* Monſieur Take-pleaſure.

Monſieur *Take-pleaſure.*

F*Acil*, I am come to fetch thee to the Horn-Tavern, for there be a number of Good-fellows that want thy Company.

Facil.

Facil. Stay, ſtay; I muſt go and make a Cuckold firſt.

Take-pleaſ. Thou haſt made a Hundred in thy time.

Facil. But I muſt go and make one to day; for I am going to meet a young beautiful Wife in private.

Take-pleaſ. Put off thy Meeting until another time.

Facil. That I cannot, I am ſo engaged; beſides, ſhe is a Lady of Honour.

Adviſer. Of Title you mean; for Ladies of Honour, or Honourable Ladies, do not uſe to have private Meetings with ſuch wild deboiſt Men as thou art; and if ſhe be a Wife, as you ſay ſhe is, it will be no great honour for her Husband.

Facil. You ſpeak as if you were a Married Man, and were ſenſible of a Husbands diſgrace.

Adviſer. The truth is, I find I have a Commiſeration and Compaſſion for Married Men.

Facil. But not when you are to lie with any of their Wives.

Adviſer. I ſeldom make love to Married Wives; for they are not worth the trouble and danger which a Man muſt paſs through before they can be enjoyed; beſides, a Man loſes a great deal of time in Wooing them, not but that they are as yielding, nay, more yielding then Maids; but they are more fearful to venture, leſt their Husbands ſhould know it.

Facil. Faith, Maids are more troubleſome and chargable then Wives; for they are apt to claim Marriage,

or to ſue for maintenance at leaſt; beſides, their lying in, and Chriſtening, breeding and bringing up of their Children, is an intollerable Charge; which charge is ſav'd with Married Wives; and for their Husbands, they are contented to wink, not willing to ſee their diſgraces, at leaſt not to divulge them.

Adviſer. Not all; for ſome will look with more eyes then their own, ſetting ſpies to watch them.

Facil. Thoſe are old-faſhioned Husbands, and not Mode-Husbands.

Adviſer. Indeed, I obſerve, that Mode-Husbands do not love their Wives, unleſs other Men Court them; and if your Miſtreſs's Husband is ſuch a one, you ſhall not need to meet in private.

Facil. I think my Miſtreſs's Husband is not ſo much of the *French* faſhion, although my Miſtreſs *is Frenchified.*

Take-pleaſ. What, has ſhe the *French* Pox?

Facil. I hope not; for Ladies of her Quality have not that foul infectious Diſeaſe; but I mean my Miſtreſs is in the *French* Faſhion, not in the *French* Diſeaſe: But farwell, for I muſt be gone; otherwiſe, I ſhall ſlip my time.

Take-pleaſ. Prithee go along with me.

Facil. I'le leave you, my friend here; for my ſelf I muſt go, otherwiſe I ſhould prove my ſelf a Fool, to loſe the time I have ſpent in Wooing, the Money I have given in bribing, the Sleeps I have miſt with watching,

the

the Proteſtations and Vows I have made in ſwearing, and my word that is paſt in promiſing, if I ſhould not meet her and enjoy her; but when I am parted from her, I will come to you.

Take-pleaſ. Well, I am content to ſpare thee ſo long; for I would not have thee a loſer, although my faith tells me, you will not gain much: But remember the meeting at the Horn-Tavern.

Facil. I ſhall not forget that ſign of any ſign; wherefore, doubt not of my Company. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lady Vertue *and* Mimick.

Lady *Vertue.*

Mimick, to my ſight you appear dull, ſince you are Married!

Mimick. Faith, I do not find my ſelf ſo lively as I was before I Married; for a Wife is a clog to a Man's heels, and a cloud in a Man's mind; but your Ladyſhip ſeems more lively ſince you were Married, then you did before.

Lady. The reaſon is, That a good Husband is a light to a Woman's life, a friend to a Woman's Vertue, and a Crown to a Woman's honour.

Mimick. And an ill Wife is a Horn to a Man's head, a Plague to a Man's life, and a death to a Man's wit.

Lady. Indeed your *Mimick*-Wit ſeems dead ſince you Married; but yet my Maid *Nan*, whom you Married, is a good Wife.

Mimick. Yes, when ſhe is in a good humor.

Lady. Let me adviſe you to return to your *Mimick*-humour, or I will tell your Wife, that you repent your Marriage.

Mimick. She may perceive that by my cold kindneſs; howſoever, I'le live like a Batchellor, although I am a Married Man.

Lady. How can you do ſo?

Mimick. Why, I will live Chaſt.

Lady. That will be well for *Nan.*

Enter Sir William Sage.

Sir *W. Sage.* Wife, I have invited ſome Strangers to dine with me to morrow; wherefore, I would have you dreſs your ſelf fine to entertain them.

Lady. If you like me in plain Garments as well as in rich, I care not how Strangers like me.

Sir *W. Sage.* I would have my Wife appear ſo handſome to Strangers, as they may approve of my Choice.

Lady. Some Men would be afraid if their Wives ſhould be ſeen by Strangers, leaſt they might like ſo well their Choice, as to chuſe them for their Miſtreſſes.

Sir *W. Sage.* But my Wife's Vertue makes me fearleſs of Strangers.

Lady. But Vertue is not proved, until it be tryed.

Sir *W. Sage.* True love is never inconſtant.

Lady.

Lady. But true love is not known until it be tryed.

Sir *W. Sage.* I fear not a trial.

Lady. But a trial of Chaſtity is ſcandalous; for *Overberry* in his Characters ſays, *That he comes not near, that comes to be denied.*

Sir *W. Sage.* Then I will entertain the Strangers, and keep you in your Chamber.

Lady. I ſhall ſo.

Mimick. Madam, my Maſter having Strangers to morrow, pray let me add one diſh to the Feaſt.

Sir *W. Sage.* VVhat Diſh is that, a dreſs'd Lady?

Mimick. No; for my skill in Phyſick doth plainly prove, that Ladies are unwholſome meat, they will give a Man a Surfeit; beſides, they are not taſtable, unleſs they be very tender and young; alſo, they are very chargable in dreſſing, they require ſo many Ingrediences and garniſhings to ſet them off, and ſo much ſauce to make them reliſh well, as would undo a poor Man; beſides, much art is required in the Dreſſing: So all conſidered, they are not worth the charge, labour and time, being but a faint, weak and ſickly meat at the beſt, but I have thought of other meat, which will be taſtable meat to a great Monarch.

Sir *W. Sage.* VVhat meat is that?

Mimick. An Hodge-podge.

Sir *W. Sage.* It ſeems it is for a *Dutch* Monarch; but let us know how you will make it?

Mimick. Firſt, I will take VVidows diſſembling tears,

Tears, Maids diſſembling Modeſty, VVives diſſembling Chaſtity, Curtiſans diſſembling Virginity, Puritanical Siſters diſſembling Piety, Autumnal Ladies diſſembling Beauty; and mixing all theſe Ingrediences together, I will put them into a Myſtical pot, and ſet it on a heatleſs fiery Meteor a ſtewing, and after it has ſtew'd ſome time, I'le put theſe Ingrediences to them, The Pride of Favourites, the Vanity of Courtiers, the Jugling of Stateſmen, the Fears of Cowards, the miſchiefs of Tumults, the Extortion of Magiſtrates, the Covetouſneſs of Uſurers, the Retards of Judges, the Quirks of Lawyers, the Opiniateneſs of Schollars, the Jealouſie of Lovers, the Deceit of Tradeſmen, the Brags of Soldiers, the Oaths of Gameſters, the Prodigality of young Heirs, the Diſeaſes of Drunkards, the Surfeits of Gluttons, and the diſhonour of Cuckolds; Likewiſe, I will put in a Fool's Brain, a Liers Tongue, a Traiterous Heart, and a Thieves Hand; VVith which I'le ſtir all together, and after they have been well ſtew'd and ſtir'd together, I'le take this Hodg-podg and put it into a large diſh of Infamy, and garniſh it with the dotgae of Age, the follies of Youth, the ſuperſtition of Idolaters, and the expectation of Chymiſts, and then ſerve it up to *Pluto's* Table.

Lady. For once I will try my Huswifry to Cook a diſh of meat, which ſhall be a Bisk: Firſt, I will take the Truth of Religion, the Piety of Saints, the Chaſtity of Nunns, the Purity of Virginity, the Conſtancy of

true

true Love, the Unity of Friendſhip, the Innocency of Infants, the Wit of Poets, the Eloquence of Orators, the Learning of Scholars, the Valour of Soldiers, the Knowledg of Travellers, and Time's Experience; And put all theſe into a pot of Renown, and ſet it on a Cœleſtial fire a ſtewing; after it has ſtew'd ſome time, I'le put in theſe Ingredients, Wholſome Temperance, ſtrengthning Fortitude, comfortable Juſtice, and ſavory Prudence; alſo, I'le add the bowels of Compaſſion, the Heart of Honeſty, the Brain of Wiſdom, the Tongue of Truth, and the Hand of Generoſity; and ſtir them well together, then I'le take them off, and put them into a diſh of Happineſs, and garniſh it with the Plenty of Proſperity, the Eaſe of Reſt, the Delight of Beauty, and the Tranquillity of Peace, and ſo ſerve it up to *Jove's* Table. Thus I am a Cook-maid for the gods; but you are a Cook-man for the Devil, and all the meat you Cook, is burnt.

Mimick. I confeſs, Hell's fire is great and ſcorching, and Hell's Kitchin is very hot; but howſoever, my Maſter the Devil loves his meat thoroughly roaſted, and tenderly ſtew'd; but your Maſter *Jove* loves all his meat cold and raw; for there is not any fire in Heaven, and that is the reaſon you chuſe to be a Servant to the gods; becauſe you would not burn your face, leſt it ſhould ſpoile your Complexion; for Ladies are more careful of their Faces then their Souls; beſides, the cool and temperate air, and the cold diet of the gods,

which breeds flegm; makes them patient; whereas the Devil is dwelling in a Torrid Region, and eating dry roaſted meat, which breeds Choller, makes him furious; in ſo much, as he tortures his Servants with grievous pains.

Lady. Why do you ſerve him then?

Mimick. Becauſe, he gives great wages; I ſerve him for neceſſity, but ſome ſerve him for worldly honour, and ſome for worldly wealth, and ſome for worldly power, and ſome for one thing, and ſome for another; for none ſerves him for love, neither do the Servants of the gods ſerve them for love but for ſome reward.

Sir *W. Sage.* Let me perſwade you to change your Service.

Mimick. So I will, when I am old, and can ſerve the Devil no longer, then I will leave his Service, and ſerve the gods.

Sir *W. Sage.* But the gods will not then accept of your Service.

Mimick. But they will; for the gods refuſe not any that offer their ſervice; The truth is, the gods cannot get Servants enough to ſerve them, ſo as they are forced to take any that will but ſerve them; for the gods have but the Devils leavings and refuſals, as thoſe that are ſo old as to be paſt ſin; or ſo ſickly, as they cannot act ſin; or thoſe that are ſo young, as not to know ſin; for moſt of the gods Servants are aged and weak perſons, or young Children.

Sir

Sir *W. Sage.* I perceive you will wear out ſin, before you ſerve the gods.

Mimick. No, ſin ſhall wear out me, before I ſerve them.

Lady. You are a ſinful Rogue.

Mimick. All Mankind is ſo, more or leſs, even your Ladyſhip; the gods bleſs you, and have mercy upon you.

Lady. Well, to puniſh you for your Sins, you ſhall eat no other meat but what your Poetical Fancy dreſſes.

Mimick. I ſhall be ſtarved then. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Monſieur Courtly, *and Monſieur* Adviſer.

Monſieur *Adviſer.*

Courtly! 'tis ſtrange to ſee you in this humour, as dying for the love of one Woman, when as I thought you had taken a ſurfeit of all Womenkind!

Courtly. 'Tis true, I have Courted ſome Women, and many Women have Courted me; but I did never truly love any Woman but this Woman, which I cannot enjoy.

Adviſer. Have you no hopes to linger your life a little time longer?

Courtly. Faith, I believe my life will continue, but my hopes are buried in deſpair. *Adviſer.*

Adviſer. If you had but the opportunity to Court this Lady, you are ſo madly in love with, at any time, I am confident you may gain her good will; for Women are as various in their denials and conſentings to their Lovers, as they are in their faſhions and garments; for they will love and hate, and hate and love one and the ſame, many ſeveral times; as now love, then hate, now hate, then love; for Ladies affections change like the Seaſons, or the Weather, as ſometimes hot, and ſometimes cold, and ſometimes luke-warm.

Courtly. The affections of the Lady I love, are at all times cold, even to numneſs; for ſhe is inſenſible towards me, and to all Lovers elſe, for any thing I can perceive.

Adviſer. Is ſhe ſuch a frozen Lady?

Courtly. Yes faith; for I think ſhe is compoſed of Ice, or a ſtatue made of Snow.

Adviſer. If ſhe be compoſed of Ice or Snow, I dare aſſure you, ſhe may be melted.

Courtly. How?

Adviſer. Why, be you in the Torrid Zone of Mode, in Speech, Behaviour and Accouſtrements, and let your Garments be ſo rich, as to ſhine in Gold and Silver, whoſe gliſtering rayes will caſt a glorious ſplendor; then addreſs your ſelf in Poetical flames, and being a hot Lover, you will thaw her into your arms, and melt her unto your deſire: Thus a Weſtern Lover, and a Northern Lady may meet in Conjunction together.

Courtly.

Courtly. But cold Chaſtity has congealed and cryſtallined this Lady, in ſo much, as the hotteſt Lover with all his Poetical flames, and ſplenderous rayes of Youth, Beauty, Title, Wealth or Bravery, has not power to change or alter her worth and honour; for like a durable Diamond ſhe is, and will remain.

Adviſ. Who is the Owner of this rich Jewel?

Court. Sir *W. Sage*, who is a wiſe, valiant man, and will not part from her, nor ſuffer any Man to take her from him; for he wears her in his heart, and ſhe is the delight of his Life, and the Crown of his Honour, in which he takes more Glory, pride and pleaſure, then to be Crowned Emperor of the whole VVorld.

Adviſer. He hath reaſon; for a Man may ſooner conquer the VVorld, then find ſuch another Chaſt VVoman as ſhe is.

Courtly. VVell, ſince I cannot obtain my deſire, I will travel.

Adviſer. That is the beſt for you to do, for ſo you may tire out Love.

Courtly. Or Love tire out me.

Adviſer. Faith, you are tir'd out of Courtſhip, and if you can tire out Love, you will do well; but before you go to Travel, you muſt go to a dancing-meeting of Ladies and Gentlemen. *Exeunt.*

Enter Longlife, *and* Aged.

Aged. Mr. *Longlife*, I am come to tell you, That your Son *Mercury* hath ſtoln away my Daughter

Fancy, and as I hear, they are gone to *Apollo*'s Church to be Married.

Longl. Mr. *Aged*, I am ſorry for it, and wiſh he had ſtoln a Challenge, when he ſtole your Daughter.

Aged. And I wiſh my Daughter had Married an Aſs, rather then Marry your Son.

Longl. Well, if they be Married, as ſure they are, if they have any Children we will endeavour to breed them Fools.

Aged. We will ſo.

Enter the Married Couple: They kneel down.

Merc. We deſire your Bleſſing.

Longl. Well, ſince you are Married, God bleſs you; But Son and Daughter in Law, I deſire and command you in the name of a Father, that you will leave Verſifying, Rhyming, Similizing, and the like, but ſtudy the Politicks, and that will abate your Wit.

Aged. They may ſtudy *Virgils Georgicks*, for that treats of good Husbandry.

Longl. Yes, brother *Aged*, but it is in Verſe, and whatſoever they get in Husbandry, they will loſe by the Rhyme.

Aged. By the Maſs you ſay true, Brother *Longlife.*

Longl. Well Brother, although they have Married againſt our conſent, yet we will celebrate their Marriage with Feaſting, Mirth, and Muſick.

Merc. Muſick Sir, is a part of Poetry, and belongs to the Muſes.

Longl.

Longl. Yes, yes, but not ſuch Muſick as we will have, two or three Scraping Fidlers, that plays neither tune nor time.

Enter the Lady Fancy *as a Bride, and Sir* Mercury Poet *as Bridegroom; and all the Ladies and Gentlemen that were Gueſts at the firſt Wedding.*

Aged. Brother *Longlife*, we are not for theſe active ſports, our dancing-days are done.

Longl. You ſay true, brother *Aged*; but in our younger years we were as agil as the beſt of them all.

A young Lady takes out Longlife *to dance.*

Lady. Sir, although you be old, you may walk a grave meaſure, as a Paven.

Longl. Say you ſo, my Girl; and i'faith I will try what my old legs will do; here brother *Aged* you ſhall hold my ſtaff whil'ſt I dance.

Aged. Nay, b'r'lady, your ſtaff brother *Longlife* will help to prop up your weakneſs; and ſince a young Lady hath choſe you to dance with, I will chuſe out a Lady to dance with me; but the Muſicians muſt play ſlow, or we ſhall not keep time; wherefore, Muſicians let not your Fiddles go faſter then our Legs, nor your Tunes to be younger then our years, but an old Paven.

The Old Men dance with two Young Ladies, they dance ſoftly, but right, and keep time.

The Young Men ſmile.

Aged. You young Men ſmile, but we could have danced as nimbly as you can now.

Merc. You will teach us a ſober pace, Sir.

Longl. No Son, Time muſt teach you that, to which we will leave you, and my Brother and I will reſt our Legs whil'ſt you tire your Legs: Come brother *Aged*, let us leave them to their Mirth, Muſick, and Youth.

The ACTORS NAMES.

Monſieur { *Take-pleaſure*, *Adviſer*, *Facil.* *Courtly.* } Bridemen.

Maſter *Longlife.*

Maſter *Aged.*

Sir *Mercury Poet*, and the Lady *Fancy* his Bride.

Sir *William Sage*, and the Lady *Vertue* his Bride.

Sir *John Amorous*, and the Lady *Coy* his Bride.

Madam *Mediator.* And other Ladies.

Mimick the Fool.

Joan, a Cook-maid.

THE
Convent of Pleaſure.

A COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Three Gentlemen.

First Gentleman.

O M, Where have you been, you look ſo ſadly of it?

2 *Gent.* I have been at the Funeral of the Lord *Fortunate*; who has left his Daughter, the Lady *Happy*, very rich, having no other Daughter but her.

1 *Gent.* If ſhe be ſo rich, it will make us all Young Men, ſpend all our Wealth in fine Clothes, Coaches, and Lackies, to ſet out our Wooing hopes.

3 *Gent.* If all her Wooers be younger Brothers, as moſt of us Gallants are, we ſhall undo our ſelves upon bare hopes, without Probability: But is ſhe handſome, *Tom?*

2 *Gent.* Yes, ſhe is extream handſome, young, rich, and virtuous.

1 *Gent.* Faith, that is too much for one Woman to poſſeſs.

2 *Gent.* Not, if you were to have her.

1 *Gent.* No, not for me; but in my Opinion too much for any other Man. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Lady Happy, *and one of her Attendants.*

Servant.

MAdam, you being young, handſome, rich, and virtuous, I hope you will not caſt away thoſe gifts of Nature, Fortune, and Heaven, upon a Perſon which cannot merit you?

L. *Happy.* Let me tell you, that Riches ought to be beſtowed on ſuch as are poor, and want means to maintain themſelves; and Youth, on thoſe that are old; Beauty, on thoſe that are ill-favoured; and Virtue, on thoſe that are vicious: So that if I ſhould place my gifts rightly, I muſt Marry one that's poor, old, ill-favoured, and debauch'd.

Serv.

Serv. Heaven forbid.

L. *Happy.* Nay, Heaven doth not only allow of it, but commands it; for we are commanded to give to thoſe that want.

Enter Madam Mediator *to the Lady* Happy.

Mediat. Surely, Madam, you do but talk, and intend not to go where you ſay.

L. *Happy.* Yes, truly, my Words and Intentions go even together.

Mediat. But ſurely you will not incloyſter your ſelf, as you ſay.

L. *Happy.* Why, what is there in the publick World that ſhould invite me to live in it?

Mediat. More then if you ſhould baniſh your ſelf from it.

L. *Happy.* Put the caſe I ſhould Marry the beſt of Men, if any beſt there be; yet would a Marry'd life have more croſſes and ſorrows then pleaſure, freedom, or hapineſs: nay Marriage to thoſe that are virtuous is a greater reſtraint then a Monaſtery. Or, ſhould I take delight in Admirers? they might gaze on my Beauty, and praiſe my Wit, and I receive nothing from their eyes, nor lips; for Words vaniſh as ſoon as ſpoken, and Sights are not ſubſtantial. Beſides, I ſhould loſe more of my Reputation by their Viſits, then gain by their Praiſes. Or, ſhould I quit Reputation and turn Courtizan, there would be more loſt in my Health, then gained by my Lovers, I ſhould find more pain then

Pleaſure; beſides, the troubles and frights I ſhould be put to, with the Quarrels and Brouilleries that Jealous Rivals make, would be a torment to me; and 'tis only for the ſake of Men, when Women retire not: And ſince there is ſo much folly, vanity and falſhood in Men, why ſhould Women trouble and vex themſelves for their ſake; for retiredneſs bars the life from nothing elſe but Men.

Mediat. O yes, for thoſe that incloiſter themſelves, bar themſelves from all other worldly Pleaſures.

L. *Happy.* The more Fools they.

Mediat. Will you call thoſe Fools that do it for the gods ſake?

L. *Happy.* No Madam, it is not for the gods ſake, but for opinion's ſake; for, Can any Rational Creature think or believe, the gods take delight in the Creature's uneaſie life? or, Did they command or give leave to Nature to make Senſes for no uſe; or to croſs, vex and pain them? for, What profit or pleaſure can it be to the gods to have Men or Women wear coarſe Linnen or rough Woollen, or to flea their skin with Hair-cloth, or to eat or ſawe thorow their fleſh with Cords? or, What profit or pleaſure can it be to the gods to have Men eat more Fiſh then Fleſh, or to faſt? unleſs the gods did feed on ſuch meat themſelves; for then, for fear the gods ſhould want it, it were fit for Men to abſtein from it: The like for Garments, for fear the gods ſhould want fine Clothes to adorn themſelves, it

were

were fit Men ſhould not wear them: Or, what profit or pleaſure can it be to the gods to have Men to lie uneaſily on the hard ground, unleſs the gods and Nature were at variance, ſtrife and wars; as if what is diſpleaſing unto Nature, were pleaſing to the gods, and to be enemies to her, were to be friends to them.

Mediat. But being done for the gods ſake, it makes that which in Nature ſeems to be bad, in Divinity to be good.

L. *Happy.* It cannot be good, if it be neither pleaſure, nor profit to the gods; neither do Men any thing for the gods but their own ſake.

Mediat. But when the Mind is not imployed with Vanities, nor the Senſes with Luxury; the Mind is more free, to offer its Adorations, Prayers and Praiſes to the gods.

L. *Happy.* I believe, the gods are better pleaſed with Praiſes then Faſting; but when the Senſes are dull'd with abſtinency, the Body weakned with faſting, the Spirits tir'd with watching, the Life made uneaſie with pain, the Soul can have but little will to worſhip: only the Imagination doth frighten it into active zeal, which devotion is rather forced then voluntary; ſo that their prayers rather flow out of their mouth, then ſpring from their heart, like rain-water that runs thorow Gutters, or like Water that's forced up a Hill by Artificial Pipes and Ciſterns. But thoſe that pray not unto the gods, or praiſe them more in proſperity then adver-

adverſity, more in pleaſures then pains, more in liberty then reſtraint, deſerve neither the happineſs of eaſe, peace, freedom, plenty and tranquillity in this World, nor the glory and bleſſedneſs of the next. And if the gods ſhould take pleaſure in nothing but in the torments of their Creatures, and would not prefer thoſe prayers that are offer'd with eaſe and delight, I ſhould believe, the gods were cruel: and, What Creature that had reaſon or rational underſtanding, would ſerve cruel Maſters, when they might ſerve a kind Miſtreſs, or would forſake the ſervice of their kind Miſtreſs, to ſerve cruel Maſters? Wherefore, if the gods be cruel, I will ſerve Nature; but the gods are bountiful, and give all, that's good, and bid us freely pleaſe our ſelves in that which is beſt for us: and that is beſt, what is moſt temperately uſed, and longeſt may be enjoyed, for exceſs doth waſt it ſelf, and all it feeds upon.

Mediat. In my opinion your Doctrine, and your Intention do not agree together.

L. *Happy.* Why?

Mediat. You intend to live incloiſter'd and retired from the World.

L. *Happy.* 'Tis true, but not from pleaſures; for, I intend to incloiſter my ſelf from the World, to enjoy pleaſure, and not to bury my ſelf from it; but to incloiſter my ſelf from the incumbred cares and vexations, troubles and perturbance of the World.

Mediat.

Mediat. But if you incloiſter your ſelf, How will you enjoy the company of Men, whoſe converſation is thought the greateſt Pleaſure?

L. *Happy.* Men are the only troublers of Women; for they only croſs and oppoſe their ſweet delights, and peaceable life; they cauſe their pains, but not their pleaſures. Wherefore thoſe Women that are poor, and have not means to buy delights, and maintain pleaſures, are only fit for Men; for having not means to pleaſe themſelves, they muſt ſerve only to pleaſe others; but thoſe Women, where Fortune, Nature, and the gods are joined to make them happy, were mad to live with Men, who make the Female ſex their ſlaves; but I will not be ſo inſlaved, but will live retired from their Company. Wherefore, in order thereto, I will take ſo many Noble Perſons of my own Sex, as my Eſtate will plentifully maintain, ſuch whoſe Births are greater then their Fortunes, and are reſolv'd to live a ſingle life, and vow Virginity: with theſe I mean to live incloiſter'd with all the delights and pleaſures that are allowable and lawful; My Cloiſter ſhall not be a Cloiſter of reſtraint, but a place for freedom, not to vex the Senſes but to pleaſe them.

For every Senſe ſhall pleaſure take,
And all our Lives ſhall merry make:
Our Minds in full delight ſhall joy,
Not vex'd with every idle Toy:
Each Seaſon ſhall our Caterers be,
To ſearch the Land, and Fiſh the Sea;
To gather Fruit and reap the Corn,
That's brought to us in Plenty's Horn;
With which we'l feaſt and pleaſe our taſt,
But not luxurious make a waſt.
Wee'l Cloth our ſelves with ſofteſt Silk,
And Linnen fine as white as milk.
Wee'l pleaſe our Sight with Pictures rare;
Our Noſtrils with perfumed Air.
Our Ears with ſweet melodious Sound,
Whoſe Subſtance can be no where found;
Our Taſt with ſweet delicious Meat,
And ſavory Sauces we will eat:
Variety each Senſe ſhall feed,
And Change in them new Appetites breed.
Thus will in Pleaſure's Convent *I*
Live with delight, and with it die.

Exeunt.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Monſieur Take-pleaſure, *and his Man* Dick.

Monſieur *Take-pleaſure.*

Dick, Am I fine to day?

Dick. Yes, Sir, as fine as Feathers, Ribbons, Gold, and Silver can make you.

Takepl. Doſt thou think I ſhall get the Lady *Happy?*

Dick. Not if it be her fortune to continue in that name.

Takepl. Why?

Dick. Becauſe if ſhe Marry your Worſhip ſhe muſt change her Name; for the Wife takes the Name of her Husband, and quits her own.

Takepl. Faith, *Dick*, if I had her wealth I ſhould be *Happy*.

Dick. It would be according as your Worſhip would uſe it; but, on my conſcience, you would be more happy with the Ladie's Wealth, then the Lady would be with your Worſhip.

Takepl. Why ſhould you think ſo?

Dick. Becauſe Women never think themſelves happy in Marriage.

Takepl. You are miſtaken; for Women never think themſelves happpy until they be Married.

Dick. The truth is, Sir, that Women are always unhappy in their thoughts, both before and after Marriage;

Marriage; for, before Marriage they think themſelves unhappy for want of a Husband; and after they are Married, they think themſelves unhappy for having a Husband.

Takepl. Indeed VVomens thoughts are reſtleſs.

Enter Monſieur Facil, *and Monſieur* Adviſer, *to Mouſieur* Take-pleaſure; *all in their Wooing Accouſtrements.*

Takepl. Gentlemen, I perceive you are all prepared to Woo.

Facil. Yes faith, we are all prepared to be Wooers. But whom ſhall we get to preſent us to the Lady *Happy?*

Adviſer. We muſt ſet on bold faces, and preſent our ſelves.

Takepl. Faith, I would not give my hopes for an indifferent portion.

Facil. Nor I.

Adviſer. The truth is, We are all ſtuft with Hopes, as Cuſhions are with Feathers.

Enter Monſieur Courtly.

Court. O Gentlemen, Gentlemen, we are all utterly undone.

Adviſer. Why, what's the matter?

Court. Why, the Lady *Happy* hath incloiſter'd her ſelf, with twenty Ladies more.

Adviſer

Adviſer. The Devil ſhe hath?

Facil. The gods forbid.

Court. Whether it was the devil or the gods that have perſwaded her to it, I cannot tell; but gone in ſhe is.

Takepl. I hope it is but a blaſt of Devotion, which will ſoon flame out.

Enter Madam Mediator.

Takepl. O Madam *Mediator*, we are all undone, the Lady *Happy* is incloiſter'd.

Mediat. Yes, Gentlemen, the more is the pitty.

Adviſer. Is there no hopes?

Mediat. Faith, little.

Facil. Let us fee the Clergy to perſwade her out, for the good of the Commonwealth.

Mediat. Alas Gentlemen! they can do no good, for ſhe is not a Votreſs to the gods but to Nature.

Court. If ſhe be a Votreſs to Nature, you are the only Perſon fit to be Lady Prioreſs; and ſo by your power and authority you may give us leave to viſit your Nuns ſometimes.

Mediat. Not but at a Grate, unleſs in time of Building, or when they are ſick; but howſoever, the Lady *Happy* is Lady-Prioreſs her ſelf, and will admit none of the Maſculine Sex, not ſo much as to a Grate, for ſhe will ſuffer no grates about the Cloiſter; ſhe has alſo Women Phyſicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries, and ſhe is the chief Confeſſor her ſelf, and

gives what Indulgences or Abſolutions ſhe pleaſeth: Alſo, her Houſe, where ſhe hath made her Convent, is ſo big and convenient, and ſo ſtrong, as it needs no addition or repair: Beſides, ſhe has ſo much compaſs of ground within her walls, as there is not only room and place enough for Gardens, Orchards, Walks, Groves, Bowers, Arbours, Ponds, Fountains, Springs and the like; but alſo conveniency for much Proviſion, and hath Women for every Office and Employment: for though ſhe hath not above twenty Ladies with her, yet ſhe hath a numerous Company of Female Servants, ſo as there is no occaſion for Men.

Takepl. If there be ſo many Women, there will be the more uſe for Men: But pray Madam *Mediator*, give me leave, rightly to underſtand you, by being more clearly informed: you ſay, The Lady *Happy* is become a Votreſs to Nature; and if ſhe be a Votreſs to Nature, ſhe muſt be a Miſtreſs to Men.

Mediat. By your favour, Sir, ſhe declares, That ſhe hath avoided the company of Men, by retirement, meerly, becauſe ſhe would enjoy the variety of Pleaſures, which are in Nature; of which, ſhe ſays, Men are Obſtructers; for, inſtead of increaſing Pleaſure, they produce Pain; and, inſtead of giving Content, they increaſe Trouble; inſtead of making the Femal-Sex Happy, they make them Miſerable; for which, ſhe hath baniſhed the Maſculine Company for ever.

Adviſer. Her Heretical Opinions ought not to be

ſuffer'd

ſuffer'd, nor her Doctrine allow'd; and ſhe ought to be examined by a Maſculine Synod, and puniſh'd with a ſevere Husband, or tortured with a deboiſt Husband.

Mediat. The beſt way, Gentlemen, is to make your Complaints, and put up a Petition to the State, with your deſires for a Redreſs.

Court. Your Counſel is good.

Facil. We will follow it, and go preſently about it. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the Lady Happy, *with her Ladies; as alſo Madam* Mediator.

Lady *Happy.*

LAdies, give me leave to deſire your Confeſſion, whether or no you repent your Retirement.

Ladies. Moſt excellent Lady, it were as probable a repentance could be in Heaven amongſt Angels as amongſt us.

L. *Happy.* Now Madam *Mediator*, let me ask you, Do you condemn my act of Retirement?

Mediat. I approve of it with admiration and wonder, that one that is ſo young ſhould be ſo wiſe.

L. *Happy.* Now give me leave to inform you, how I have order'd this our *Convent of Pleaſure*; firſt, I have

have ſuch things as are for our Eaſe and Conveniency; next for Pleaſure, and Delight; as I have change of Furniture, for my houſe; according to the four Seaſons of the year, eſpecially our Chambers: As in the Spring, our Chambers are hung with Silk-Damask, and all other things ſuitable to it; and a great Looking-Glaſs in each Chamber, that we may view our ſelves and take pleaſure in our own Beauties, whilſt they are freſh and young; alſo, I have in each Chamber a Cupboard of ſuch plate, as is uſeful, and whatſoever is to be uſed is there ready to be imployed; alſo, I have all the Floor ſtrew'd with ſweet Flowers: In the Summer I have all our Chambers hung with Taffety, and all other things ſuitable to it, and a Cup-board of Purſeline, and of Plate, and all the Floore ſtrew'd every day with green Ruſhes or Leaves, and Ciſterns placed neer our Beds-heads, wherein Water may run out of ſmall Pipes made for that purpoſe: To invite repoſe in the Autumn, all our Chambers are hung with Gilt Leather, or Franchipane; alſo, Beds and all other things ſuitable; and the Rooms Matted with very fine Mats: In the Winter our Chambers muſt be hung with Tapeſtry, and our Beds of Velvet, lined with Sattin, and all things ſuitable to it, and all the Floor ſpread over with *Turkie* Carpets, and a Cup-board of Gilt Plate; and all the Wood for Firing to be Cypreſs and Juniper; and all the Lights to be Perfumed Wax; alſo, the Bedding and Pillows are ordered according

cording to each Seaſon; *viz.* to be ſtuft with Feathers in the Spring and Autumn, and with Down in the Winter, but in the Summer to be only Quilts, either of Silk, or fine Holland; and our Sheets, Pillows, Table-Clothes and Towels, to be of pure fine Holland, and every day clean; alſo, the Rooms we eat in, and the Veſſels we feed withal, I have according to each Seaſon; and the Linnen we uſe to our Meat, to be pure fine Diaper, and Damask, and to change it freſh every courſe of Meat: As for our Galleries, Stair-Caſes, and Paſſages, they ſhall be hung with various Pictures; and, all along the Wall of our Gallery, as long as the Summer laſts, do ſtand, upon Pedeſtals, Flower-pots, with various Flowers; and in the Winter Orange-Trees: and my Gardens to be kept curiouſly, and flouriſh, in every Seaſon of all ſorts of Flowers, ſweet Herbs and Fruits, and kept ſo as not to have a Weed in it, and all the Groves, Wilderneſſes, Bowers and Arbours pruned, and kept free from dead Boughs Branches or Leaves; and all the Ponds, Rivolets, Fountains, and Springs, kept clear, pure and freſh: Alſo, we will have the choiſeſt Meats every Seaſon doth afford, and that every day our Meat, be dreſt ſeveral ways, and our drink cooler or hotter according to the ſeveral Seaſons; and all our Drinks freſh and pleaſing: Change of Garments are alſo provided, of the neweſt faſhions for every Seaſon, and rich Trimming; ſo as we may be accoutred properly,

and according to our ſeveral paſtimes: and our Shifts ſhall be of the fineſt and pureſt Linnen that can be bought or ſpun.

Ladies. None in this World can be happier.

L. *Happy.* Now Ladies, let us go to our ſeveral Paſtimes, if you pleaſe. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Two Ladies.

Lady *Amorous.*

MAdam, how do you, ſince you were Married?

L. Vertue. Very well, I thank you.

L. Amor. I am not ſo well as I wiſh I were.

Enter Madam Mediator *to them.*

M. *Mediat.* Ladies, do you hear the News?

L. Vertue. What News?

M. *Mediat.* Why there is a great Foreign Princeſs arrived, hearing of the famous *Convent of Pleaſure*, to be one of Nature's Devotes.

L. Amor. What manner of Lady is ſhe?

M. *Mediat.* She is a Princely brave Woman truly, of a Maſculine Preſence.

L. Vertue. But, Madam *Mediator*, Do they live in ſuch Pleaſure as you ſay? for they'l admit you, a Widow, although not us, by reaſon we are Wives.

M. *Mediat.* In ſo much Pleaſure, as Nature never knew,

knew, before this *Convent* was: and for my part, I had rather be one in the *Convent of Pleaſure*, then Empereſs of the whole World; for every Lady there enjoyeth as much Pleaſure as any abſolute Monarch can do, without the Troubles and Cares, that wait ſon Royalty; beſides, none can enjoy thoſe Pleaſures They have, unleſs they live ſuch a retired or retreated life free from the Worlds vexations.

L. Vertue. Well, I wiſh I might ſee and know, what Pleaſures they enjoy.

M. *Mediat.* If you were there, you could not know all their Pleaſure in a ſhort time, for their Varieties will require a long time to know their ſeveral Changes; beſides, their Pleaſures and Delights vary with the Seaſons; ſo that what with the ſeveral Seaſons, and the Varieties of every Seaſon, it will take up a whole life's time.

L. Vertue. But I could judg of their Changes by their ſingle Principles.

M. *Mediat.* But they have Variety of one and the ſame kind.

L. Vertue. But I ſhould ſee the way or manner of them.

M. *Mediat.* That you might. *Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Monſieur Adviſer, Courtly, Take-pleaſure, *and* Facil.

Monſieur *Courtly.*

IS there no hopes to get thoſe Ladies out of their *Convent?*

Adviſer. No faith, unleſs we could ſet the *Convent* on fire.

Takepl. For *Jupiter*'s ſake, let us do it, let's every one carry a Fire-brand to fire it.

Court. Yes, and ſmoak them out, as they do a Swarm of Bees.

Facil. Let's go preſently about it.

Adviſer. Stay, there is a great Princeſs there.

Takepl. 'Tis true, but when that Princeſs is gone, we will ſurely do it.

Adviſer. Yes, and be puniſh'd for our Villany.

Takepl. It will not prove Villany, for we ſhall do Nature good ſervice.

Adviſer. Why, ſo we do Nature good ſervice, when we get a Wench with Child, but yet the Civil Laws do puniſh us for it.

Court. They are not Civil Laws that puniſh Lovers.

Adviſer. But thoſe are Civil Laws that puniſh Adulterers.

Court.

Court. Thoſe are Barbarous Laws that make Love Adultery.

Adviſer. No, Thoſe are Barbarous that make Adultery Love.

Facil. Well, leaving Love and Adultery, They are fooliſh Women that vex us with their Retirement.

Adviſer. Well, Gentlemen, although we rail at the Lady *Happy* for Retiring, yet if I had ſuch an Eſtate as ſhe, and would follow her Example; I make no doubt but you would all be content to encloiſter your ſelves with me upon the ſame conditions, as thoſe Ladies incloiſter themſelves with her.

Takepl. Not unleſs you had Women in your *Convent.*

Adviſ. Nay, faith, ſince Women can quit the pleaſure of Men, we Men may well quit the trouble of Women.

Court. But is there no place where we may peak into the *Convent?*

Adviſer. No, there are no Grates, but Brick and Stone-walls.

Facil. Let us get out ſome of the Bricks or Stones.

Adviſer. Alas! the Walls are a Yard-thick.

Facil. But nothing is difficult to Willing-minds.

Adviſer. My Mind is willing; but my Reaſon tells me, 'It is impoſſible; wherefore, I'le never go about it.

Takepl. Faith, let us reſolve to put our ſelves in

Womens apparel, and ſo by that means get into the *Convent.*

Adviſer. We ſhall be diſcover'd.

Takepl. Who will diſcover Us?

Adviſer. We ſhall diſcover our Selves.

Takepl. We are not ſuch fools as to betray our Selves.

Adviſer. We cannot avoid it, for, our very Garb and Behaviour; beſides, our Voices will diſcover us: for we are as untoward to make Courtſies in Petticoats, as Women are to make Legs in Breeches; and it will be as great a difficulty to raiſe our Voices to a Treble-ſound, as for Women to preſs down their Voices to a Baſe; beſides, We ſhall never frame our Eyes and Mouths to ſuch coy, diſſembling looks, and pritty ſimpering Mopes and Smiles, as they do.

Court. But we will go as ſtrong luſty Country-Wenches, that deſire to ſerve them in Inferiour Places, and Offices, as Cook-maids, Landry-maids, Dairy-maids, and the like.

Facil. I do verily believe, I could make an indifferent Cook-maid, but not a Laundry, nor a Dairy-maid; for I cannot milk Cows, nor ſtarch Gorgets, but I think I could make a pretty ſhift, to waſh ſome of the Ladies Night-Linnen.

Takepl. But they imploy Women in all Places in their Gardens; and for Brewing, Baking and making all ſorts of things; beſides, ſome keep their Swine, and

twenty

twenty ſuch like Offices and Employments there are which we ſhould be very proper for.

Facil. O yes, for keeping of Swine belongs to Men; remember the *Prodigal Son.*

Adviſer. Faith, for our Prodigality we might be all Swin-heards.

Court. Alſo we ſhall be proper for Gardens, for we can dig, and ſet, and ſow.

Takepl. And we are proper for Brewing.

Adviſer. We are more proper for Drinking, for I can drink good Beer, or Ale, when 'tis Brew'd; but I could not brew ſuch Beer, or Ale, as any man could drink.

Facil. Come, come, we ſhall make a ſhift one way or other: Beſides, we ſhall be very willing to learn, and be very diligent in our Services, which will give good and great content; wherefore, let us go and put theſe deſignes into execution.

Courtly. Content, content.

Adviſer. Nay, faith, let us not trouble our Selves for it, 'tis in vain. *Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter the Princeſs, *and the Lady* Happy, *with the reſt of the Ladies belonging to the Convent.*

Lady *Happy.*

MAdam, Your Highneſs has done me much Honour, to come from a Splendid Court to a retired *Convent.*

Prin. Sweet Lady *Happy*, there are many, that have quit their Crowns and Power, for a Cloiſter of Reſtraint; then well may I quit a Court of troubles for a *Convent of Pleaſure:* but the greateſt pleaſure I could receive, were, To have your Friendſhip.

L. Happy. I ſhould be ungrateful, ſhould I not be not only your Friend, but humble Servant.

Prin. I deſire you would be my Miſtreſs, and I your Servant; and upon this agreement of Friendſhip I deſire you will grant me one Requeſt.

L. *Happy.* Any thing that is in my power to grant.

Prin. Why then, I obſerving in your ſeveral Recreations, ſome of your Ladies do accouſtre Themſelves in Maſculine-Habits, and act Lovers-parts; I deſire you will give me leave to be ſometimes ſo accouſtred and act the part of your loving Servant.

L. *Happy.* I ſhall never deſire to have any other loving Servant then your Self.

Prin. Nor I any other loving Miſtreſs then Your-Self.

L. *Happy.*

L. *Happy.* More innocent Lovers never can there be,
Then my moſt Princely Lover, that's a She.
Prin. Nor never Convent did ſuch pleaſures give,
Where Lovers with their Miſtreſſes may live.
Enter a Lady, *asking whether they will ſee the Play.*
Lady. May it pleaſe your Highneſs, the Play is ready to be Acted.

The Scene is opened, the Princeſs *and L.* Happy *ſit down, and the Play is Acted within the Scene; the* Princeſs *and the L.* Happy *being Spectators.*

Enter one dreſt like a Man that ſpeaks the Prologue.

Noble Spectators, you ſhall ſee to night
A Play, which though't be dull, yet's ſhort to ſight;
For, ſince we cannot pleaſe your Ears with Wit,
We will not tyre your limbs, long here to ſit.

SCENE II.

Enter Two mean Women.

Firſt Woman.

O Neighbour well met, where have you been?

2 *Woman.* I have been with my Neighbour the Cobler's Wife to comfort her for the loſs of her Husband, who is run away with Goody *Mettle* the Tinker's Wife.

1 *Woman.* I would to Heaven my Husband would run away with Goody *Shred* the Botcher's Wife, for he lies all day drinking in an Ale-houſe, like a drunken Rogue as he is, and when he comes home, he beats me all black and blew; when I and my Children are almoſt ſtarved for want.

2 *Woman.* Truly Neighbour, ſo doth my Husband; and ſpends not only what he gets, but what I earn with the ſweat of my brows, the whilſt my Children cry for bread, and he drinks that away; that ſhould feed my ſmall Children, which are too young to work for themſelves.

1. *Woman.* But I will go, and pull my Husband out of the Ale-houſe, or I'le break their Lattice-windows down.

2 *Woman.* Come, I'le go and help; for my Husband is there too: but we ſhall be both beaten by them.

1 *Woman.* I care not: for I will not ſuffer him to be drunk,

drunk, and I and my Children ſtarve; I had better be dead. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter a Lady *and her* Maid.

Lady. Oh, I am ſick!

Maid. You are breeding a Child, Madam.

Lady. I have not one minutes time of health. *Ex.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Two Ladies.

First Lady.

WHy weep you, Madam?

2 *Lady.* Have I not cauſe to weep when my Husband hath play'd all his Eſtate away at Dice and Cards, even to the Clothes on his back?

1 *Lady.* I have as much cauſe to weep then as you; for, though my Husband hath not loſt his Eſtate at play, yet he hath ſpent it amongſt his Whores; and is not content to keep Whores abroad, but in my houſe, under my roof, and they muſt rule as chief Miſtreſſes.

2 *Lady.* But my Husband hath not only loſt his own Eſtate, but alſo my Portion; and hath forced me with threats, to yield up my Jointure, ſo that I muſt

muſt beg for my living, for any thing I know as yet.

1 *Lady.* If all Married Women were as unhappy as I, Marriage were a curſe.

2 *Lady.* No doubt of it. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter a Lady, as almoſt diſtracted, running about the Stage, and her Maid follows her.

Lady. Oh! my Child is dead, my Child is dead, what ſhall I do, what ſhall I do?

Maid. You muſt have patience, Madam.

Lady. Who can have patience to loſe their only Child? who can! Oh I ſhall run mad, for I have no patience.

Runs off the Stage. Exit Maid after her.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Citizen's Wife, as into a Tavern, where a Buſh is hung out, and meets ſome Gentlemen there.

Citizen's Wife.

PRay Gentlemen, is my Husband, Mr. *Negligent* here?

1 *Gent.* He was, but he is gone ſome quarter of an hour ſince.

Cit. Wife. Could he go, Gentlemen?

2 *Gent.* Yes, with a Supporter.

Cit. Wife. Out upon him! muſt he be ſupported? Upon my credit Gentlemen, he will undo himſelf and me too, with his drinking and careleſneſs, leaving his Shop and all his Commodities at ſix's and ſeven's; and his Prentices and Journey-men are as careleſs and idle as he; beſides, they cozen him of his Wares. But, was it a He or She-Supporter, my Husband was ſupported by?

1 *Gent.* A She-ſupporter; for it was one of the Maid-ſervants, which belong to this Tavern.

Cit. Wife. Out upon him Knave, muſt he have a She-ſupporter, in the Devil's name? but I'le go and ſeek them both out with a Vengeance.

2. *Gent.* Pray, let us intreat your ſtay to drink a cup of Wine with us.

Cit. Wife. I will take your kind Offer; for Wine may chance to abate Cholerick vapours, and pacifie the Spleen.

1 *Gent.* That it will; for Wine and good Company are the only abaters of Vapours.

2. *Gent.* It doth not abate Vapours ſo much as cure Melancholy.

Cit. Wife. In truth, I find a cup of Wine doth comfort me ſometimes.

1 *Gent.* It will cheer the Heart.

2 *Gent.* Yes, and enlighten the Underſtanding.

Cit. Wife. Indeed, and my underſtanding requires enlightening. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter a Lady big with Child, groaning as in labour, and a Company of Women with her.

OH my back, my back will break, Oh! Oh! Oh!

1 *Woman.* Is the Midwife ſent for?

2 *Woman.* Yes, but ſhe is with another Lady.

Lady. Oh my back! Oh! Oh! Oh! *Juno*, give me ſome eaſe. *Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter two Ancient Ladies.

1 *Lady.* I have brought my Son into the World with great pains, bred him with tender care, much pains and great coſt; and muſt he now be hang'd for killing a Man in a quarrel? when he ſhould be a comfort and ſtaff of my age, is he to be my ages affliction?

2 *Lady.* I confeſs it is a great affliction; but I have had as great; having had but two Daughters, and them fair ones, though I ſay it, and might have matched them well: but one of them was got with Child to my great diſgrace; th' other run away with my Butler, not worth the droppings of his Taps. 1 *Lady*

1 *Lady.* Who would deſire Children, ſince they come to ſuch misfortunes? *Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter one Woman meeting another.

1 *Woman.* Is the Midwife come, for my Lady is in a ſtrong labour?

2 *Woman.* No, ſhe cannot come, for ſhe hath been with a Lady that hath been in ſtrong labour theſe three days of a dead child, and 'tis thought ſhe cannot be delivered.

Enter another Woman.

3 *Woman.* Come away, the Midwife is come.

1 *Woman.* Is the Lady deliver'd, ſhe was withall?

3 *Woman.* Yes, of life; for ſhe could not be delivered and ſo ſhe died.

2 *Woman.* Pray tell not our Lady ſo: for, the very fright of not being able to bring forth a Child will kill her. *Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Enter a Gentleman *who meets a fair Young Lady.*

Gent. Madam, my Lord deſires you to command whatſoever you pleaſe, and it ſhall be obey'd.

Lady. I dare not command, but I humbly intreat, I may live quiet and free from his *Amours.* *Gent.*

Gent. He ſays he cannot live, and not love you.

Lady. But he may live, and not lie with me.

Gent. He cannot be happy, unleſs he enjoy you.

Lady. And I muſt be unhappy, if he ſhould.

Gent. He commanded me to tell you that he will part from his Lady for your ſake.

Lady. Heaven forbid, I ſhould part Man and Wife.

Gent. Lady, he will be divorced for your ſake.

Lady. Heaven forbid I ſhould be the cauſe of a Divorce between a Noble Pair.

Gent. You had beſt conſent; for, otherwiſe he will have you againſt your will.

Lady. I will ſend his Lordſhip an anſwer to morrow; pray him to give me ſo much time.

Gent. I ſhall, Lady. *Exit* Gentleman.

Lady *Sola.*

Lady. I muſt prevent my own ruin, and the ſweet virtuous Ladies, by going into a Nunnery; wherefore, I'le put my ſelf into one to night:

There will I live, and ſerve the Gods on high,
And leave this wicked World and Vanity.

Exeunt.

One enters and ſpeaks the Epilogue.

Marriage is a Curſe we find,
Eſpecially to Women kind:
From the Cobler's Wife we ſee,
To Ladies, they unhappie be.

L. Happy.

L. Happy to the Prin. Pray Servant, how do you like this Play?

Prin. My ſweet Miſtreſs, I cannot in conſcience approve of it; for though ſome few be unhappy in Marriage, yet there are many more that are ſo happy as they would not change their condition.

L. *Happy.* O Servant, I fear you will become an Apoſtate.

Prin. Not to you ſweet Miſtreſs. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* There is no hopes of diſſolving this *Convent of Pleaſure.*

2 *Gent.* Faith, not as I can perceive.

3 *Gent.* We may be ſure, this *Convent* will never be diſſolved, by reaſon it is ennobled with the company of great Princeſſes, and glorified with a great Fame; but the fear is, that all the rich Heirs will make *Convents*, and all the Young Beauties aſſociate themſelves in ſuch *Convents.*

1 *Gent.* You ſpeak reaſon; wherefore, let us endeavour to get Wives, before they are Incloiſter'd.

Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Lady Happy *dreſt as a Shepherdeſs; She walks very Melancholy, then ſpeaks as to her ſelf.*

MY Name is *Happy*, and ſo was my Condition, before I ſaw this Princeſs; but now I am like to be the moſt unhappy Maid alive: But why may not I love a Woman with the ſame affection I could a Man?

No, no, Nature is Nature, and ſtill will be
The ſame ſhe was from all Eternity.

Enter the Princeſs *in Maſculine Shepherd's Clothes.*

Prin. My deareſt Miſtreſs, do you ſhun my Company? is your Servant become an offence to your ſight?

L. *Happy.* No, Servant! your Preſence is more acceptable to me then the Preſence of our Goddeſs Nature, for which ſhe, I fear will puniſh me, for loving you more then I ought to love you.

Prin. Can Lovers love too much?

L. *Happy.* Yes, if they love not well.

Prin. Can any Love be more vertuous, innocent, and harmleſs then ours?

L. *Happy.* I hope not.

Prin. Then let us pleaſe our ſelves, as harmleſs Lovers uſe to do.

L. *Happy.*

L. *Happy.* How can harmleſs Lovers pleaſe themſelves?

Prin. Why very well, as, to diſcourſe, imbrace and kiſs, ſo mingle ſouls together.

L. *Happy.* But innocent Lovers do not uſe to kiſs.

Prin. Not any act more frequent amongſt us Women-kind; nay, it were a ſin in friendſhip, ſhould not we kiſs: then let us not prove our ſelves Reprobates.

They imbrace and kiſs, and hold each other in their Arms.

Prin. Theſe my Imbraces though of Femal kind,
May be as fervent as a Maſculine mind.

The Scene is open'd, the Princeſs *and L.* Happy *go in.*

A Paſtoral within the Scene.

The Scene is changed into a Green, or Plain, where Sheep are feeding, and a May-Pole in the middle.

L. Happy *as a Shepherdeſs, and the* Princeſs *as a Shepherd are ſitting there.*

Enter another Shepherd, and Wooes the Lady Happy.

Shepherd.

FAir Shepherdeſs do not my Suit deny,
O grant my Suit, let me not for Love die:
Pity my Flocks, Oh ſave their Shepherd's life;
Grant you my Suit, be you their Shepherd's Wife.

L. *Happy*

L. Happy. How can I grant to every ones requeſt?
Each Shepherd's Suit lets me not be at reſt;
For which I wiſh, the Winds might blow them far,
That no Love-Suit might enter to my Ear.

Enter Madam Mediator *in a Shepherdeſs dreſs, and another Shepherd.*

Sheph. Good Dame unto your Daughter ſpeak for me.
Perſwade her I your Son in Law may be:
I'le ſerve your Swine, your Cows bring home to Milk;
Attend your Sheep, whoſe Wool's as ſoft as Silk;
I'le plow your Grounds, Corn I'le in Winter ſow,
Then reap your Harveſt, and your Graſs I'le mow;
Gather your Fruits in Autumn from the Tree:
All this and more I'le do, if y' ſpeak for me.
Shepherdeſs. My Daughter vows a ſingle life,
And ſwears, ſhe n're will be a Wife;
But live a Maid, and Flocks will keep,
And her chief Company ſhall be Sheep.

The Princeſs *as a Shepherd, ſpeaks to the Lady* Happy.

Prin. My Shepherdeſs, your Wit flies high,
Up to the Skie,
And views the Gates of Heaven,
Which are the Planets Seven;
Sees how fixt Stars are plac'd,
And how the Meteors waſt; What

VVhat makes the Snow ſo white,
And how the Sun makes light;
VVhat makes the biting Cold
On every thing take hold;
And Hail a mixt degree,
'Twixt Snow and Ice you ſee
From whence the VVinds do blow;
VVhat Thunder is, you know,
And what makes Lightning flow
Like liquid ſtreams, you ſhow.
From Skie you come to th' Earth,
And view each Creature's birth;
Sink to the Center deep,
Where all dead bodies ſleep;
And there obſerve to know,
What makes the Minerals grow;
How Vegetables ſprout,
And how the Plants come out;
Take notice of all Seed,
And what the Earth doth breed;
Then view the Springs below,
And mark how Waters flow;
What makes the Tides to riſe
Up proudly to the Skies,
And ſhrinking back deſcend,
As fearing to offend.
Alſo your Wit doth view
The Vapour and the Dew,

In Summer's heat, that Wet
Doth ſeem like the Earth's Sweat;
In Winter-time, that Dew
Like paint 's white to the view,
Cold makes that thick, white, dry;
As *Ceruſſe* it doth lie
On th' Earth's black face, ſo fair
As painted Ladies are;
But, when a heat is felt,
That Froſty paint doth melt.
Thus Heav'n and Earth you view,
And ſee what's Old, what's New;
How Bodies Tranſmigrate,
Lives are Predeſtinate.
Thus doth your Wit reveal
What Nature would conceal.

L. Happy. My Shepherd,
All thoſe that live do know it,
That you are born a Poet,
Your Wit doth ſearch Mankind,
In Body and in Mind;
The Appetites you meaſure,
And weigh each ſeveral Pleaſure;
Do figure every Paſſion,
And every Humor's faſhion;
See how the Fancie's wrought,
And what makes every Thought;
Fadom Conceptions low,
From whence Opinions flow;

Ob-

Obſerve the Memorie's length,
And Underſtanding's ſtrength
Your Wit doth Reaſon find,
The Centre of the Mind,
Wherein the Rational Soul
Doth govern and controul,
There doth ſhe ſit in State,
Predeſtinate by Fate,
And by the Gods Decree,
That Sovereign She ſhould be.
And thus your VVit can tell,
How Souls in Bodies dwell;
As that the Mind dwells in the Brain,
And in the Mind the Soul doth raign,
And in the Soul the life doth laſt,
For with the Body it doth not waſt;
Nor ſhall VVit like the Body die,
But live in the VVorld's Memory.

Prin. May I live in your favour, and be poſſeſt with your Love and Perſon, is the height of my ambitions.

L. Happy. I can neither deny you my Love nor Perſon.

Prin. In amorous Paſtoral Verſe we did not Woo.
As other Paſtoral Lovers uſe to doo.

L. Ha. Which doth expreſs, we ſhall more conſtant be,
And in a Married life better agree.

Prin.

Prin. VVe ſhall agree, for we true Love inherit,
Join as one Body and Soul, or Heav'nly Spirit.

Here come Rural Sports, as Country Dances about the Map-Pole: that Pair which Dances beſt is Crowned King and Queen of the Shepherds that year; which happens to the Princeſs, *and the Lady* Happy.

L. *Happy to the Princ.* Let me tell you, Servant, that our Cuſtome is to dance about this May-Pole, and that Pair which Dances beſt is Crown'd King and Queen of all the Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes this year: VVhich Sport if it pleaſe you we will begin.

Prin. Nothing, Sweeteſt Miſtreſs, that pleaſes you, can diſpleaſe me.

They Dance; after the Dancing the Princeſs *and Lady* Happy *are Crowned with a Garland of Flowers: a Shepherd ſpeaks.*

written by my Lord Duke

YOu 've won the prize; and juſtly; ſo we all
Acknowledg it with joy, and offer here
Our Hatchments up, our Sheep-hooks as your due,
And Scrips of Corduant, and Oaten pipe;
So all our Paſtoral Ornaments we lay
Here at your Feet, with Homage to obay
All your Commands, and all theſe things we bring
In honour of our dancing Queen and King;

For

For Dancing heretofore has got more Riches
Then we can find in all our Shepherds Breeches;
Witneſs rich *Holmby*: Long then may you live,
And for your Dancing what we have we give.

A Waſſel is carried about and Syllibubs.

Another Shepherd ſpeaks, or Sings this that follows.

by my Lord Duke

THe Jolly Waſſel now do bring,
With Apples drown'd in ſtronger Ale,
And freſher Syllibubs, and ſing;
Then each to tell their Love-ſick Tale:
So home by Couples, and thus draw
Our ſelves by holy *Hymen*'s Law.

The Scene Vaniſhes.

Enter the Princeſs *Sola, and walks a turn or two in a Muſing poſture, then views her Self, and ſpeaks.*

Prin. What have I on a Petticoat, Oh *Mars*! thou God of War, pardon my ſloth; but yet remember thou art a Lover, and ſo am I; but you will ſay, my Kingdom wants me, not only to rule, and govern it, but to defend it: But what is a Kingdom in compariſon of a Beautiful Miſtreſs? Baſe thoughts flie off, for I will not go; did not only a Kingdom, but the World want me. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lady Happy *Sola, and Melancholy, and after a ſhort Muſing ſpeaks.*

L. Happy. O Nature, O you gods above,
Suffer me not to fall in Love;
O ſtrike me dead here in this place
Rather then fall into diſgrace.

Enter Madam Mediator.

M. *Mediat.* What, Lady *Happy*, ſolitary alone! and Muſing like a diſconſolate Lover!

L. Happy. No, I was Meditating of Holy things.

M. *Mediat.* Holy things! what Holy things?

L. Happy. Why, ſuch Holy things as the Gods are.

M. *Mediat.* By my truth, whether your Contemplation be of Gods or of Men, you are become lean and pale ſince I was in the *Convent* laſt.

Enter the Princeſs.

Princ. Come my ſweet Miſtreſs, ſhall we go to our Sports and Recreations?

M. *Mediat.* Beſhrew me, your Highneſs hath ſported too much I fear.

Princ. Why, Madam *Mediator*, ſay you ſo?

M. *Mediat.* Becauſe the Lady *Happy* looks not well, ſhe is become pale and lean.

Princ.

Princ. Madam *Mediator*, your eyes are become dim with Time; for my ſweet Miſtreſs appears with greater ſplendor then the God of Light.

M.*Mediat.* For all you are a great Princeſs, give me leave to tell you,

I am not ſo old, nor yet ſo blind,
But that I ſee you are too kind.

Princ. Well, Madam *Mediator*, when we return from our Recreations, I will ask your pardon, for ſaying, your eyes are dim, conditionally you will ask pardon for ſaying, my Miſtreſs looks not well.

Exeunt.

The Scene *is opened, and there is preſented a Rock as in the Sea, whereupon ſits the Princeſs and the Lady* Happy; *the* Princeſs *as the Sea-God* Neptune, *the Lady* Happy *as a Sea-Goddeſs: the reſt of the Ladies ſit ſomewhat lower, dreſt like Water-Nymphs; the* Princeſs *begins to ſpeak a Speech in Verſe, and after her the Lady* Happy *makes her Speech.*

I Am the King of all the Seas,
All Watry Creatures do me pleaſe,
Obey my Power and Command,
And bring me Preſents from the Land;
The Waters open their Flood-gates,
Where Ships do paſs, ſent by the Fates;
Which Fates do yearly, as *May*-Dew,
Send me a Tribute from *Peru*,

From

From other Nations beſides,
Brought by their Servants, Winds and Tides,
Ships fraught and Men to me they bring;
My Watery Kingdom lays them in.
Thus from the Earth a Tribute I
Receive, which ſhews my power thereby:
Beſides, my Kingdom's richer far
Then all the Earth and every Star.

L. *Happy.* I feed the Sun, which gives them light,
And makes them ſhine in darkeſt night,
Moiſt vapour from my breſt I give,
Which he ſucks forth, and makes him live,
Or elſe his Fire would ſoon go out,
Grow dark, or burn the World throughout.

Princ. What Earthly Creature's like to me,
That hath ſuch Power and Majeſtie?
My Palaces are Rocks of Stone,
And built by Nature's hand alone;
No baſe, diſſembling, coz'ning Art
Do I imploy in any part,
In all my Kingdom large and wide,
Nature directs and doth provide
Me all Proviſions which I need,
And Cooks my Meat on which I feed.

L. Happy. My Cabinets are Oyſter-ſhells,
In which I keep my Orient-Pearls,
To open them I uſe the Tide,
As Keys to Locks, which opens wide,

The Oyſter-ſhells then out I take;
Thoſe, Orient-Pearls and Crowns do make;
And modeſt Coral I do wear,
Which bluſhes when it touches air.
On Silver-Waves I ſit and ſing,
And then the Fiſh lie liſtening:
Then ſitting on a Rocky ſtone,
I comb my Hair with Fiſhes bone;
The whil'ſt *Apollo*, with his Beams,
Doth dry my Hair from wat'ry ſtreams.
His Light doth glaze the Water's face,
Make the large Sea my Looking-Glaſs;
So when I ſwim on Waters high,
I ſee my ſelf as I glide by:
But when the Sun begins to burn,
I back into my Waters turn,
And dive unto the bottom low:
Then on my head the Waters flow,
In Curled waves and Circles round;
And thus with Waters am I Crown'd.

Princ. Beſides, within the Waters deep,
In hollow Rocks my Court I keep;
Of Amber-greece my Bed is made,
Whereon my ſofter Limbs are laid,
There take I Reſt; and whil'ſt I ſleep,
The Sea doth guard, and ſafe me keep
From danger; and, when I awake,
A Preſent of a Ship doth make.

No Prince on Earth hath more reſort,
Nor keeps more Servants in his Court;
Of Mare-maids you're waited on,
And Mare-men do attend upon
My Perſon; ſome are Councellors,
Which order all my great Affairs;
Within my wat'ry Kingdom wide,
They help to rule, and ſo to guide
The Common-wealth; and are by me
Prefer'd unto an high degree.
Some Judges are, and Magiſtrates,
Decide each Cauſe, and end Debates;
Others, Commanders in the War;
And ſome to Governments prefer;
Others are *Neptun*'s Prieſts which pray
And preach when is a Holy-day.
And thus with Method order I,
And govern all with Majeſty;
I am ſole Monarch of the Sea,
And all therein belongs to me.

A Sea-Nymph Sings this following SONG.

1. *WE Watery Nymphs Rejoyce and Sing*
About God Neptune *our Sea's King;*
In Sea-green Habits, for to move
His God-head, for to fall in love.

2. *That*

2. *That with his Trident he doth ſtay*
Rough foaming Billows which obay:
And when in Triumph he doth ſtride
His manag'd Dolphin *for to ride.*

3. *All his Sea-people to his wiſh,*
From V Vhale *to* Herring *ſubject Fiſh,*
With Acclamations do attend him,
And pray's more Riches ſtill to ſend him.

Exeunt.

The SCENE Vaniſhes.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter the Princeſs *and the Lady* Happy; *The* Princeſs *is in a Man's Apparel as going to Dance; they Whiſper ſometime; then the Lady* Happy *takes a Ribbon from her arm, and gives it to the* Princeſs, *who gives her another inſtead of that, and kiſſes her hand. They go in and come preſently out again with all the Company to Dance, the Muſick plays; And after they have Danced a little while, in comes Madam* Mediator *wringing her hands, and ſpreading her arms; and full of Paſſion cries out.*

O Ladies, Ladies! you're all betrayed, undone, undone; for there is a man diſguiſed in the *Convent*, ſearch and you'l find it.

They

They all skip from each other, as afraid of each other; only the Princeſs *and the Lady* Happy *ſtand ſtill together.*

Princ. You may make the ſearch, Madam *Mediator*; but you will quit me, I am ſure.

M. *Mediat.* By my faith but I will not, for you are moſt to be ſuſpected.

Princ. But you ſay, the Man is diſguiſed like a Woman, and I am accouſtred like a Man.

M. *Mediator.* Fidle, fadle, that is nothing to the purpoſe.

Enter an Embaſſador to the Prince; *the Embaſſador kneels, the* Prince *bids him riſe.*

Princ. What came you here for?

Embaſſ. May it pleaſe your Highneſs, The Lords of your Council ſent me to inform your Highneſs, that your Subjects are ſo diſcontented at your Abſence, that if your Highneſs do not return into your Kingdom ſoon, they'l enter this Kingdom by reaſon they hear you are here; and ſome report as if your Highneſs were reſtrained as Priſoner.

Princ. So I am, but not by the State, but by this Fair Lady, who muſt be your Soveraigneſs.

The Embaſſador kneels and kiſſes her Hand.

Princ. But ſince I am diſcover'd, go from me to the Councellors of this State, and inform them of my being here, as alſo the reaſon, and that I ask their leave I may marry this Lady; otherwiſe, tell them I will have her by force of Arms. *Exit Embaſſador.*

M. *Mediat.* O the Lord! I hope you will not bring an Army, to take away all the Women; will you?

Princ. No, Madam *Mediator*, we will leave you behind us. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Madam Mediator *lamenting and crying with a Handkerchief in her hand.*

O Gentlemen, that I never had been born, we're all undone and loſt!

Adviſ. Why, what's the matter?

M. *Mediat.* Matter? nay, I doubt, there's too much Matter.

Adviſ. How?

M. *Mediat.* How, never ſuch a Miſtake; why we have taken a Man for a Woman.

Adviſ. Why, a Man is for a Woman.

M. *Mediat.* Fidle fadle, I know that as well as you can tell me; but there was a young Man dreſt in Woman's Apparel, and enter'd our *Convent*, and the Gods know what he hath done: He is mighty handſome, and that's a great Temptation to Virtue; but I hope all is well: But this wicked World will lay aſperſion upon any thing or nothing; and therefore I doubt, all my ſweet young Birds are undone, the Gods comfort them.

Courtly. But could you never diſcover it? nor have no hint he was a Man?

M. *Mediat.* No truly, only once I ſaw him kiſs the Lady *Happy*; and you know Womens Kiſſes are unnatural, and me-thought they kiſſed with more alacrity then Women uſe, a kind of Titillation, and more Vigorous.

Adviſ. Why, did you not then examine it?

M. *Mediat.* Why, they would have ſaid, I was but an old jealous fool, and laught at me; but Experience is a great matter; If the Gods had not been merciful to me, he might have faln upon me.

Courtly. Why, what if he had?

M. *Mediat.* Nay, if he had I care not: for I defie the Fleſh as much as I renounce the Devil, and the pomp of this wicked World; but if I could but have ſav'd my young ſweet Virgins, I would willingly have ſacrificed my body for them; for we are not born for our ſelves but for others.

Adviſ.

Adviſ. 'Tis piouſly ſaid, truly, lovingly and kindly.

M. *Mediat.* Nay, I have read the *Practice of Piety*; but further they ſay, He is a Foreign Prince; and they ſay, They 're very hot.

Courtly. Why, you are Madam *Mediator*, you muſt mediate and make a Friendſhip.

M. *Mediat.* Ods body what do you talk of Mediation, I doubt they are too good Friends; Well, this will be news for Court, Town and Country, in private Letters, in the Gazette, and in abominable Ballets, before it be long, and jeered to death by the pretending Wits; but, good Gentlemen, keep this as a Secret, and let not me be the Author, for you will hear abundantly of it before it be long.

Adviſ. But, Madam *Mediator*, this is no Secret, it is known all the Town over, and the State is preparing to entertain the Prince.

M. *Mediat.* Lord! to ſee how ill news will fly ſo ſoon abroad?

Courtly. Ill news indeed for us Wooers.

Adviſ. We only wooed in Imagination but not in Reality.

M. *Mediat.* But you all had hopes.

Adviſ. We had ſo; but ſhe only has the fruition: for it is ſaid, the Prince and ſhe are agreed to Marry; and the State is ſo willing, as they account it an honour, and hope ſhall reap much advantage by the Match.

M. *Mediat.* Yes, yes; but there is an old and true Saying,

Saying, *There's much between the Cup and the Lip*

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter the Prince *as Bridegroom, and the Lady* Happy *as Bride, hand in hand under a Canopy born over their heads by Men; the Magiſtrates march before, then the Hoboys; and then the Bridal Gueſts, as coming from the Church, where they were Married.*

All the Company bids them joy, they thank them.

Madam *Mediator.*

ALthough your Highneſs will not ſtay to feaſt with your Gueſts, pray Dance before you go.

Princ. We will both Dance and Feaſt before we go; come Madam let us Dance, to pleaſe Madam *Mediator.*

The Prince *and* Princeſs *Dance.*

Princ. Now, Noble Friends, Dance you; and the *Princeſs*, and I, will reſt our ſelves.

After they have Danced, the Lady Happy, *as now* Princeſs, *ſpeaks to the Lady* Vertue.

L. *Happy ſpeaks to* L. *Vertue.* Lady *Vertue*, I perceive you keep *Mimick* ſtill.

L. *Happy.*

L. *Happy to the Princ.* Sir, this is the *Mimick* I told you of.

L. *Happy to Mimick.* *Mimick*, will you leave your Lady and go with me?

Mimick. I am a Married Man, and have Married my Ladies Maid *Nan*, and ſhe will keep me at home do what I can; but you've now a *Mimick* of your own, for the *Prince* has imitated a Woman.

L. *Happy.* What you Rogue, do you call me a Fool?

Mimick. Not I, pleaſe your Highneſs, unleſs all Women be Fools.

Princ. Is your Wife a Fool?

Mimick. Man and Wife, 'tis ſaid, makes but one Fool.

He kneels to the Prince.

Mimick. I have an humble Petition to your Highneſs.

Princ. Riſe; What Petition is that?

Mimick. That your Highneſs would be pleaſed to divide the *Convent* in two equal parts; one for Fools, and th' other for Married Men, as mad Men.

Princ. I'le divide it for Virgins and Widows.

Mimick. That will prove a *Convent of Pleaſure* indeed; but they will never agree, eſpecially if there be ſome diſguiſed Prince amongſt them; but you had better beſtow it on old decrepit and bed-rid Matrons, and then it may be call'd the *Convent of Charity*, if it cannot poſſibly be named the *Convent of Chaſtity.*

Princ. Well, to ſhew my Charity, and to keep your Wife's Chaſtity, I'le beſtow my bounty in a Preſent, on the Condition you ſpeak the *Epilogue*. Come, Noble Friends, let us feaſt before we part.

Exeunt.

Mimick Solus.

Mimick. An *Epilogue* ſays he, the devil an *Epilogue* have I.: let me ſtudy.

He queſtions and anſwers Himſelf.

I have it, I have it; No faith, I have it not; I lie, I have it, I ſay, I have it not; Fie *Mimick*, will you lie? Yes, *Mimick*, I will lie, if it be my pleaſure: But I ſay, it is gone; What is gone? The *Epilogue*; When had you it? I never had it; then you did not loſe it; that is all one, but I muſt ſpeak it, although I never had it; How can you ſpeak it, and never had it? I marry, that's the queſtion; but words are nothing, and then an *Epilogue* is nothing, and ſo I may ſpeak nothing; Then nothing be my Speech.

He Speaks the EPILOGUE.

NOble Spectators by this Candle-light,
I know not what to ſay, but bid, Good Night:
I dare not beg Applauſe, our Poeteſs then
Will be enrag'd, and kill me with her Pen;
For ſhe is careleſs, and is void of fear;
If you diſlike her Play ſhe doth not care.
But I ſhall weep, my inward Grief ſhall ſhow
Through Floods of Tears, that through my Eyes will flow.
And ſo poor Mimick *be for ſorrow die.*
And then through pity you may chance to cry:
But if you pleaſe, you may a Cordial give,
Made up with Praiſe, and ſo he long may live.

FINIS.

The ACTORS NAMES.

THree Gentlemen.
Lady Happy.
Madam Mediator.
Monſieur Take-pleaſure, and Dick his Man.
Monſieur Facil.
Monſieur Adviſer.
Monſieur Courtly.
Lady Amorous.
Lady Vertue.
The Princeſs.
Two mean Women.
A Lady, and her Maid.
Two Ladies.
A diſtracted Lady, and her Maid.
A Citizen's Wife.
Two Ancient Ladies.
A Gentleman and a Young Lady.
A Shepherd.
Sea-Nymphs.
An Ambaſſador.

A Piece of a Play.

Advertiſement to the Reader.

THe Reader is deſir'd to take notice, That the following Fragments are part of a Play which I did intend for my Blazing-World, and had been Printed with it, if I had finiſh'd it; but before I had ended the ſecond Act, finding that my Genius did not tend that way, I left that deſign; and now putting ſome other Comedies *to the Preſs, I ſuffer this Piece of One to be publiſh'd with them.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Puppy Dogman, *and Monſieur* Aſs.

Sir *Puppy Dogman.*

MOnſieur *Aſs*, you are the only perſon in the whole World, I am ambitious to be acquainted with.

M. *Aſs.* I am your thrice humble ſervant, Sir *Puppy.*

Sir *Puppy.* I am informed you are the beſt drolling,

gulling, and Libel-wit in this Kingdom.

M. *Aſs.* I confeſs my Genius hath been happy that way.

Sir *Puppy.* That Genius would I learn, for it is the only Genius that is in faſhion amongſt the Mode-Wits; and it is reported, that you are the friend, and a confident to the Mode-Wits.

M. *Aſs.* I confeſs that I am not only a friend and a confident, but a head of the Company of the Mode-Wits.

Sir *Puppy.* They cannot be better headed then by an Aſſe's head; and therefore I deſire to be one of the Company; but pray you, inform me, Monſieur *Aſs*, what gulling-Wit is? for I am but newly come out of the Country, and am unacquainted with the Wit of the Town.

M. *Aſs.* Gulling-Wit is lying Wit; and I will aſſure you, Sir, it expreſſes much fancy to make lies.

Sir *Puppy.* Are thoſe Poetical Fancies?

M. *Aſs.* Hang Poetical Fancies, for they are Pictures of Ideas in the Mind; but gulling-lies are to abuſe the Generality, by making of News, and ſeveral reports of Peace, Wars, State-affairs of great Monarchs, and their Councils, and ſo of all things, and of particular perſons.

Sir *Puppy.* And what is drolling and raillery Wit?

M. *Aſs:* That ſort of Wit is to rail of, and abuſe particular perſons, under the pretence of Jeſting.

Sir

Sir *Puppy*. Then what is Libel-Wit?

M. *Aſs*. Libel-Wit is to defame great and Noble Perſons.

Sir *Puppy*. Monſieur *Aſs*, you have infinitely obliged me with your informations, for which I ſhall be your eternal Servant.

M. *Aſs*. I am your Slave, Sir *Puppy Dogman*.

Exeunt.

Enter the Lady Eagle, *Lady* Sparrow, *Lady* Titmous, *Lady* Woodcock, *Lady* Hornet, *Lady* Chaffer, *the Lady* Cricket, *and Others*.

Eagle. Is the Lady *Phœnix* come to Town?

Woodcock. No; but it is reported, that ſhe is coming to Town in ſuch ſplendor, as the World never ſaw the like.

Sparrow. Lord! how much ſplendor?

Woodcock. So much as will aſtoniſh all her Spectators.

Titmous. I cannot perceive what ſplendor ſhe can appear in to aſtoniſh all that behold her.

Eagle. I deſire if any one of the Town know her, to deſcribe her to me.

Cricket. There are many that pretend to know her, but I obſerve, they give ſuch different Characters of her, that makes me believe they do not know her?

Eagle. Who are thoſe that pretend to know her?

Cricket. Sir *Blind-Buzzard* is one, and the Lady *Waſp* is another.

Enter

Enter Sir Blind-Buzzard *and the Lady* Waſp.

Eagle. You are welcome; I was ſending for you, for 'tis ſaid you two know the Lady *Phœnix.*

Buzzard. We never ſaw her, but we have ſeen them that have ſeen her.

Eagle. I am told, that ſhe is coming to this City in ſuch ſplendour, as the World never ſaw.

Buzzard. Your Ladiſhip is truly informed, for ſhe is clothed all with light, and the beams iſſuing from that light, makes her train many miles long, which is held up by the Planets; alſo, ſhe is perfumed with all the Spices in the *Eaſt-Indies*; her Chariot is made of air, in the faſhion of a Ship, and that airy Ship is gilded with the Sun; She hath numerous Attendants, thoſe that uſher her, are Blazing-Stars, and thoſe that follow her, are fiery Meteors.

Eagle. Doth the Ship hold all her Attendants?

Buzzard. Yes; for the Ship is bigger then the *Great-Soveraign.*

Eagle. But the *Great-Soveraign* cannot hold all the Planets.

Buzzard. Why, not as well as *Noah*'s Ark all ſorts of Beaſts?

Eagle. Of what diet is ſhe of?

Buzzard. She feeds only upon Thoughts.

Cricket. Pray, Sir *Blind-Buzzard*, give me leave to tell you one thing, that if her train be many miles long, no Houſe can contain the length.

Waſp.

Waſp. But ſhe hath an art to contract her beams when ſhe will.

Eagle. I deſire much to ſee this Lady.

Waſp. When you ſee her, you will all diſlike her.

Eagle. Why ſhall we all diſlike her?

Waſp. By reaſon none of the Female Sex can endure to ſee any thing fairer then themſelves.

Enter the Lady Monkey.

Eagle. Lady *Monkey*, did you ever ſee the Lady *Phœnix*?

Monkey. No, Madam, but I hearing of a wonderful Lady coming to this City, whoſe train ſpread ſo far and long, as out of one Kingdom into another, came as ſpeedily as I could to this Company to know the truth.

Buzzard. The truth is, her Train is but ſome few miles long.

Monkey. I cry you mercy, Sir *Blind-Buzzard*, I did not ſee you; it ſeems you know this Lady.

Buzzard. I do not know her, but I have heard of her.

Monkey. So have I, which made me come hither to know if the report was true, for all reports are not true.

Enter Monſieur Aſs.

Eagle. Monſieur *Aſs*, did you ever ſee the Lady *Phœnix*?

M. *Aſs.* No, but I am credibly informed, that ſhe is as proud as *Lucifer*, ſhe deſpiſes her Superiors, and ſcorns her Inferiors.

Enter Sir Puppy Dogman.

M. *Aſs.* But Sir *Puppy Dogman* can inform you what ſhe is.

Puppy. What who is?

M. *Aſs.* The Lady *Phœnix.*

Sir *Puppy.* Hang her, for ſhe is not Company for a Dog.

Hornet. Do you know her?

Sir *Puppy.* No, but I have heard of her.

Enter Mr. Worm-man.

Sir *Puppy.* But Mr. *Worm-man* hath ſeen her; did you never ſee the Lady *Phœnix*, Mr. *Worm-man?*

Worm-man. No truly, I did never ſee her; but one Mrs. *Dormouſe*, that ſerves the Lady *Leverit*, is well acquainted with her, for ſhe did ſerve her.

Enter Madam Leverit, *and her Maid* Dormouſe.

Eagle. Madam *Leverit*, we are informed that your Maid *Dormouſe* hath ſerved the Lady *Phœnix.*

Dormouſe. Yes, Madam, I ſerved her many years.

Eagle. Of what Nature, Diſpoſition and Converſation is ſhe?

Dormouſe. She is of a ſtudious nature, in a retired life, ever retireing from much Company, and of a careleſs humour, not regarding what the World ſays, or doth; in Company ſhe is of a free Diſpoſition, and an airy Converſation; ſhe is civil to ſtrangers, kind to acquaintances, bountiful to her ſervants, and charitable to the poor; alſo, ſhe is humble to thoſe that are reſpectful

ſpectful, but ſevere to thoſe that are rude.

M. *Aſs.* Surely Mrs. *Dormouſe*, you ſlept all the time you ſerv'd her; for certainly ſhe is the proudeſt Creature alive.

Dormouſe. She may chance to ſeem proud to an *Aſs*, and vain to a *Buzzard*; but otherwiſe, ſhe is as one of her quality ought to be. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lord Bearman, *and the Lady* Monkey.

Lord *Bearman.*

DEar Lady *Monkey*, I come to preſent
My loving heart, without a Complement;
Let me embrace thee in my Amorous Arms,
Which makes a Circle of all loving Charms.

Monkey. Your firſt encounter is too rude and bold
To offer in your Arms me to infold.

Bearman. Yet give me leave, dear Lady, to admire,
Your agil Motions, VVit, and your Attire.
And wiſh with all my heart you may love me,
For I with heart and ſoul will ſtill love thee.

Monkey. I love a Lord, yet I would have him woo
In Courtly Language, as Lovers uſe to do;
And his Addreſs, Behaviour, Speech and Clothes
All *a la mode*, not *a la mode* his Oaths;

And

And ſuch a Lover I will entertain,
But Lovers out of faſhion I diſdain.

Bearman. I do confeſs I want thoſe rules and arts
As ſuch Men have that are nam'd Men of Parts.
But ſuch Men as theſe are not natural,
For all Mode-Gallants are artificial;
But for your ſake, I will go to *Mode*'s School
To learn *Mode*'s faſhions for to play the Fool.

Exit the Lord Bearman.

Enter Sir Puppy Dogman.

Sir *Puppy.* Dear Lady *Monkey*, I am come here to play
An hour or two to paſs the time away;
To run, to skip, to dance, and ſo to woo
In lively paſtimes, as Lovers us'd to do.

Monkey. You are deceived, *Mode*-Lovers woo not ſo,
But cringe and creep, being afraid to go,
Or ſtir, or ſpeak, but only with eye-glances,
He to his Miſtreſs love, his heart advances;
Beſides, your Garments are to mean and baſe,
And ſuch a Lover would be a diſgrace
To a fair Lady; wherefore, come not neer,
Unleſs you like a Gallant do appear.

Sir *Puppy.* I will go to a Taylor for to make
Me a rich Suit for my dear Ladies ſake.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Politick Fox-man, *Solus.*

THe Lady *Leverit* is a rich Widow, but a dull Melancholy Lady; which humour is beſt befitting, and moſt agreeable to a ſtudious Politician; but let her humour be merry or ſad, I care not, for 'tis her Riches that I covet.

Enter Mr. Worm-man.

Fox. O dear friend, Mr. *Worm-man*! have you made any enquiry about the rich Widow, the Lady *Leverit*?

Worm-man. I have not only enquired, but I have ſpied out another Lover of hers, which is Monſieur *Satyr.*

Foxman. A Pox on Monſieur *Satyr*; but ſurely ſhe will never entertain a *Satyr.*

Worm-man. That may be a queſtion; for though *Satyrs* for the moſt part wooes in a crabed, and harſh ſtile; yet for the moſt part they are well beloved of Ladies.

Fox-man. But do you think ſhe will marry him?

Worm-man. I cannot judge, becauſe many Women, eſpecially Widows, marry, as you would marry, for Intereſt, not for Love; beſides, many Women have Lovers for their uſe, and marry Husbands for their abuſe.

Fox-man. But when I am married, I will keep her from abuſing me.

Worm-man. If you have that Art, it is an Art that only you, and no other man, hath as yet found out; but the beſt way is to woo her, and then wed her if you can.

Fox-man. I ſhall take your Counſel; but pray you adviſe me whether I ſhould woo her in Verſe, or in Proſe?

Worm-man. Certainly the beſt way is to woo her in Proſe; for I never heard that ever a ſubtle Politician was ever a good Poet.

Fox-man. Well, your advice, dear friend, I will follow: But let me ask your advice once more, which is, Whether I ſhall firſt preſent my affection in a Letter, before I ſpeak to her in perſon.

Worm-man. Truly, my advice is, That you ſhall ſend her a Letter; for Ladies take great delight to read Love-Letters; beſides, it proves you will be conſtant, when your affections are declared under your hand and ſeal: But why do you, a Politician, ask advice?

Fox-man. Becauſe Politicians require information: But how ſhall my Letter be delivered?

Worm-man. I am well acquainted with Mrs. *Dormouſe* her Maid, and I will deliver the Letter to her, and ſhe'l preſent it to her Lady.

Exit Mr. Worm-man.

Enter

Enter the Lord Bear-man, *all Accoutred in the mode, and all in the mode, careleſs, and with Congies.*

Bear-man. Sir *Politick Fox-man*, my dear and obliging friend, how do I love thee! for thou art the moſt meritorious perſon in the whole World.

Fox-man. I am your Lordſhips moſt humble ſervant; and I wiſh it was in my power to ſerve ſo great a perſon as you are; I perceive your Lordſhip is for the Court to day, you are ſo accoutred.

Bear-man. Although I am not for the Court, yet I am for Courtſhip.

Fox-man. I perceive your Lordſhip is a Lover.

Bear-man. I ſhould be otherwiſe out of the mode; but the Ladies do ſo flock about me, ſince I have put my ſelf into the mode, and do ſo Court me, as I cannot have time to make a particular Courtſhip.

Fox-man. Your Lordſhip is a happy man.

Bear-man. Faith, if happineſs be to have the love of many Ladies, I am happy; but I have one Lady that I value and love above all the reſt, and I hope ſhe will love me now I am in the mode.

Fox-man. Surely your Lordſhip cannot be more modified then you are.

Bear-man. Not for Clothes; but I fear I have not the right Mode in behaviour and ſpeech; but I will go and viſit my Miſtreſs, and ſee if ſhe approves of me.

Exit the Lord Bear-man *Enter*

Enter Sir Puppy Dogman *all in Mode-Accoutrements*

Puppy. O Sir *Politick Fox*! I have a quarrel with you.

Fox-man. With me, Sir *Puppy*! it cannot be, for I am your vaſſal, your ſlave, and do ſtudy all the ways to ſerve you; and aſſure your ſelf you ſhall find me as faithful in all your employments, or concerns, as any friend you have.

Puppy. I cannot but believe you, if I be in the Mode, which is to be a ſelf-conceited Puppy: But prithee tell me, am I not a Mode-Gallant?

Fox-man. No doubt but you out-mode all the Gallants in the Town, as far as I ſee, in behaviour and accoutrements.

Puppy. Yes, but I am more modified then ſo; for I have been at a Coffee-houſe, and a *Tavern*, and have entertained a Miſtreſs, and in a ſhort time I hope I ſhall be able to brag, not only of ſeveral Lady-Miſtreſſes, but that I have the Pox.

Fox-man. Theſe modes I fear will be both chargable and unhealthful.

Puppy. They are no Moders that regard health, or expences; but I will tell you, that there is another Mode that I muſt learn, which is to defame great Ladies, not only in private diſcourſe, but in publick Lampoons, or elſe I ſhall not, when I am poor, get young Puppys like my ſelf to pay my ſcore, or for my lodging; nor ſhall I borrow one peny, neither ſhall I be cry'd up for a Wit.

Fox-

Fox-man. But theſe Modes are Modes for inferior perſons, not ſuch perſons of quality as you are.

Puppy. Nay faith, in this age there is no difference between the noble and baſe; but if there be, 'tis to the advantage of the mean and baſe perſons; but fare you well, for I muſt go to a Miſtreſs and diſſemble in Complements, and then I ſhall be an abſolute Mode-gallant; for there is no art ſo much practiſed in this age, amongſt all ſorts and degrees of men, as diſſembling.

Exit Sir Puppy Dogman.

Fox-man. Lord! Lord! what an age is this for Fools!

Enter Worm-man.

Fox-man. What makes your quick return?

Worm-man. A quick diſpatch.

Fox-man. Have you deliver'd my Letter?

Worm-man. Yes, and have brought you an anſwer.

LETTER.

Sir Politick,

I have received your affectionate Letter, and I ſhall willingly hear your Suit, and if it be reaſonable, grant your requeſt, being more then an ordinary friend and your humble Servant, S. Leverit.

Fox-man. Dear friend, this Letter is more then I could hope for, in ſo ſhort a time.

Worm-man. Now ſhe is in a wiſe humour, towards a wiſe Politician, go immediately and woo her.

Fox-man. I will take your Counſel, dear friend.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Puppy Dogman *to the Lady* Monkey, *dreſt in the Mode, and as he is coming into the Room, trims and dreſſes himſelf; then ſtands a little time, and leers about, and then creeps, cringes, and riggles his breech, and then ſpeaks.*

Sir *Puypy Dogman.*

LAdy, I ſhould have come ſooner to have ſacrificed my ſelf and all my fortunes to your ſervice; but that I had lent my Coach and ſix Horſes to a Friend.

Monkey. He was not your Friend if he kept you from your Miſtreſs.

Puppy. I confeſs I was infinitely diſpleaſed, in being hindred from the Cœleſtial proſpect of your beauty.

Enter the Lord Bear-man *all dreſt in the mode, and comes boldly up to the Lady, and kiſſes her hand;* Dogman *frowns and grins.*

Bear-man. Madam, are you for a Play? or Court? or *High-Park* to day? if you be, I, as the humbleſt of your Servants, will attend upon you.

Puppy. I have offer'd the Lady *Monkey* my Coach and ſix Horſes before you came.

Bear-man. It was your duty ſo to do; but yet my Coach and ſix Horſes is to be prefer'd before yours, being

being a Lords Coach, and ſix Horſes; neither ought ſuch as you to have a Coach and ſix Horſes.

Puppy. A Gentleman is as good as a Lord; and ſo I am as good as you.

Bear-man. Go, go, and enquire of the Herauld of our Pedigrees.

Puppy. No, a Herauld cannot decide our quarrel, but this Sword ſhall maintain my honour, and decide the diſpute.

Monkey. Pray do not fight here in my houſe, to fright me with your quarrels.

Bear-man. Do not fear our fighting; but if we did not quarrel in the preſence of our Miſtreſs, we ſhould not be right in the Mode.

Puppy. But I ſhall call your Lordſhip to a ſtrict account.

Monkey. Pray be friends; for it is the Mode for many Lovers to agree, and be dear and loving friends.

Bear-man. That Mode of many Lovers is a Matrimonial Mode, as the Lovers of a Married Wife; but not the lovers of a young and virtuous Virgin.

Puppy. My Lord *Bear-man* tells you true; wherefore, we muſt fight.

Monkey. I deſire you, as you love me, not to fight.

Puppy. 'Tis againſt the Laws of Nature, for a *Bear-man* and a *Dogman* to be friends.

Monkey. *Bears* ſeldom aſſault the *Dogs*, but *Dogs* aſſault the *Bears*; and for the moſt part have the worſt; for

for many *Dogs* are kill'd by one *Bear*, but ſeldom a *Bear* is kill'd, although aſſaulted by many *Dogs* at once; wherefore, I pray Sir *Puppy* do not fight.

Puppy. I ſhall obey you, dear Madam; and being ſo infinitely obliged, give me leave to kiſs your hand.

Kiſſes her Hand. Exit.

Bear-man. Madam, you have given a juſt cauſe both to quarrel and fight.

Monkey. Pray have patience; for 'tis the Mode amongſt Ladies to give their hand to one man, and their heart to another man. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Worm-man, *and Sir* Politick Fox-man.

Worm-man. Now you have been with the rich Widow, pray tell us the ſucceſs of your Wooing, or Courtſhip?

Fox-man. Faith, I have had as good ſucceſs as I could deſire; for ſhe hath entertained me civilly, and hath promiſed me kindly to grant all my reaſonable deſires.

Worm-man. But reaſon is ſeldom regular in Lovers.

Bear-man. Yes, when in caſes of Intereſt, but not in caſes of Appetite.

Worm-man. But Appetite is for the moſt part prevalent with ignorant Virgins, but not with experienced Widows.

Enter

Enter Monſieur Satyr, *leading Madam* Leverit, *upon which ſight Sir* Politick Fox-man *runs into a hole behind the Hangings, and the while Monſieur* Satyr *is whiſpering in the ear of Madam* Leverit, *and kiſſing her hand, the* Fox-man *peeps out, and ſhakes his head; but after theſe Lovers were out of ſight, the* Fox-man *comes out of his hole, and ſpeaks to the* Worm-man.

Fox-man. Are they gone?

Worm-man. Yes.

Fox-man. Ill luck go with them.

Worm-man. They might have had ſome misfortune, for it was in your power to have diſturbed their Courtſhip.

Fox-man. How could have I diſturbed them?

Worm-man. Why, you might have fought with him, and have ſhew'd your valour to your Miſtreſs, and perchance have been revenged of your Rival, by killing him.

Fox-man. So I ſhould have proved my ſelf a Fool, inſtead of a Politician, for there is hazard in fight, whether to kill or be kill'd; and if I be kill'd, I ſhall be ſoon forgotten, and my enemy will have the reputation to be the more skilful, and valianter Dueller; and if I kill my oppoſite, I may loſe my eſtate; beſides, it was never heard nor known, that great and ſubtil Politicians were valiant, and ſeldom that ever any Politician did fight, were it upon neceſſity, which the greateſt Cowards will do.

Worm-man. Then Politicians will never get a Miſtreſs from a Heroick Cavalier.

Fox-man. I confeſs it were a difficult buſineſs if Politicians had not more ſubtilty to get, then valour to fight: But give me leave to tell you, That Politicians undermine Valour, as you do a tall and magnificent Tree, or a ſweet flower; wherefore, I make no queſtion but to undermine the ſweet Lady and her Cavalier.

Worm-man. I wiſh you may; but if your policy fails, you will loſe the rich Widow.

Fox-man. Never fear. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Monkey, *and* Squirrel *her Maid, as in a viſit to the Lady* Leverit.

Leverit. Lady *Monkey*, you have prevented me, for I was going to viſit your Ladiſhip, I only ſtay'd for Monſieur *Satyr* to uſher me.

Monkey. I hear Monſieur *Satyr* is your Servant, and that there is an intended match between you.

Lever. I deſire your advice in the choice of a Husband, for I have many Suiters, but the number confounds my Choice, wherefore I deſire your aſſiſtance, to help me in my Choice.

Monkey. I ſhall give the beſt advice I can, if you declare to me, who are your Suiters.

Lever. My Suiters are Sir *Politick Fox*, Monſieur *Satyr*, Monſieur *Aſs*, and Sir *Puppy Dogman.*

Monkey. Is Sir *Puppy Dogman* your Suiter?

Lever. Yes, and ſo earneſt a Suiter he is, that he will not let me reſt in quiet. *Monkey.*

Monkey. It ſeems Sir *Puppy Dogman* is a falſe diſſembling man, for he Courts me with as many profeſſions of love, as any man in the World can do.

Squirrel. If it pleaſe your Honour, that is uſual with Mode-Gallants to Court all the Ladies they diſcourſe with, and not only the Ladies, but the Ladie's Maids.

Monkey. Did he ever Court you?

Squirrel. As much as your Ladiſhip, for when you are out of the way, he hunts me from room to room.

Lever. I do believe Mrs. *Squirrel*, for I have heard my Maid *Dormouſe* ſay, That Monſieur *Satyr* would not let her ſleep in quiet.

Monkey. If Mode-Gallants be of ſuch a various humour, I will never marry a Mode-Gallant.

Squ. Then your Honour will not have a Mode-Husband.

Monkey. Why, do Mode-Husbands love Variety?

Squirrel. I know not whether they love Variety, but they Court many Women; for Mode-Husbands are for the moſt part Wittals, and they Court many Women to hide their diſgrace.

Lever. Mrs. *Squirrel* ſpeaks true, for my Husband Sir *Horn-buck*, was a Wittal, and he would court all the heard of Females he met with; and the truth is, that Mode-Husbands are the beſt Husbands, by reaſon they ſuffer their Wives to be Courted.

Squ. Then ſurely Mr. *Aſs* will be an excellent Husband.

Monkey. I am of your opinion, *Squirrel.*

Lever. Then I will leave the *Satyr*, *Foxman*, and *Dogman*, and chuſe Monſieur *Aſs.* *Squir-*

Squirrel. In truth Monſieur *Aſs* is a fine Gentleman, and is the greateſt Wit in the Town.

Enter Monſieur Aſs.

Leverit. You are welcome Monſieur *Aſs*, we were ſpeaking of you.

Aſs. It is an honour for me to be mentioned by fair Ladies; and if you pleaſe ſweet Ladies to let me uſher your ſplendorous Beauties to a Play, I ſhall account my ſelf the happieſt Man alive.

Monkey. Can you uſher our Beauties without our Perſons, Monſieur *Aſs.*

Aſs. No Madam, for your Beauties and Perſons are inſeperably joyn'd together.

Monkey. The Fates forbid that my Perſon ſhould laſt no longer then my Beauty, for then I am ſure to have but a ſhort life: But what Play is it that you would uſher us to?

Aſs. To a Mode-Play.

Monkey. Mode-Plays are all Rhime, and no reaſon, or all Action and no Wit.

Aſs. To tell you the truth Lady, I am the Author of the Play that is acted to day.

Monkey. If you be the Author, Monſieur *Aſs*, ſurely the Play is an excellent Play; wherefore, Lady *Leverit* let us go and ſee this Play, that is of Monſieur *Aſs*'s making.

Leverit. Content.

Exeunt.

The Names of the Actors of the foregoing Piece of a Play.

Lord *Bear-man*,
Sir *Puppy Dog-man*, } Both Suiters to the Lady *Monkey*.

Sir *Politick Fox*,
Monſieur *Satyr*, } Both Suiters to the Lady *Leviret*.

Mr. *Worm-man*, A Friend to Sir *Politick Fox*.
Monſieur *Aſs*, A Libel-maker.
Sir *Blind-Buzzard* } A Gamſter, and a Servant to Ladies.
The Lady *Eagle*, and many other Ladies; as Lady *Woodcock*, *Sparrow*, *Titmouſe*, *Chaffer*, and others;
The Lady *Monkey*, Mrs. *Squirrel* her Maid.
Lady *Leviret*. Mrs. *Dormouſe* her Maid.

THe following Names were fitted for a Farſe, *intended to have been after the Play in the* Blazing-World; *But the Play being never finiſh'd, for the Reaſons mention'd in the Front of the Piece of that Play*; *The* Farſe *was not ſo much as begun.*

Cobweb Spider, A Weaver.
Eagle Flyman, A Piper, } a Lover to *Spider's* Wife.
Dig Worm-man, A Miner for Mettal.
Fiſh Glide-man, A Diver.
Gib Cat-man, One of the Watch.
Mode Owle, A night Reveller.
Goodwife Silkworm, A Spinſtreſs.
Goodwife Spider. *Cobweb Spider's* Wife.
Madam Bat. *Mode Owle's* Curtizan.

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